

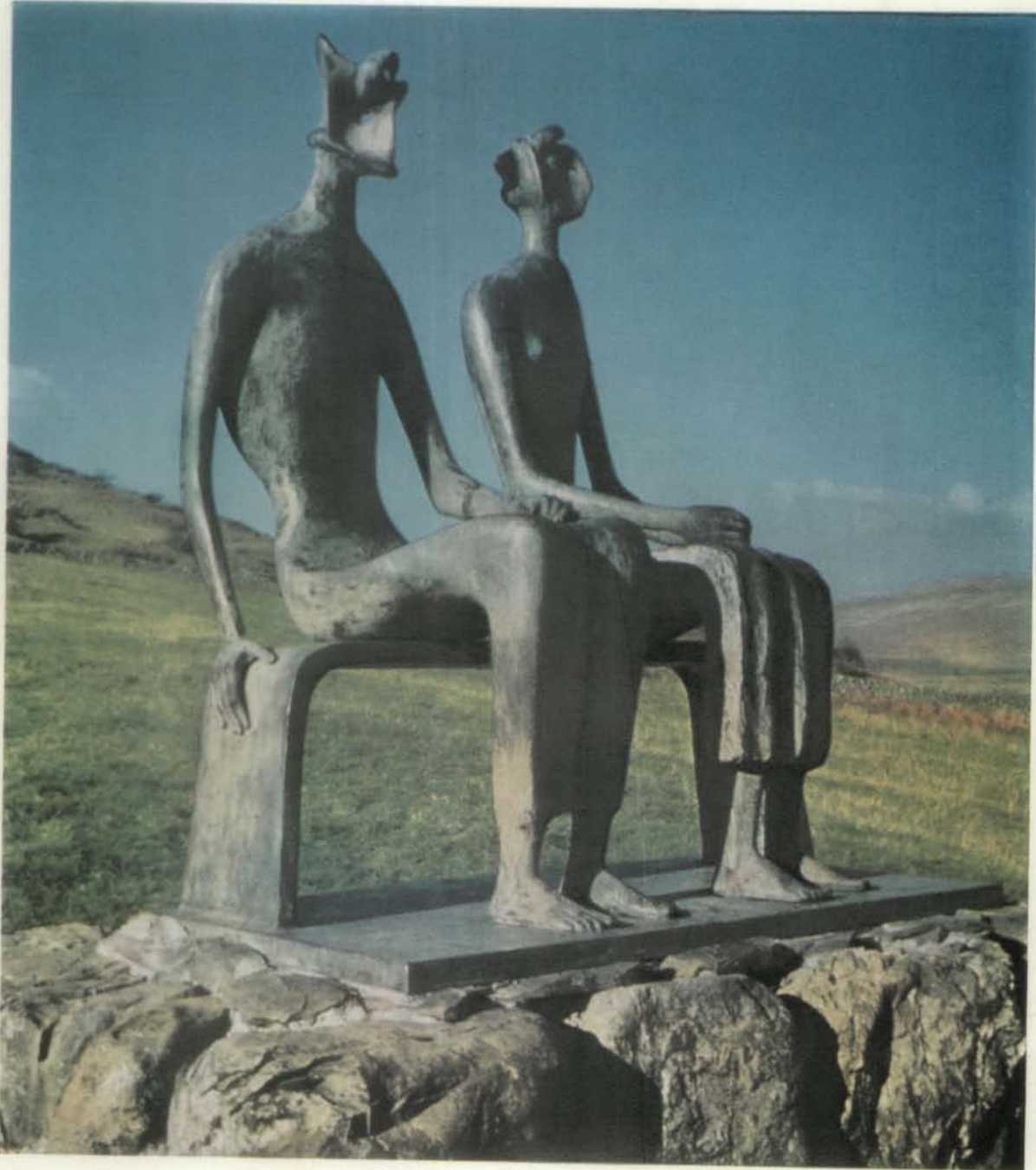
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ATLANTIC

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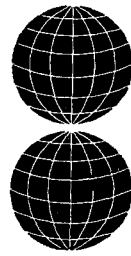
Each time the government moves further into business—any business—it is another step on the road to socialism. And socialism is one thing Americans do *not* mean to leave to their children—or grandchildren, despite what Khrushchev says.

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Keep America Powerful



WASHINGTON

EVER since the end of World War II, there has been constant official American pressure on the western European nations to unite, economically, militarily, politically. Numerous agencies have been created to bind together in one form or another all the nations on this side of the Iron Curtain. Just as the Marshall Plan showed them they could work in harmony for recovery, today the Common Market is demonstrating how fruitful economic cooperation can be. Although the European army scheme foundered on French nationalism, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and its adjuncts not only have tied the bulk of western Europe together in unprecedented form, but also have built a strong link across the Atlantic to the United States and Canada.

Now Britain, Norway, and Denmark are moving to join the six Continental Common Market members, and Greece and Turkey are also seeking at least economic ties. This is, indeed, the most hopeful development in the non-Communist world. This trend toward unity includes the beginnings of a common set of procedures by which the industrial nations — with Japan a partner, as well — can begin to cope with the massive needs of the underdeveloped but politically free nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Given a continuation of western European economic prosperity, it is probable that in a year or two the European Common Market will encompass some 300 million people — the largest free market on earth. It will take some doing to adjust the problems of such nations as New Zealand, Australia, and Canada; however, the prospects are encouraging.

All this is cause for cheer in Washington, and it is the central reason for what lies ahead — a battle over American foreign economic policies designed

to create a new arrangement between the nations of Europe and of America. Time has run out on the Reciprocal Trade Act fathered twenty-seven years ago, in Depression days, by Cordell Hull. That act in many ways signified the switch in American foreign policy from isolationism to internationalism, a change which became irrevocable on the day of Pearl Harbor. Today the need is for a new form of internationalism, which will integrate the United States and Canada with western Europe.

The economic integration of the West

The leadoff for the fresh approach came in November in a speech by Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs George W. Ball, and in a report by Christian A. Herter, Secretary of State under President Eisenhower, and William L. Clayton, Undersecretary of State under President Truman. Thus, all three post-war Administrations are represented in this new effort to create the economic underpinning of what Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright has termed “a concert of free nations.”

Fulbright, in a memorable article in *Foreign Affairs*, argued that the unification of Europe alone would not be enough to meet the Communist threat, that “the survival of free society will require nothing less than the confederation of the entire Western world.” Herter and Clayton, in their report for the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, called for a “giant step,” a trade partnership between the United States and the expanding Common Market. Herter, Clayton, and Ball all argued for a new trade act giving the President power to bargain across the board for tariff reductions, instead of item by item.

The decision now facing President Kennedy is both strategic and tactical. He must decide how

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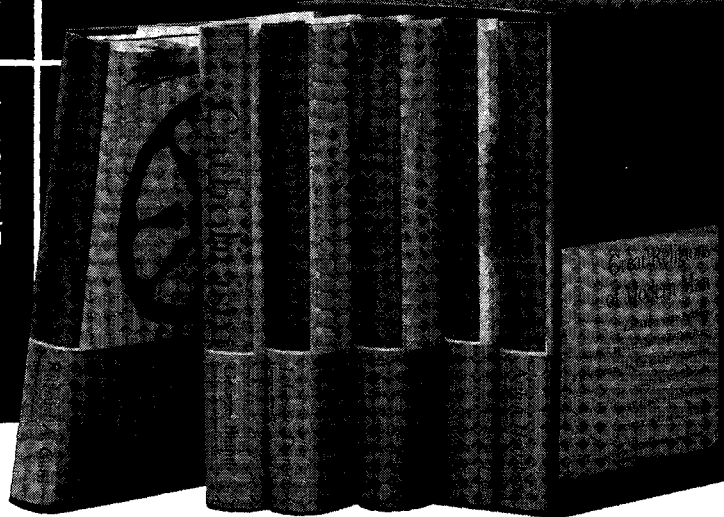
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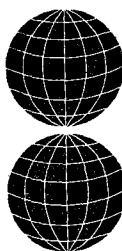
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Report on Washington



far to go in requesting authority from the Congress and whether to confine himself simply to the economic problem of dealing with the expanding Common Market. Tactically, he must decide whether to seek the new powers in the coming second session of the 87th Congress, or whether, because election year is coming up, to let the reciprocal trade act lapse for a year. The Herter-Clayton report considers that such a lapse would be "a clear victory for protectionism" because "the symbol of our liberalism would be gone."

But the critical question is the extent of Kennedy's commitment to the Atlantic community. There is no doubt that the President is committed to binding closer the ties between Washington and London, Paris, Bonn, Rome, and the other capitals. He has been working at that. But he has also been so concerned over improving United States relations with Latin America, Africa, and Asia — as indicated by his Alliance for Progress and by the attention he has been giving to Asian and African leaders coming to Washington — that he often has tended to subdue the Atlantic relationship.

Jean Monnet, the father of European integration, has long argued that economic steps can and must prepare the way for political steps. Various schemes to draw closer together the current six Common Market nations, in political terms, are now under discussion. But very little has yet been done to educate the American public in the need for closer collaboration with the other nations.

The crucial alternative

The President can play it safe politically and limit his request to Congress, asking merely for a year's renewal of the present act, pending further study, or even letting the act lapse until after the congressional election. Or he can be bold, as a growing number in the Capital believe to be imperative, and ask for the maximum. Such a choice would mean embarking on a major campaign to educate the public and Congress to the meaning of the expanded Common Market, both in purely economic terms and in terms of Fulbright's "concert of free nations."

The ultimate Soviet objective, said the Herter-Clayton report, is "the control of the world. The

struggle will be relentless, irreconcilable, merciless. The West need expect no quarter from the enemy. If Western determination is less than the Soviet bloc's, eventual Soviet triumph is assured."

Time is of the essence. The longer the United States waits, Herter and Clayton point out, the more difficult will be the bargaining with the expanded Common Market on purely economic grounds. And at home there are rising voices of discontent, voices expressing alarm at the United Nations and frustration with many of our allies and with friendly, though politically neutral, nations. These feelings, together with other frustrations engendered by Cuba, Laos, Vietnam, and Berlin, are being played upon in increasing measure by the John Birchers, the Minutemen, retired General Edwin A. Walker, the new Hollywood rightists, and the rising chorus of those who think they see in a nationalistic superpatriotism easy black-and-white answers to complex problems.

If the President is timid, if he limits his offensive, these elements, together with a chorus from the American business interests who fear they might be hurt by the Ball-Herter-Clayton economic approach, will carry the day. The resulting hassle may develop into one of those great issues which determine the stature of Presidents.

Rifts behind the Curtain

Compared with this coming test of democratic unity, the Communist crisis over unity is very different. Nikita Khrushchev once again has emerged as top dog in the Communist orbit, but he is finding that his every attempt to rationalize his own regime makes it easier for his opponents to have their say. It may not matter much what tiny Albania says, though it is of importance, but it does matter a great deal what Red China says and what Peiping does or does not do.

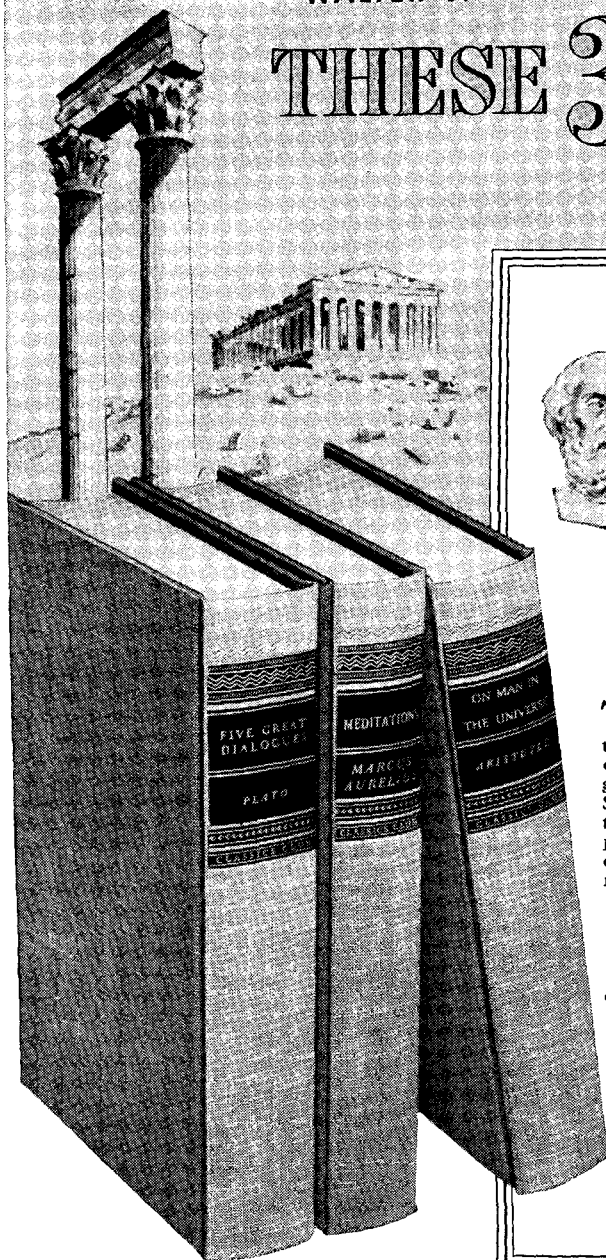
As a generalization, it is safe to say that the basic tendency in the Communist world is centrifugal, whereas in the democratic world it is centripetal. There are, of course, definite and widely divergent limitations on each tendency, but on the whole this fundamental difference in directions is cheering.

For nearly two years it has been evident that the Communist bloc is split on some fundamental issues. Then, at November's 22nd Communist Party Congress in Moscow, the Soviet-Chinese split was publicly displayed for all the world to see. It is important for Americans to realize that this Moscow-Peiping dispute is essentially an argument over the best way to cut our throats. But even so, it does directly affect the issue of war and peace in the thermonuclear age. The Chinese argue that Lenin's theories still hold true, that

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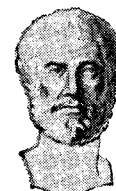
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Mind you, we don't say that a 4700% return will never happen again. Someone may invent a kind of divining rod that infallibly points to oil or iron ore. Someone may harness the power of the sun efficiently and economically. Someone may discover a way to control the weather. And the backers of all these wizards will probably get very rich in consequence.

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Report on Washington

there can be no compromise with the West, and that at a propitious time it would best serve Communism for the East to rain down nuclear death on the chief foe, the United States.

Khrushchev, who obviously is far better acquainted than the Red Chinese are with the nuclear facts of life, argues that war is no longer inevitable, as Lenin said, because of the shift in the East-West balance of power. He argues that, by the tactic of peaceful coexistence, including negotiations and contacts with the capitalist world, Communism can somehow triumph without war. At the recent Party congress, old Bolshevik V. M. Molotov was roundly belabored for propagating what amounts to the Chinese doctrine, even harping on Khrushchev's visits to the Western world and his meetings with Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy.

The direction of deviation

The extent of the pro-Chinese view inside the Soviet Union is very difficult to assess. Khrushchev's attacks on the Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich "anti-Party" group seemed designed to put out any lingering fires. But they could not alter the Chinese course, or even destroy the Albanian Communists' adherence to the Peiping view. Thus, Khrushchev is faced with a challenge not only from Peiping, but also from yet another European satellite refusing to accept the Party gospel according to the Kremlin.

Yugoslavia deviated to the right, in Marxist-Leninist terms; Albania is deviating to the left. Every deviation tends to weaken the ties between the European satellites and Moscow. And the Moscow-Peiping battle is also a struggle for control of the direction of the Communist forces in the non-Communist nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Most of these parties adhere to Moscow for a number of reasons, including both money and force. But an important minority has been moving in Peiping's direction.

The general verdict of the experts in the West is that Khrushchev has emerged on top, but that the Chinese

have lost the argument for the present because they are in desperate economic straits and because they do not yet have nuclear weapons. Time, Mao Tse-tung must surely reason, will change those facts and force Moscow to move in his direction. Meanwhile, however, the main thrust of Communist policy—that is, of Soviet policy—will continue along the line of peaceful coexistence. It probably will continue to be possible for the West to meet and talk and argue with Soviet leaders, though, of course, there is no more reason now than before to believe any final settlements can be reached.

Mood of the Capital

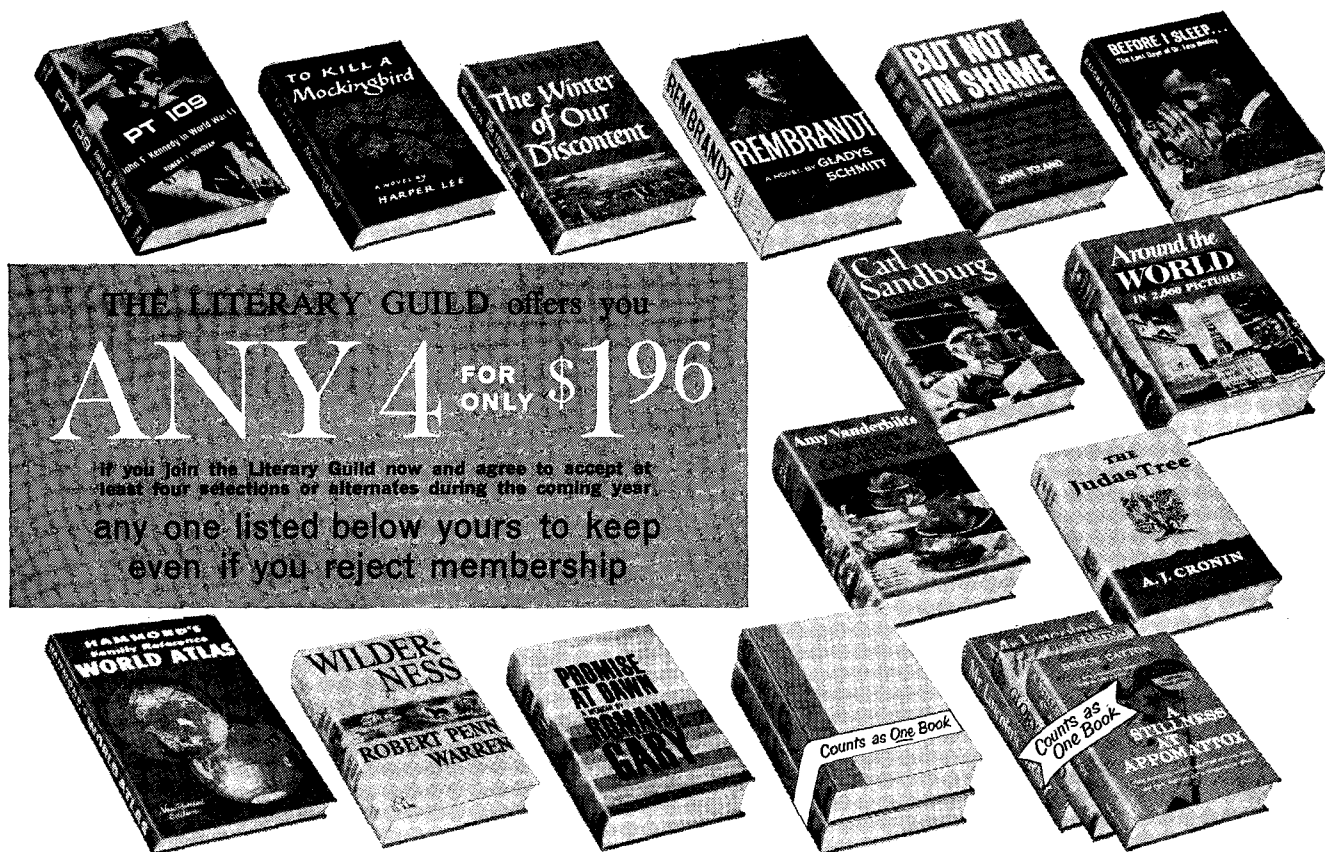
As the second session of the 87th Congress is about to begin, it is evident that foreign affairs once again will dominate. On the domestic front, Washington believes, the President will push his Medical Care for the Aged plan as the chief issue. This proposal has the virtue of not adding further to the budget problem, for the program would be sustained by increased payroll taxes. The need for economies is certain to limit many other programs, as has been evident ever since Kennedy ordered his Cabinet and other aides to begin to cut back on their budget recommendations.

The loss of Sam Rayburn's strong hand in the House will increase the Administration's already difficult problem on domestic issues there. John McCormack is unlikely to be a great Speaker in the Rayburn mold, but the ancient rule of seniority is not to be denied. Indeed, Rayburn himself was a product of that rule, and he instructed generations of new congressmen to listen and learn during their early terms, waiting patiently for their turns at the more important and the more powerful posts.

In fact, a gentle man whose appearance belied the warmth of his heart and the absolute firmness of his word once given, Rayburn was one of the great figures in American legislative history. Lacking the absolute powers of some of his predecessors and serving through most of the turbulent years of this century, Rayburn managed to inspire both affection and confidence while exerting leadership in the national interest.

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MORE than a year ago, Kurt-Georg Kiesinger, the Prime Minister of the West German state Baden-Wurtemberg, remarked of Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, "The old gentleman intends to rule on his own. As he has done so with the greatest success in the past, let him get on with it!" The result of the Federal Election of September 17, however, meant that this is now precisely what Adenauer cannot go on doing. His Christian Democrats lost their overall majority in the Bundestag, winning 242 out of 499 seats, and were forced to look for partners in a new coalition government. This fact, not Adenauer's promised retirement in 1963, marks the real end of what has popularly been called the "Adenauer era."

The useful by-products of this Federal Election were the total defeat of right-wing, radically nationalistic parties, the poor showing of the pacifist neo-Communist German Peace Union, the rejection of Marxist ideology by the Social Democrats, and the record vote of sober and responsible citizens.

The election's most important superficial feature was the Christian Democrats' forfeiture of one-party control of the Bundestag. Yet, it may prove more significant that Adenauer, pledged to remain Chancellor for the next two years, should for the first time have shown signs of a serious loss of political flair and touch. He launched bitter personal attacks on his Social Democratic opponent, the Lord Mayor of West Berlin, Willy Brandt. This was an elementary error of tactics; Brandt is young, popular, and the doughty defender of Berlin's freedom and independence.

By using smear tactics — he twice drew attention to the fact that Brandt was born illegitimate — Adenauer damaged his own cause. By indulging in untimely humor at election rallies — one newspaper called this "Adenauer's unfortunate carnival touches" — he gave the impression that he was not taking the Berlin crisis seriously enough. He underlined this impression by failing to go to Berlin immediately after the Communist measures of August 13.

The Federal Election took place a month after the Communists built their wall in Berlin. During that intervening month, Willy Brandt appealed for all-party solidarity on national issues and for the formation of an all-party government of "national emergency" after September 17. One statesman who believed that Brandt was right was the Federal President, Heinrich Lübke. Lübke is a Christian Democrat who has served with distinction in state and federal governments. To him, the seriousness of the international situation transcended party differences.

To Adenauer, the Berlin crisis was a specialized, local affair which could be regulated by an allied display of firmness. Lübke regarded it as evidence that the East-West conflict over Germany was coming to a head, accompanied by the additional hazards of differences between the Federal Republic and its allies, and among those allies themselves.

Adenauer's terms

After September 17, the formation of a strong, broadly based government in Bonn was starkly urgent. Had Adenauer abdicated in favor of Federal Minister of Economics Ludwig Erhard, a Christian Democratic-Free Democratic coalition, with 299 out of 499 seats in the Bundestag, could have been formed almost overnight. Leading members of both parties had worked out every detail in the homes of industrialist patrons. Instead, Adenauer insisted on remaining Chancellor, on the grounds that his knowledge and experience were needed more than ever for the difficult period ahead. The embryonic opposition to his candidature (the names of his opponents — Gerstenmaier, Bucerius, and Blumenfeld — will crop up again and again) crumbled. Christian Democratic opposition to Adenauer always does. The Minister of Defense and potential kingmaker, Franz-Josef Strauss, stood aside.

Adenauer felt confident of bringing the Free Democrats into a coalition, on his terms. Following the election there were seven weeks of tortuous, often futile discussion in which he pitted his



Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
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acute knowledge of political haggling against the youthful Free Democratic leader, Erich Mende. The Free Democrats wanted Erhard as Chancellor; Adenauer induced them to accept him instead. The Free Democrats wanted a new Foreign Minister in place of Heinrich von Brentano — “His Master’s Voice”; Adenauer would not have given way, but Brentano resigned. The Free Democrats wanted a public declaration from Adenauer that he would resign within one year; all that they got was a gentlemen’s agreement for retirement by 1963, which Adenauer may or may not regard as binding.

End of an era

The results of these long-drawn-out negotiations can hardly be regarded as happy. *Die Welt* wrote that the new government would, in any event, be the weakest since the Federal Republic came into being in 1949. Another paper, the *Westdeutsche Allgemeine*, thought that the most distinctive feature of the new government was that everyone would be waiting for its dissolution.

Erhard will be waiting, so that he can at last come into his own. Strauss will be waiting, so that he can become the power behind the throne, or take a short cut to it. Mende will be waiting, for he refused to take office under Adenauer but has been promised the Ministry of the Interior under Erhard or Strauss. His Free Democratic Party will be waiting most anxiously of all, for, in the past, small parties have found service under Adenauer to be equivalent to the kiss of death. The Refugee Party, the German Party, and the Free Democrats themselves have all been weakened by schism when they were members of the government coalition. The Refugee and German parties were wrecked as a result; today they have no representative in the Bundestag, as against 42 when they teamed up under Adenauer eight years ago.

What will the end of the Adenauer era mean? With what is no more than a caretaker administration in office for the next two years, plenty of Germans are asking this question with some apprehension. The passing of the Adenauer era could leave

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the Federal Republic temporarily rudderless. The West Germans may indeed be getting ready to kick over the traces of paternalistic, semi-authoritarian rule, for post-Nazi generations are growing up, and the old men cannot hold onto the reins of government forever. If the Adenauer era ends in weakness, it will leave a political vacuum during a most critical time for the German people.

Berlin, a German problem

The chances of a satisfactory East-West agreement over Berlin are small, and the Berlin situation is likely to remain highly explosive. Politics apart, the building of the Berlin wall has struck a heavy blow against West Berlin's economy. Before August 13, about 100,000 East Germans used to come daily into West Berlin to read a free press, indulge in free speech, meet friends—but, also, to spend money.

Since August 13, more than a score of West Berlin movie theaters have had to close down, because they used to depend on their East German clientele. Shops near the sector boundaries have closed; money changers have gone out of business. More than 50,000 East Germans are forcibly prevented from going to their former places of work in West Berlin, where there is now an acute shortage of labor.

West Berliners can no longer buy cheap vegetables, fruit, furniture, and household equipment in an East Berlin where each "West mark" was worth five "East marks." Since August 13, there has been a sharp increase in the number of West Berliners, mostly young, leaving the city for good. West Berlin already costs the Federal Republic two billion marks a year in direct and half-hidden subsidies; it will cost more.

Germany divided

Berlin will continue to be a source of expense and alarm. Soviet pressure for Western recognition of the East German Republic, and the resulting perpetuation of the division of Germany, can produce an even more worrisome problem. West Germans are beginning to note with concern that France has lost all in-

terest in Germany's reunification (if it ever had any) and that an increasing number of people in Britain regard recognition of the Ulbricht regime as a matter of empirical common sense and time. "How are we to cherish and strengthen the desire of the 16 million East Germans to rejoin us in freedom?"

Ernst Lemmer, Minister for All-German Affairs, said in a private interview, "We must just go on working for reunification persistently, imaginatively, above all patiently." But Lemmer readily admits that the two Germanys are growing further apart all the time and that other Western nations may become reconciled to the idea of continuing German division.

For the first time since 1949, grave doubts of American intentions have arisen in West Germany. President Kennedy's protracted rethinking of his German policies has kept Bonn pulsating with rumors: Kennedy would be ready to recognize the Ulbricht regime in some undefined *de facto* form; he would concede the Oder-Neisse Line as Germany's permanent eastern frontier (the West German press pounced avidly on the fact that one of the President's brothers-in-law is a Polish aristocrat); he would consider zonal arms limitations in Europe which would discriminate against the Bundeswehr. These rumors were fanned by the somewhat loosely expressed ideas thrown out by Senators Fulbright and Humphrey, and by General Lucius Clay, President Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin.

Doubts of American intentions have produced some wild expressions of opinion. A correspondent of *Die Welt*, Sebastian Haffner, declared that the "anti-Germanism of the Roosevelt era" was being resurrected; he advanced the harebrained proposal of a tight little Franco-German entente in place of the existing Western alliance.

The Refugee Press Service in Goettingen declared that Kennedy wanted a relaxation of tension in Europe at Germany's expense. A top-ranking Federal Supreme Court official in Karlsruhe suggested that any step taken by the Western powers which might hinder the process of German reunification was con-

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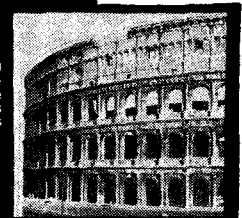
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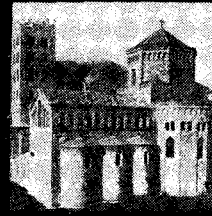
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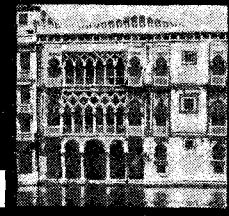
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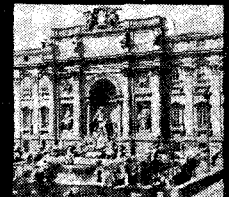
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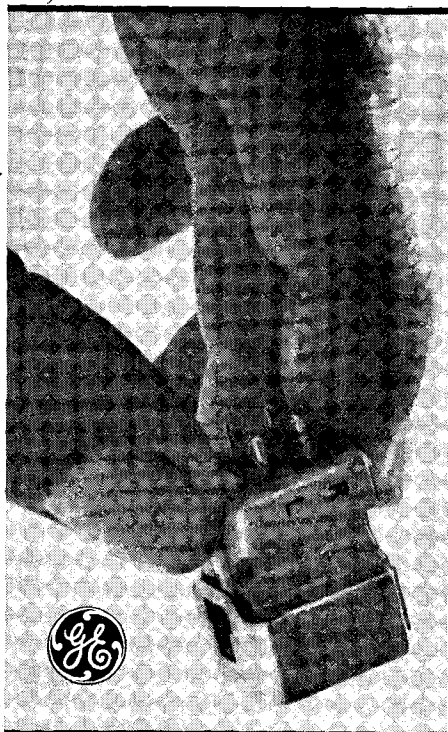
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Report on Bonn

trary to the West German Constitution. There was vague talk of an "American-Russian Second Munich" in which Kennedy would be arch-appeaser, and Khrushchev, the appeased.

It will take time to re-establish complete German confidence in American intentions. It may take even more time to wean German politicians away from purely static defense of the political status quo in central Europe. Despite his many signal services to West Germany, Adenauer has induced a Maginot Line complex in its people, involving insistence on no risks, no experiments, no surrender of one inch of ground, even for the prospect of gaining long-term, eminently desirable objectives.

The voice of reason

In the recent troubled months, the voice of reason has also been heard in West Germany. The *Westdeutsche Allgemeine* pointed out that differences among Western partners could never shake the German people's belief in democratic freedom and desire to maintain it. Talk of Germany's being sold down the river was hysterical. A *Die Welt* columnist, Friedrich von Kessel, decided, "If Adenauer is allowed to carry on his policy of strength *ad absurdum*, then we are all of us responsible." Bonn, he thought, must not be allowed to "establish an alibi" by virtue of pursuing the John Foster Dulles policy of substituting stubbornness for ideas and initiative.

Various correspondents wrote to the editor of *Die Welt* that recognition of the East German Republic would not drive West Germany out of the Western alliance, that a West German *rapprochement* with the Communist bloc was unthinkable, that a reappraisal of policies might help to salvage "what is truly German" for the free world. A professor at Heidelberg University, Alexander Rustow, went even further when he told an audience of amazed young Luftwaffe officers at the Evangelical Academy in Tutzing that "to demand reunification is typically German." West Germans should instead demand political freedom for their 16 million East German cousins.

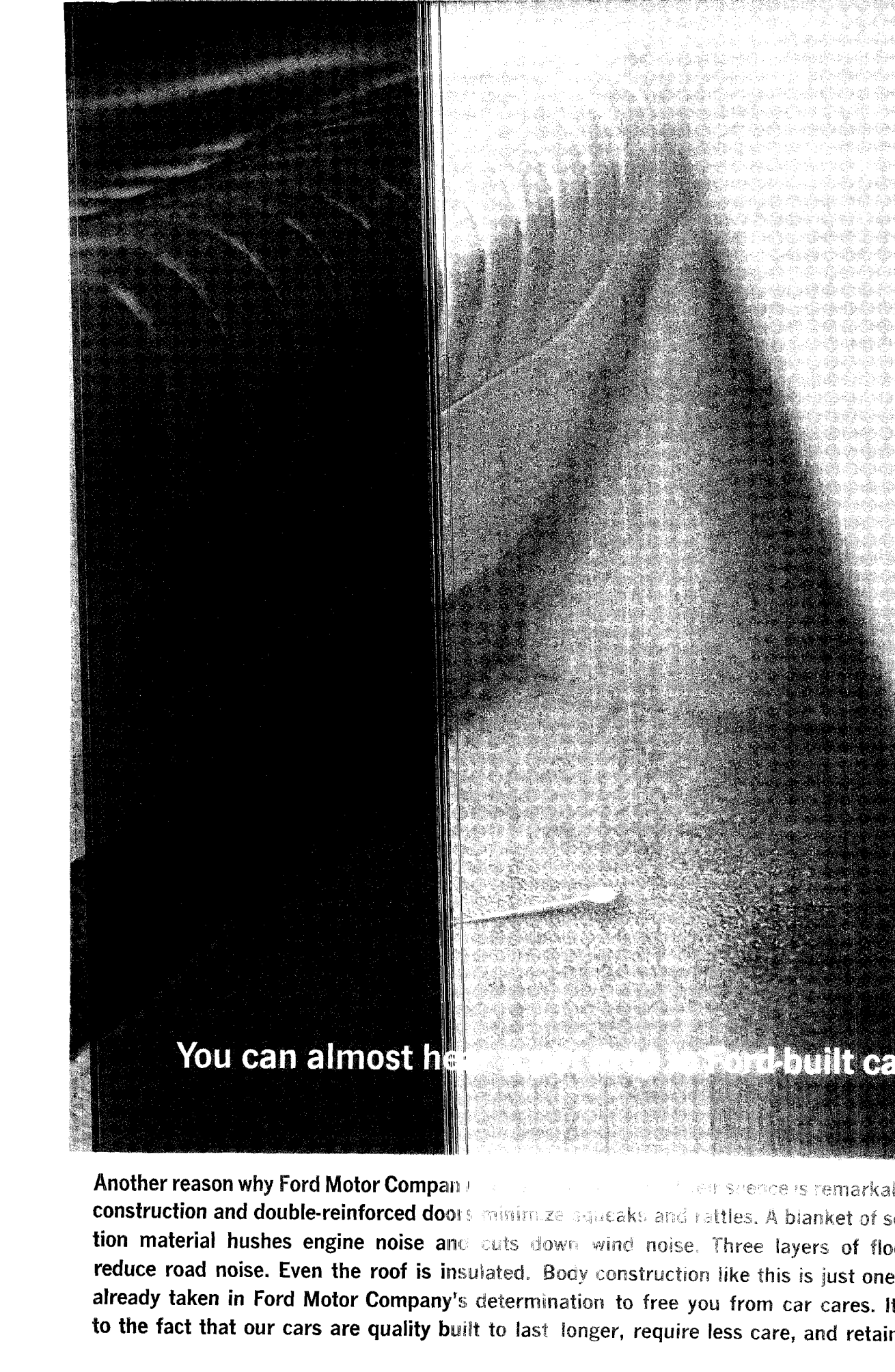
It is significant that these voices of reason have belonged to people outside the circumscribed political arena of Bonn. In that arena, the most urgent political issues are apt to become masked by a sort of metaphysical haze of muddled thinking, which reduces Bundestag debates to the studied, punctual unreality of a puppet show. While parliamentary institutions stagnate, it may well be that West German citizens are going to have to play a more active part in the life of their country.

The established, older generation will be less able to help as time goes on. It is, for instance, a sad reflection that ex-President Theodor Heuss, regarded as an oracle during ten years in office, which ended in 1959, has since then not once produced a reasoned, authoritative commentary on his country's affairs. Yet, Germany badly needs the advice of its elder statesmen, and there are so few of them.

The young Germans

West German youth will have to make good the shortcomings of its elders. There are plenty of new young faces this autumn in the Bundestag. There is a growing self-awareness among young Germans, who are so different from the uniformed zealots of the Nazi era and the overwound idealists of earlier times. Young Germans should be able to convince the outside world that the Soviet bogey of West German "imperialistic militarism" is nonsense.

In this connection, the Bundeswehr launched its first post-war submarine, the "U.I.," at Kiel on October 21. The first "U.I." was launched at Kiel in 1911, but the Kaiser built thirty-five submarines before World War I started three years later; the Federal Republic is building a modest twelve. The Kaiser planned to send his submarines out into the high seas to sink enemy shipping; the Federal government will keep its few U-boats in coastal waters, strictly for home defense. The difference between the old and the new Germany could hardly be better illustrated. For that matter, the "federal village" of Bonn may be a dull place, but it is reasonably sane. This should be a comforting reflection for those who find the German situation anomalous.



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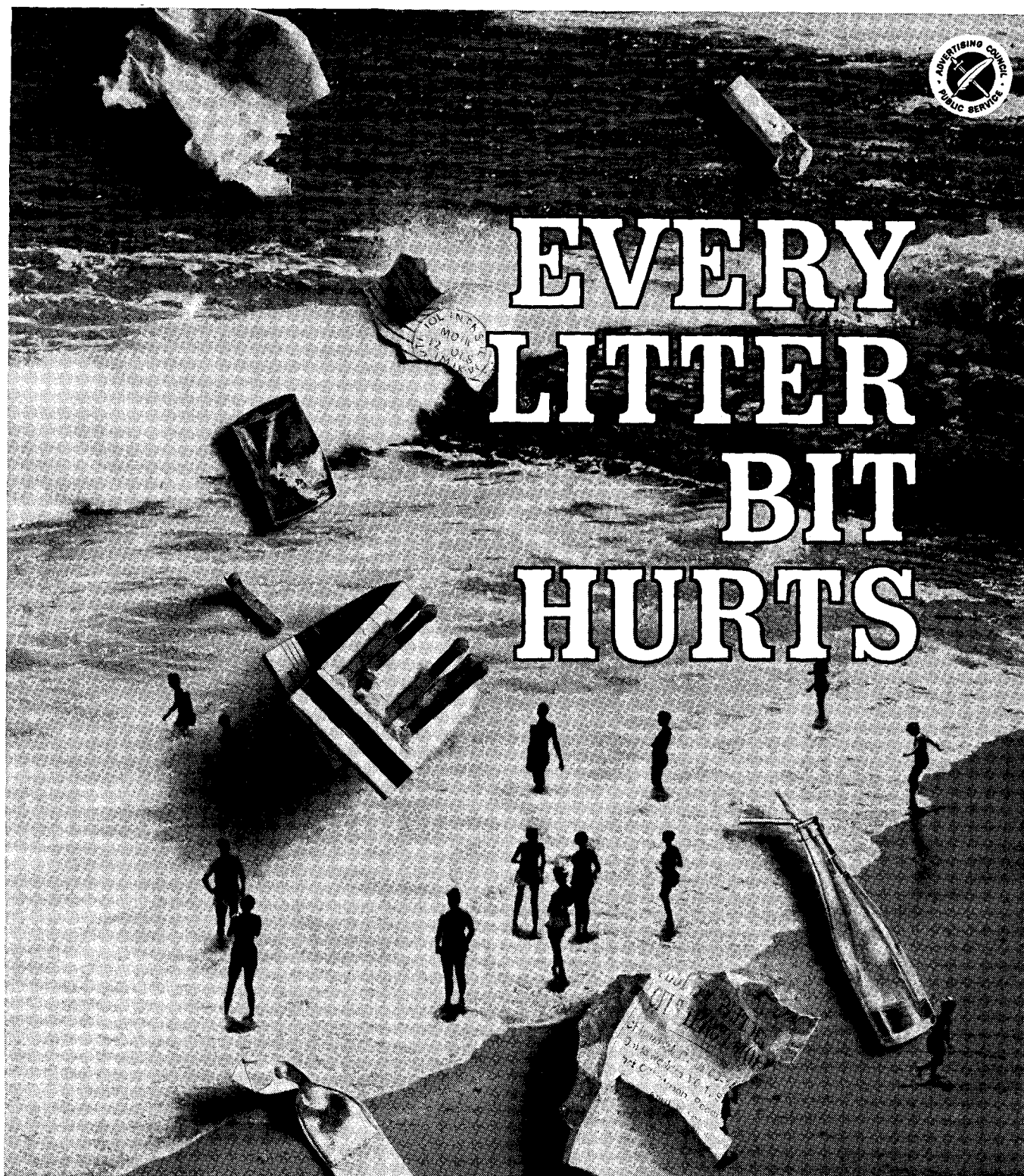
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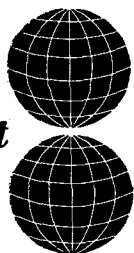
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The Atlantic Report SYRIA



PUTTING Syria together again will be a formidable job. But it will not be as difficult as the job handed to the Egyptian leadership four years ago, when the Syrians, in an excess of anxiety and enthusiasm, asked for union. Behind all the idealistic propaganda at that time, it was evident that President Nasser had misgivings about a premature unification of the two countries. But it was evident, too, that Egypt could not refuse to play the role being demanded of it.

The Communist threat to Syria in 1958 was genuine. Syria's President Shukri al-Kuwatly was a tired and aging nationalist. The non-Communist leftists, represented by the Baath Socialist Party, were pushing for reforms at home and unity of all the Arabs. Unable to gain control of Syria at the polls, they saw their chance to come to power through union with Egypt. Since Nasser, too, was preaching socialism and Arab unity, he and they must share a common cause. Surely, under his wing, they and the cause would flourish. President Nasser saw an advantage for Egypt on a more practical plane. By uniting Egypt and Syria, he could head off any future Syrian union with Iraq. Moreover, the Baath movement had followers in Iraq and Jordan. By taking the Syrians under his protection, he might gain new recruits for his brand of Arab unity.

In the honeymoon period of the United Arab Republic, President Kuwatly moved to Cairo to become the honored First Citizen of the Republic. Some of the Baath leaders were given jobs in the U.A.R. government. But they were never given the clear track to run Syria or to proselyte in surrounding countries which they had expected. It soon became plain that Cairo was the center of the U.A.R., that in it the Egyptian revolution came first, and that the Syrians would have to adapt to its exigencies.

After initial efforts at administering some of the U.A.R. program, particularly land reform, in Syria, the Baathists soon became so unpopular at home that they had to be eased out of power altogether. More and more Egyptians moved to

Damascus to take over the important jobs in the bureaucracy. In the army, Egyptian officers assumed authority without regard to the rank of Syrian officers or to their views. Syrians sent to Egypt in exchange soon discovered they were holding nominal posts. Some elements of the army found themselves shipped to remote regions in Egypt in a sort of unofficial but actual banishment.

Chorus of complaints

By the fall of 1959 a chorus of Syrian complaints began to reach Cairo. The Syrians realized that the union was going to mean an unexpected type of Egyptianization. All the important decisions were made in Cairo. Consultation was rare and ineffective. By an unhappy chance, a second year of drought had caused great hardship, requiring Cairo to advance emergency funds to help Syria.

Meanwhile, the political situation in the Middle East had been radically altered by the 1958 Iraqi revolt. With the end of the Hashemite rule, a new day was expected to dawn in Iraq. To the Syrians, the change opened up prospects of reviving the old "Fertile Crescent" concept of Arab unity in a new and tantalizing way. To the Egyptians, it meant that a strong hand was needed in Damascus to thwart any deviations from loyalty to the U.A.R.

In answer to the Syrian complaints, and in view of the possible threat from Iraq, Nasser dispatched his most trusted deputy, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, to be governor of Syria. Amer's task was to re-engage the Syrians' flagging interest in the U.A.R. and to devise some way of satisfying them, if possible. Meanwhile, the country — or province, as it had become — was held under tight police control by the one Syrian who had been given real power. He was Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, a smart young veteran of the Shishkly regime of the 1950s, who had set up an efficient army intelligence network.

Serraj had been one of the prime movers for the union, in company with President Kuwatly and the Baathists in the army. To the Egyptians, he looked like a strong man who could be trusted to



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Report on Syria

hold down the Communists and any other dissenters. He was made Minister of the Interior for Syria, president of the Syrian National Union Party, and head of a special intelligence service.

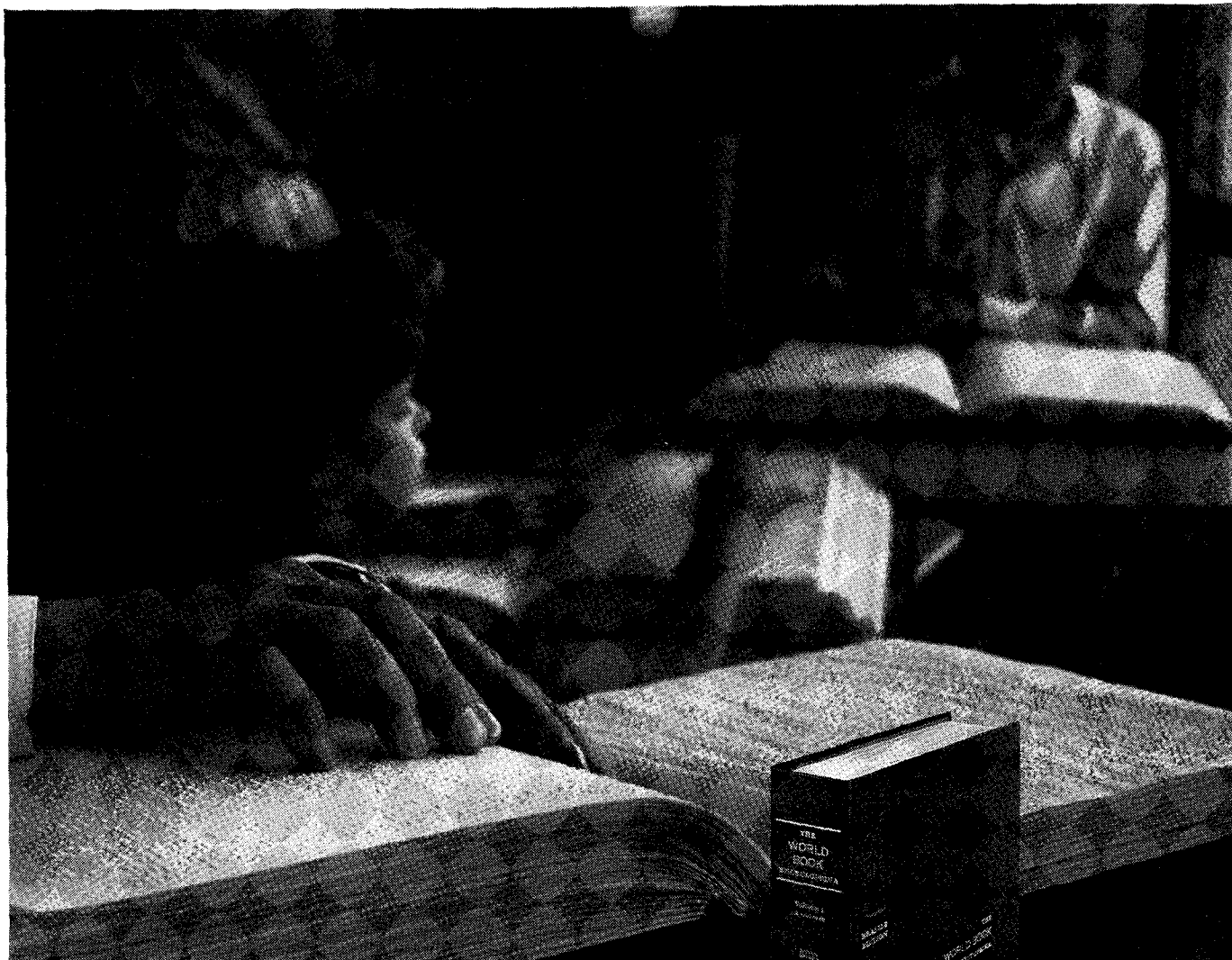
A police state

At a safe distance from Cairo, but with its apparent blessing, Serraj proceeded to set up a police state in the name of security. All foreign newspapers and most local ones disappeared. The expression of opinion became risky. The informer system flourished. Even coffeehouses were closed for two hours a day. The Syrians, who are among the least disciplined individualists in the Arab world, seethed with resentment. But protest was dangerous. Minorities, like the Armenians, came to be suspect and were locked up without ceremony. Warrants were no longer required for arrests. Syrians felt imprisoned in their own country.

By the summer of 1960 there were so many complaints about Serraj's arrogation of power and his harsh methods that Nasser became seriously worried. Serraj was plainly the most hated man in the whole regime. He was challenging Marshal Amer's authority, and he showed signs of being ready to undercut the U.A.R. on his own account. Nasser appointed two more trusted Egyptian officials to help Marshal Amer straighten out the situation. Syrian leaders were consulted. They urged unanimously that Serraj be removed, and asked for more local autonomy on local matters and some restoration of freedom of speech. Some of the more anxious Syrians warned that a general sit-down strike was threatened against the U.A.R.

President Nasser, under increasing pressures to get on with the Egyptian revolution at home, decided against liberalizing the Syrian regime. Instead, he made one more try at stirring up enthusiasm for the union. Last February and March he spent three weeks in Syria, making speeches and seeing regional leaders. But the crowds were smaller this time. The old magic seemed to have gone out of the relationship between the northern province and the President. The magic had been based on hopes

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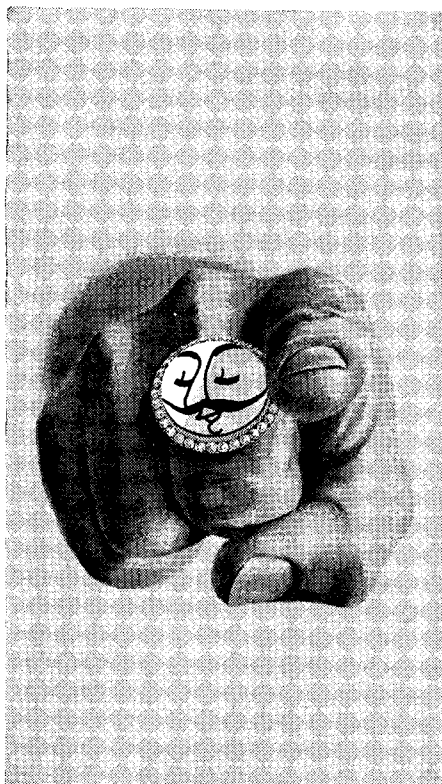
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Report on Syria

that real Arab unity had begun. Syrians now had to ask themselves whether the ideal was worth altering the entire pattern of their lives.

They looked at the changes in Egypt and saw that the same changes, whether actually needed or not, were ahead for them. Nasser had come to believe that only the most drastic socialization, on the Titoist model, could rescue Egypt from its hopeless poverty. For him, the inevitable sequel was to apply the same measures to Syria. There could not be two different systems within the United Arab Republic.

The Syrian revolt

Nasser's decision was as inevitable as it was fatal to the U.A.R. From the moment that he decreed nationalization of Syrian banks a year ago, it was simply a question of when the explosion would come. Ironically, the trouble occurred when he had finally freed the Syrians of Colonel Serraj by "promoting" him to Cairo. With Serraj immobilized, the Syrian officers seized their chance to remove the Egyptians as well.

The Syrian officers appear determined to avoid some of the pitfalls common to military coups. They have effaced themselves and pushed to the front the civilians in the transitional government. Its leader, Dr. Mamoun Kuzbari, is a corporation lawyer with considerable experience in previous governments. Many of his present ministers are bankers. Their job is to restore the country's economic and political life.

Of these two, the economic job will be the easier. Unlike Egypt, Syria has ample arable land and the resources of the Euphrates and Orontes rivers to develop. It is underpopulated. Normally, it exports wheat to Europe, and its cotton exports amount to some 110,000 tons a year—potentially rivaling Egypt's output. Some of the worst imbalances of its land ownership and control have been remedied by redistribution of about 250,000 acres to peasant families. The cooperative movement has been spurred on with establishment of some 110 farm co-ops. More of this kind of land reform is promised by the present govern-

ment. There is no question of returning to the complete laissez-faire of the past in agriculture.

What will be reversed is the restrictions on trade, in order to restore Syria's important trading position. Equally important is the restoration of the class of entrepreneurs, which helped to make Syria's economy one of the healthiest in the Middle East between 1954 and 1957. This class, consisting mainly of Aleppo merchants, is unique in the Middle East for being willing to invest in large-scale farming. The mechanization of agriculture which transformed northern Syria in the fifties was accomplished by their investments. What arrested the pace of progress was a shortage of public funds for river development, roads, and industries. The International Bank, at Syria's request, studied the country's resources in 1955. Its report emphasized that agriculture should remain the base of the Syrian economy and that large loans should be sought for water development. With this sort of help, the report stated, Syria could become securely prosperous.

The Russians move in

It was at this point that Russian aid was offered in large amounts, evidently unconditionally. It seemed a more appealing offer than International Bank loans, with their higher interest rates and provisos for supervising the spending of funds. The Russians began to move in as advisers, resurveying a much surveyed land. At the same time, local Communists tried to move into political power. In the chronic political quarreling over how to stop them, panic developed. The old-line nationalists and the rising young Baath Socialists joined in the appeal to Cairo.

So far, since the September coup, the regime has moved cautiously, refusing to allow revival of political parties. The enthusiasm generated by the restoration of Syria to the Syrians will give the regime time to try to evolve a constitution which must allow room for political expression without permitting the disorganized anarchy of the past. The officers who led the coup come from merchant families, and many have considerable education. They and the present government will have to reconcile their aims if any new government is to work.

There were many nervous days in Damascus in October, when Russia offered diplomatic recognition so quickly, along with Jordan and Guatemala. The government needed more moderate friends and has now reacquired them. It needs, too, the German loan for the big Youssef Pasha dam on the Euphrates, which was promised the U.A.R. last spring. It seems likely that the German loan will be offered to Syria again. Other Western loans may be available. But Syria cannot afford this time to be smothered by friends of either the right or left. It wants, above all, to escape becoming once more a theater for East-West contention.

The effect on Egypt

For Egypt, as a nation, the loss of Syria is not important. Syria did not provide the climate for emigration which had been hoped for. The two peoples found themselves uncongenial. As a sphere of political influence in Arab affairs, the combination of the two countries might have been a success. But the Syrians seemed strangely resistant to Egyptian methods, Egyptian education and tutelage. The lack of a common background and historical experience made it difficult for the northern and southern regions to understand one another. Finally, the three-year drought plagued the combined economy of the two countries and forced Egypt to contribute to Syria's treasury.

For President Nasser, the breakup of the U.A.R. is more serious. The U.A.R. was the first modern experiment in Arab unity. Its failure casts a shadow over the whole movement and over his future. Chagrin and bitter disappointment are openly expressed, even by critics of the U.A.R. The ideal of unity survives, but this failure is a shattering blow to Arab pride — in Damascus particularly.

Within Egypt, the governing hierarchy now has to be even more on guard, so that subversive ideas against the new Arabized Titoism are suppressed. There is a very long chance that Syrians have learned a bitter lesson and can make a free economy and a free government work. If so, the effects in Egypt will be startling. Meanwhile, for the Egyptians, the price of failure in Syria is a time of trouble.

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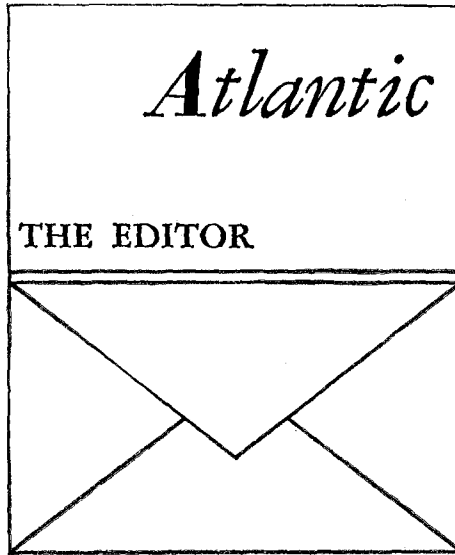
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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The kingdom of the spirit

SIR:

Prime Minister Ben-Gurion's article, "The Kingdom of the Spirit," in the November Supplement on Israel was devoted to the Zionist concept of "the Jewish people" and not to the state of Israel.

Telescoping these separate entities is good polemics and even better propaganda if you are a Zionist. But it is destructive and confusing if you are an American of the Jewish faith who does not accept Mr. Ben-Gurion's first-sentence claim that all Jews are part of a single "national and political unit." This is what he and the Israel-Zionist complex would like Jews to become. For that would ensure the automatic responsibility of U.S. Jews to provide manpower and political support, as well as financial aid, to the Israel-Zionist group.

That is why Mr. Ben-Gurion, in your pages, expressed regret that Jews were emancipated in the French Revolution. Granting Jews individual rights, whether in France or in the United States, presented a "powerful challenge" (his words) to the feudal system upon which Zionist self-segregation is patterned. Zionism wants group responsibility for all Jews — responsibility to "the Jewish people," which Zionist officials define as "a collective Jewish nation with its center in the state of Israel."

Most U.S. Jews obviously do not believe themselves to be part of a fictitious Jewish "national and political unit." We are an integral part of the American "national and political unit." This in no way affects our adherence to the religion of Judaism, affiliation with which does

not automatically involve a political or military commitment to any foreign state. Nor does this in any way reduce our individual philanthropic support to needy Jews and non-Jews in Israel and elsewhere.

CLARENCE L. COLEMAN, JR., *President*
The American Council for Judaism
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Are big businessmen crooks?

SIR:

"Are Big Businessmen Crooks?" by Leland Hazard (November *Atlantic*) seems to convey the feeling that the convicted men were incarcerated for violating a portion of the Sherman Antitrust Act. I feel that this is only partially correct. True, the Sherman Act does provide for imprisonment for the offense of creation or operation of a monopoly, but these defendants were also guilty of engaging in an organized conspiracy against the government.

HERBERT J. O'BRIEN
West Medford, Mass.

SIR:

Apparently, to Mr. Hazard it is axiomatic that big businessmen just cannot be crooks, and from this he derives the theorem that if they break the law, then the law is wrong. He probably would agree with Calvin Coolidge that "The business of America is business."

JOHN SEITZ
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Mr. Hazard seems to assume that in applying the antitrust laws not only the acts of the offender as *homo economicus* should be considered, but we should consider the "whole man."

He states that John D. Rockefeller was "one of America's greatest philanthropists." This is a dangerous tack to take. We all recall the charitable dinner which Frank Costello attended. Would Mr. Hazard suggest that the charitable activities of Mr. James Hoffa be an issue in his numerous court cases? Is "Robin Hoodism" a new legal doctrine? But that is the least of it. It may be a very good idea not to disinter the entire range of activities of the giants whose names today grace the foundations. It is perhaps better to gloss over the origin of the moneys now so freely flowing, for before the money there flowed some other things, and not only oil.

SYLVESTER E. BERKI
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Why we crossed over

SIR:

I appreciated your interviews with East Berliners in "Why We Crossed Over" in the November *Atlantic*. I hope they will help to correct the wartime concept that Germans are endowed with herd and slave instincts and are without love for freedom.

I think Germans love freedom as much as people of any other nation. That they do not seem to give this impression is mainly the result of their strongly developed sense of discipline, order, and duty. Under normal conditions these are positive qualities and make the Germans reliable, hard-working people. However, during war, or when they are faced with a dictator, these same qualities become their doom. Because of these qualities, Germans

I remember!
I remember!
I remember!

*fifteen
 short stories
 by a master*

Sean O'Faolain

A sense of autumn and twilight, of people and places fondly remembered, is richly portrayed in this superb new collection of stories. Whether describing the pathetic Irish crone who lives on meaningless memories or the frustrations of middle-aged men in love, Sean O'Faolain, in **I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER!**, writes with perception and a passionate understanding of human isolation.

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I remember!
I remember!

The history of the years
 of the African slave trade

BLACK MOTHER

by
**BASIL
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This book, which tells the story of the African slave trade, from its beginning in 1450 to 1850 when it was abolished, throws new light on many of the problems posed by the emerging African nations. Concentrating on three central areas — the Congo, the East Coast and Guinea — Mr. Davidson clearly shows the cruel consequences of the slave trade for Africa. Twenty pages of illustrations of African sculpture, unique 18th and 19th century engravings and scenes of the slave trade centers. Bibliography.

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tolerate force and pressure a long time and are slow to rebel.

GERHARD HEESE
New York City

SIR:

"Why We Crossed Over" told the stories of five wonderfully individualistic Germans. I'll give you five more: Ludwig van Beethoven, George Grosz, Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein, and Albert Schweitzer.

Now, make your own list, from Germany or any other country in the world. What do you find? Simply distinct people who will not fit into a mold. They will not be beaten down. They will not surrender their identities. Yet they are hardly typical of human beings in general. And the five East Berliners are surely most atypical of Germans in 1961.

Your article distorts the total picture. Nazis infest the Adenauer government. Most Germans apparently make an extraordinary adjustment to authoritarianism, be it from the right or the left. Americans should keep this in mind.

MARVIN V. LIPPMAN
Baltimore, Md.

And the sick shall wait

SIR:

The time taken by Dr. C. Lawrence Holt to write "And the Sick Shall Wait" (November *Atlantic*) should have been spent filling out those insurance forms on his desk. He never touches on the main reason for not arriving home for dinner until 8:30 or 9:00. The real problem is that he has too many patients. And he therefore cannot possibly give enough time to each individual — including matters like the proper completion of an insurance form — until the medical profession decides to do something about the doctor shortage.

As for the personal favor, if it were not for the insurance carried by most patients, a substantial portion of a doctor's bills would never be paid, as indeed they were not only a generation or so ago. Nowadays, thanks to all the various insurance plans, the doctor's bills do get paid. Beware, Dr. Holt, because the alternative to the innocuous present white insurance form may, in the future, be government forms in greater number, each with its own set of carbons separating pink, blue, and green copies.

RUTH D. SANKEY
Northport, N. Y.

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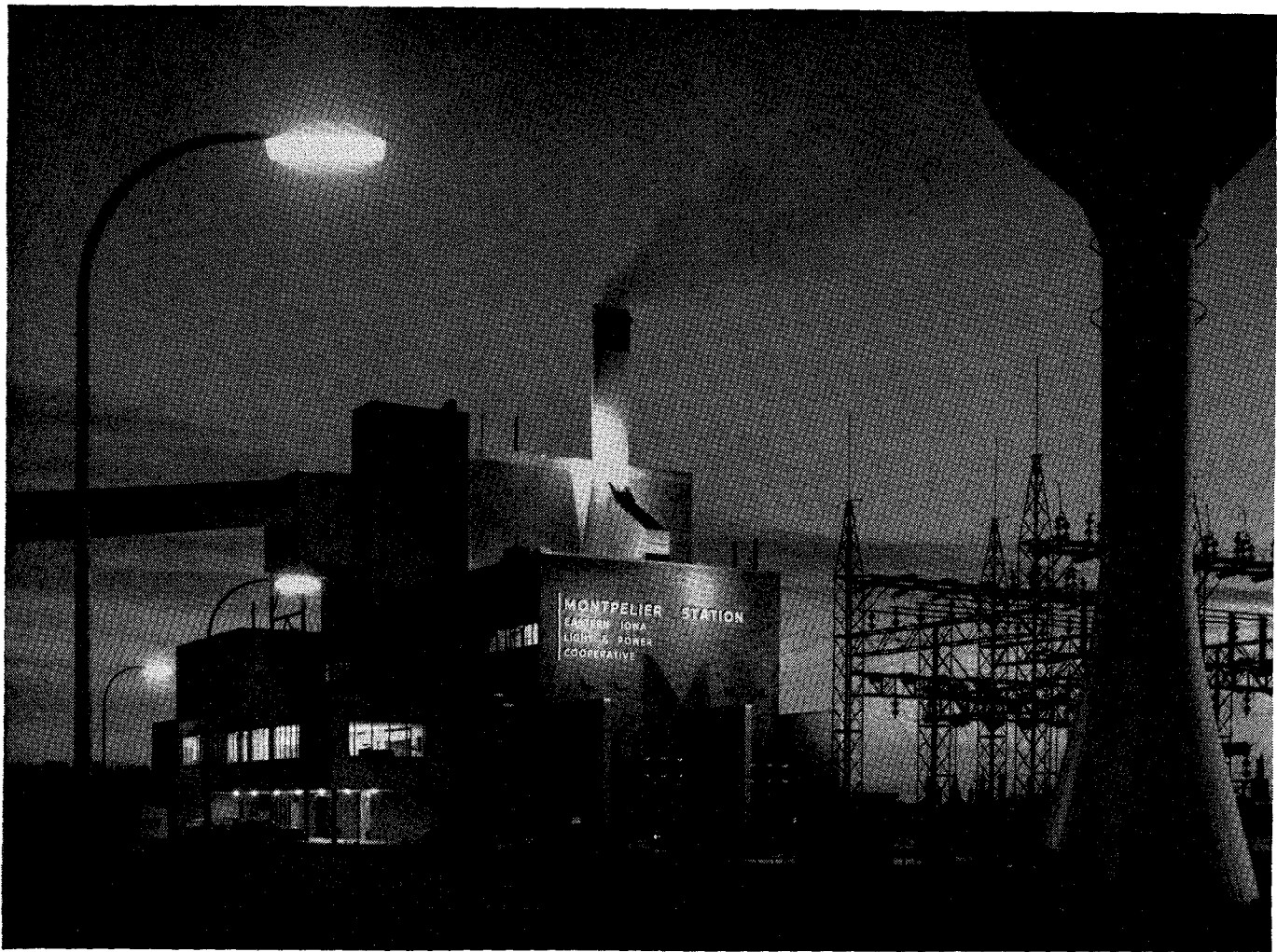
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GO POWER for rural electrics... GROW POWER for all America!

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Today, rural electrics, financed by Rural Electrification Administration loans, actually generate only 16 per cent of the electricity they distribute. The rest they buy. Because these local systems must usually depend on a single power wholesaler for their electricity, they have little bargaining power in negotiating contracts.

Wholesale rates paid by rural electrics vary more

than 300 per cent. In addition, rural electrics are often forced to accept wholesale contracts which they feel contain unfair restrictions ...restrictions designed to penalize rural electrics should they provide electric service to larger commercial or industrial loads developing in their area. This means the bigger loads, which normally would help pay the cost of rural electrification, generally are captured by the wholesale suppliers of electricity.

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AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS



SCHIZOPHRENICS CAN RECOVER

BY GREER WILLIAMS

Assistant Director of the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, GREER WILLIAMS served for five years as Director of Information of the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health. A professional writer and medical public relations consultant, Mr. Williams was the editor of ACTION FOR MENTAL HEALTH, the commission's report to Congress, which was published in book form by Basic Books last spring. He is the author of VIRUS HUNTERS and the article "The Rejection of the Insane," which appeared in the ATLANTIC Supplement on Psychiatry last July.

FEW of us are immune to the urge to reveal a feeling of the truth within us and thereupon blow a small blast on the trumpet. The impulse came to Alfred H. Stanton, now one of Harvard Medical School's professors of psychiatry and chief of Boston's so-called "country club of mental hospitals," when he was still in his thirties.

The scene was Chestnut Lodge Sanitarium, a private mental hospital near Washington, D.C., the stamping ground of the late Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, Stanton's teacher and a believer in the idea that schizophrenics can be helped to recover by friendly manipulation of their relationships with other persons. Stanton had been observing his first successes with such patients and was elated. "Damn it, Harry," he said to Dr. Sullivan. "Schizophrenia is not all that tough. It should be easy to cure. We have been missing the point."

Sullivan was attentive. "What makes you say that?"

Stanton suddenly felt helpless. He could not remember the point.

The master was impatient. "Go on," he said, "don't stop. You were getting ready to say something."

Dr. Stanton, now forty-nine years old, big, boyish, arch in manner and tentative in his opinions, still cannot specify the point, precisely. He has treated scores of schizophrenics, and as psychia-

trist in chief of McLean Hospital, a division of world-famous Massachusetts General Hospital, has taken administrative responsibility for hundreds of others. He can lecture for hours at an abstract level on what is known of schizophrenia and its treatment. Yet he leaves it wholly clear that the cause and cure are still research problems of the first magnitude.

Nevertheless, great progress has been made in the treatment of this strange mental disorder. Dr. Stanton, as a leader in the field of social psychiatry, is an excellent example of the small but increasingly honored group of psychiatrists who have chosen to slight the world of neurotics anxiously clamoring for attention in order to treat the thorniest type of insanity, schizophrenia.

This disorder, according to some rough estimates, affects perhaps one million Americans, about 300,000 of whom are in mental hospitals at any given moment. A functional disorder, called that because no structural defect has been discovered, schizophrenia tends to make those whom it strikes resist rather than seek help. It occupies a position among disturbances of the mind similar to that which cancer occupies among diseases of the flesh, except that uncured schizophrenics live on in state institutions, like unreasonable skeletons in the human closet.

The doctors of schizophrenia have certain sig-

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nificant characteristics. They appear stupendously egotistic, unafraid of madness, cool in a battle of wits, impervious to insult, and they maintain a cheerful imperturbability reminiscent of a glacier in a bright spring sun. "You have to be kind of crazy yourself to treat schizophrenia," remarked one of them. "It does make a freak of you." Their patients comprise some of the coldest, oddest, most trying and unpleasant people on earth. What usually brings the schizophrenic to a hospital is the fact that he becomes impossible to live with. He is equally difficult to treat.

Doctors like Stanton treat their patients in group medical settings — hospitals, clinics, day hospitals, or mental health centers — rather than in private offices. They are, for the most part, trained or interested in Freudian psychoanalysis, but do not believe, as do most psychoanalysts, that schizophrenics are beyond their reach. Nor do they believe, as do many psychiatrists, that the best way to bring the patient back to health is to submit him to a series of electric shocks. They do not go overboard on the use of tranquilizing drugs, though they sometimes employ them.

They hold, instead, that many acute and some chronic schizophrenics can be helped to recover through a long series of individual talks combined with a temporary stay in a controlled environment, plus proper aftercare or rehabilitation. The psychiatrists of schizophrenia ordinarily sit face to face with the patient. In this position, it often becomes a question of who has greater endurance, the doctor or the patient.

Of the nation's 12,000 psychiatrists, perhaps 4000 are up-to-date doctors of schizophrenia. Here we come to the essential dilemma of psychiatry: patients with major mental illness march on the intensive treatment centers in battalion numbers. There is an overpowering need to heal them on a mass basis, in the absence of sufficient technology to do so with the professional staff at hand. The therapist must have answers at the time when the scientist is only prepared to raise questions.

Most doctors, including the majority of psychiatrists, regard schizophrenic patients as unpleasant to be around and a waste of valuable time. Most believe the disease to be an organic one (perhaps connected with genes or acids or enzymes or fats or hormones), of origin as yet undetermined. Psychoanalysts and psychologists favor purely psychological explanations. Some experts judge schizophrenia to be a combination of family tendencies, undesirable habits of behavior, and social stresses. Some sociologists and psychologists, newcomers to the medical team, believe it to be not a disease but an educational problem, the product of some subtle miscarriage

of learning resulting in deviant behavior. The psychiatrists of schizophrenia themselves do not agree on whether it constitutes a group of diseases or merely symptoms of some underlying disease. The one thing that they do agree on now, after a century of pessimism, is that schizophrenia can be successfully treated in many instances.

THERE is no lack of descriptive fact about schizophrenic behavior. The "split mind" characteristic of schizophrenia resembles the indecision we see in our associates in everyday life, except that in the patient it is carried to some crippling extreme.

Most of us know the funnier and also more terrifying aspects of schizophrenia, the business of talking and listening to someone who isn't there, the silly gesturing and posturing, the bizarre acts or social responses that are wholly out of place. The stereotyped "raving maniac" occasionally makes the headlines because he commits homicide.

We are likewise aware of the paranoid schizophrenic and his delusions of persecution ("The Commies are after me") and of grandeur ("I am the Virgin Mary"). We know many people who behave as if the world is conspiring against them, but few go to the same lengths as the paranoid who keeps a secret diary with a duplicate copy in a locked box and gets off a fifteen-page letter now and then to J. Edgar Hoover. This kind of insane person just will not take the chance of trusting anybody.

At least half of the schizophrenics have some spectacular hypersensitivity, a delusion or hallucination, but the simplest and most prevalent characteristic might strike the average person as just laziness or stupidity. There is an increasing self-centeredness and withdrawal from social contact. Another and equally fundamental characteristic is loss of self-identity and self-esteem, a trend paradoxically opposed to the effort to find satisfaction entirely within oneself. This process of gradual self-extinction manifests itself in suicidal impulses and sometimes in delusions of disembodiment ("I have no stomach," or "I have lost my body"). In sum, schizophrenia may be perceived as one kind of attempt to handle the human fear of being unloved.

The disorder always involves some loss of self-control — loss of toilet training in extreme cases — but it seldom, if ever, involves the total mind. Healthy areas remain, and in treatment offer a road back. Often the educated, intelligent schizophrenic retains an exquisitely tragic insight. One scholarly McLean patient trying to describe his feelings of emptiness murmured Latin: "*Cogito, ergo sum. Non cogito*" ("I think, therefore I am. I

do not think"). The inference was plain: "I am nothing."

The schizophrenic is also skilled at reading another person's feelings, particularly the meaner ones. Dr. Stanton tells, for example, of a young psychiatrist who inwardly felt like kicking out an uncooperative woman patient after she refused, hour after hour in psychotherapy, to answer his questions. Suddenly one day she asked, "Why do you wish to kick me out?" He protested, but she merely stared fixedly at his foot, which was bobbing up and down in a kicking motion. It was enough to drive the young man deeper into his own training psychoanalysis.

Until the rise of psychoanalysis, the thoughts and acts of a crazy person were considered to be meaningless. But Sigmund Freud insisted that the schizophrenic's symptoms had special meanings for him. Out of subsequent studies emerged the theory that, just as the milder neuroses were indications of emotional immaturity or childish feelings, so schizophrenia constituted a regression to infantile levels of development. A baby behaves as if the world revolves around him, as in fact his world does, normally. He feels simultaneously small and helpless, and strong-voiced and omnipotent. The schizophrenic behaves the same way.

The neurotic, and also the normal person, to some extent, is skilled at putting unpleasant or disturbing impulses or anxieties completely out of his conscious mind, through the psychological mechanism of repression. But the schizophrenic, and perhaps the normal person of schizoid personality, may at times be conscious of his unconscious and thus destined to proceed in full view of his shockingly primitive fantasies of love and hate; often they burst into his mind in obscene or perverted ways, though he rarely carries them over into action. More likely, they will frighten him into retreat from other people. It is little wonder that this mysterious malady produces such a gloomy, misanthropic aspect.

Unfortunately, there is no exact knowledge of the mechanism that causes regression. Lack of mother love and insufficient self-expression of anger in childhood have been indicted, but not all unmothered or rigidly disciplined children become psychotic in later life. Nor do particular social or psychological stresses explain much, for most of us undergo similar stresses without breaking down. What we see, vaguely, is that the person who lacks a proper balance of self-love and of brotherly love borrows trouble. Most of us somehow learn that the roads to social success and to good mental health are paved with the same brick — with wanting to do what we have to do. For some reason, the schizophrenic balks at doing what society expects of him.

Progress in solving this essentially social illness through psychotherapy appeared blocked insofar as psychiatrists held the original psychoanalytic position that it is impossible for the doctor to form a working relationship with an irrational, resistive psychotic. Here and there over the years, an isolated psychiatrist exploded this notion; for example, the late Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann established a new beachhead at Chestnut Lodge by demonstrating that it was possible to achieve rapport with a schizophrenic and treat him in a modified psychoanalysis. To win the patient's confidence, it was necessary for the doctor to forget his own dignity and authority and weather various rebuffs and much abuse. It was also necessary for him to learn intuitively to think as the patient did, in order to understand and change him.

Dr. John Whitehorn of Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, who got his early experience at McLean, was among the first to suggest tailoring the doctor to the patient. He observed that some psychiatrists get much better results with schizophrenics than do others. The more successful, he speculated, had a lawyerlike attitude, a tolerant expectation that people will misbehave, a readiness to debate right and wrong, and a kind of matter-of-fact, no-nonsense approach to life.

Meanwhile, it became evident — and was a source of some alarm to traditional physicians — that not only some clinical psychologists but others not medically or psychologically trained were having similar successes in leading hospitalized schizophrenics back to reality, often after years on back wards. There were occasional reports of a physical or occupational therapist, a nurse, a social worker, an attendant, or even a volunteer worker with this mysterious X factor, a healing touch for the insane.

IT WAS in the midst of this quiet ferment, occurring largely in the post-war decade and involving only a few institutions, that Dr. Stanton made an original contribution at Chestnut Lodge. It was inspired by the then emerging interest in group therapy.

Do patients living on the same mental-hospital ward sometimes get better at the same time? Nurses whom he asked said yes. But, he recalls, there was a slightly embarrassing corollary: "They also get worse at the same time."

Stanton asked that he be reassigned as administrative head of a single ward. The research program of the National Institute of Mental Health was just beginning in 1949. He applied for and obtained a grant to make a study, and found a kindred spirit, Dr. Morris S. Schwartz, now

professor of sociology at Brandeis University, to collaborate with him. The two, who became known to patients as "Mutt and Jeff," because of their contrasting heights, went on to produce a study culminating in 1954 in the publication of a 500-page book, *The Mental Hospital*. This work started a whole new era of psychiatric soul-searching in America. Indeed, the broad philosophy of *Action for Mental Health*, the 1961 recommendations for a national program, emanating from the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, may be traced to it.

Stanton and Schwartz turned a critical eye on how doctors and nurses affected patients and documented the possibility that, at best, even a well-staffed mental hospital operates only as a part-time healing institution; the rest of the time the hospital does things that make patients worse rather than better and thus defeats the purpose of individual psychotherapy.

It was well known that staffs of mental hospitals were habitually impatient with patients, treating them as something less than human beings and thereby reinforcing instead of reversing the schizophrenic process of ego destruction. The humanitarian idea of turning the mental hospital into a therapeutic community already had taken hold in Great Britain, but the American social psychiatric team were not aware of it at the time. They were the first to do an intensive scientific study of the institutional impact on mental illness.

Stanton noticed that one patient was apt to form a center of attention in the ward, creating a disturbance by screaming, kicking, biting, or threatening suicide, or displaying excessive sexual excitement and active delusions. He elected to look not at the center of the conflict but at the staff and the other patients. What he saw was a covert disagreement among staff members on how the particular patient should be handled. When the disagreement was resolved, the patient's condition improved as if by magic, often within a few hours.

One case, showing how subtle the conflict may be, was that of a twenty-three-year-old woman who had been in the hospital for twenty-two months. She either stayed by herself or babbled to others incessantly, in a pressure of speech known in psychiatric slang as a "word salad." Efforts to discover what, if anything, she was driving at failed until, one day, Stanton was struck by her repetition of the word "clothing." Was she mixed up about her clothing? She nodded hastily but became incoherent again.

In a painstaking investigation of what it was about her clothing that bothered her, Stanton had the superintendent of nurses show the patient where her clothes were kept, in a locker, and said, "Tell her all about them." Later he asked the

nurse if she had done so. She said that she had.

A temporary improvement was noticed in the patient, but she relapsed. Half in jest, the doctor told the superintendent of nurses that it must be that she had not straightened out the patient on the matter. She bridled and said that she had told the patient everything — except, of course, about the things the patient had torn up when she first came to the hospital. These had been discarded. Why hadn't she told the patient about these, too? Because, she replied, he had ordered her not to. As she said this, she suddenly realized that it was not the ward administrator but the patient's psychotherapist who had given this order.

Stanton then overruled the therapist and asked the nurse to tell the patient the full story. As a result, the patient's disturbed state rapidly vanished, and she now was able to carry on a conversation. She had forgotten about the dress-tearing incident, which had occurred at a time when she was acutely excited, but was bothered about the loss because her family had to watch every penny, and her hospitalization already was costing more than they could afford, she said. This woman soon recovered and left the hospital, not to return.

It is important to the patient's chances of recovery that everybody in a mental hospital, from the medical superintendent down to the lowliest attendant, work together.

FOR nearly a hundred and fifty years, the wealthy of Boston have gone to McLean Hospital to have their mental breakdowns. Before Stanton's coming in 1955, McLean was very much the old-line strait-laced mental institution, as Boston banker Ralph Lowell, a leading M.G.H.-McLean trustee, is the first to acknowledge. The success of electric- and insulin-shock therapy, which restored complete lucidity in schizophrenics who had been hopelessly demented for years, had brought a wave of optimism, but there were repeated relapses despite repeated treatments. So McLean had continued to put patients away for safekeeping as comfortably as possible until they died. When Stanton's predecessor retired, the trustees came to the conclusion that the primary function of the mental hospital was to experiment with new methods. Dr. Erich Lindemann, the new M.G.H. chief of psychiatry, recommended Stanton to the Harvard Medical faculty, and he was summoned.

The modern McLean embodies the best that psychiatry can offer for those who can afford it; these, Stanton emphasizes, include not only the wealthy but upper-middle-class families. In 1960, with an average daily patient census of 210, Mc-

Lean had twenty patients going to college while living in the hospital; one man got his law degree. An additional sixty-three patients spent their days at the hospital and their nights at home. About 120 inpatients were receiving individual psychotherapy three or more times a week, and about 100 had ground privileges.

Stanton does not believe in the present mental-hospital vogue of a completely open door, begun in Great Britain. Some patients want and need locked-ward protection from their own inability to control themselves, but the privilege of passing through the locked door is freely granted as the patient wishes it and his condition permits. Thus, some can sign out, as one did recently: "Destination: Beantown, U.S.A." This might well have been, technically, a "chronic schizophrenic female" planning a little shopping in Filene's Basement.

Scenery is not as important as the group therapeutic process, but in this respect, McLean has a head start in making the business of getting well as attractive as possible. For the last sixty-six years (the original Asylum, Massachusetts' first hospital, admitted its first patient in 1817), McLean has occupied 380 acres of the choicest real estate in suburban Belmont. Its patients live in groups of from thirteen to twenty-three, in sixteen old Georgian mansions, each under the administration of a psychiatrist and each providing a dining room and living room as well as a private room for each patient. These halls, plus a much newer biochemistry laboratory and a score of other buildings, are pleasantly placed at the summit of rolling, wooded hills and meadows overlooking the Charles River.

McLean patients pay \$38 a day for hospitalization and psychiatric treatment; this amounts to \$266 a week, or \$3458 for the average three-month stay (the average in all American mental hospitals is about eight years). Dr. Stanton points out that \$3458, a middle-range price for a new automobile, is not beyond the reach of a typical family with a salaried income, provided it is a one-time expense. The patient's family is expected to pay, but if this becomes impossible, the policy is to keep the patient as long as there is a reasonable hope for successful treatment. The hospital in 1960 gave \$358,000 in free care, equal to about twelve per cent of the total patient income of \$3 million. The net operating deficit was \$144,000.

Commonly, the patient is hospitalized for whatever time is necessary and then carried as an outpatient for continued psychotherapy, at \$5 to \$35 per treatment hour. It is easy to see where the high cost of treatment lies; it is in McLean's ratio of three employees to one patient, as com-

pared with one employee to three patients in the average state hospital. McLean has fifty staff psychiatrists (plus twenty-odd in training), more psychiatrists than can be found in any one of a score of states. As a matter of fact, the good therapeutic example set by McLean and other leading intensive treatment centers merely compounds the mental-health manpower problem; McLean has demonstrated that the ideal way to treat a patient is not with one psychiatrist but two (ward administrator and psychotherapist), plus a specialist in internal medicine, psychologists, nurses, social workers, and others.

Female patients outnumber male ones at McLean two to one. Obviously, a breadwinning husband is able to afford private care for a psychotic wife more readily than the reverse, unless they are independently wealthy. While McLean's patients under twenty years old increased from sixteen to thirty-four last year, a third or more of its patients are older women who have been in the hospital five years or more, at \$13,870 a year.

While the cost of topnotch psychiatric care is not out of line with general hospital care for physical illnesses, extended treatment for psychosis is financially impossible for most people. McLean offers no solution for the mass-production problems of state hospitals, handling 80 per cent of all mental patients at an average cost of but \$5 per patient a day. Its main value in the care of patients is, as its trustees concluded, as a research and teaching center.

A question still remains as to what kind of results a combination of psychotherapy and good social treatment can produce. If one takes any kind of capacity to live in the community as good and hospitalization as bad, then there is every indication that the results of modern psychiatric treatment are at least as good as those in any other major degenerative disease, and indeed, better than those in some. In 1960, McLean admitted 326 patients and discharged 346. Of the latter, 71 per cent were judged improved or recovered and returned to the community, 7 per cent died (at an average age of eighty-four), and 22 per cent were unimproved and sent to another hospital.

More than 40 per cent of the McLean patients have schizophrenia. The hospital's general experience is that 85 per cent with this disorder respond to treatment well enough to return to the community within one year of first admission. Although the doctors of schizophrenia tout no panacea for this strange illness, the experience at McLean and some other intensive psychiatric treatment centers explodes the myth that schizophrenia is a hopeless, incurable disease requiring the victim to be removed from human society for the rest of his life.

AT THE HEMINGWAYS

My Doctor Father

BY MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY SANFORD

The origin and upbringing of a famous writer are of permanent interest to those who admire and study his work. For his first eighteen years' Ernest Hemingway lived in the midst of a happy family, spending his winters in Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, where he made a name for himself in high school, and the summer holidays at the family cottage at Walloon Lake, Michigan. No one has a clearer picture of these formative years than his sister MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY SANFORD, eighteen months his senior. At the editor's urging, and to hand down a true account to her children and grandchildren, she began in 1956 to record her recollections, which will be published next spring under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint. In the December ATLANTIC we printed the account of the family doings at Walloon Lake, and now comes the portrait of her doctor father. A third and final installment, on the war years, will appear in the February issue.



I ALWAYS felt especially close to my father, for he personally brought me into the world on January 15, 1898. I can remember my parents telling me the story every year on my birthday from the time I was three.

"It was a cold, snowy day," Daddy would begin, "and I was several miles away, in my office."

Then Mother would add, "It was the worst snowstorm of the winter, and I sent Sophie on the Chicago Avenue streetcar to get your father and tell him to hurry back quickly. I knew you were going to be born very soon. We didn't have a telephone then."

"I sent Sophie right back to your mother," broke in Daddy, "while I picked up Dr. Lewis, who was to take care of you and Mama."

Daddy had promised Mother that she would feel no pain, so he administered chloroform to her in her bedroom while Dr. Lewis readied himself for the delivery. But before it was completed, Dr. Lewis had a sudden heart attack and lost consciousness. My young father, tense enough with worry over his wife, had to lift the old doctor out of the way and administer first aid to him, keep the necessary anesthesia going for my mother, and then perform a high forceps delivery. There was

no nurse present, only Sophie singing at the top of her voice in the kitchen so as not to hear anything that was happening on the second floor. The cumulative effect of this repeated tale gave me a sympathetic feeling for my mother, who was so frightened of being left alone or in pain, for poor lovable old Dr. Lewis, who was sick, and for my father, who had performed under such tense circumstances.

"Marshmallow," Daddy would say as he gave me a whiskery birthday kiss, "nobody's known you any longer than I have. I gave you the spank that made you breathe your first breath, and you've been makin' a big noise ever since, haven't you?" And Daddy would give me a pretend spank, one for each year of my age, and one to grow on. We both understood that these were love pats.

Daddy's father, Anson Tyler Hemingway, was born in Plymouth, Connecticut. His parents moved to Chicago when he was a child, and there his father, Allen Hemingway, as a representative of Seth Thomas, opened his first wholesale clock business in that area. A. T. Hemingway was a serious man, deeply religious, rather formal in manner, extremely fastidious about niceties of dress and deportment. I remember his manicured

fingernails, his neat gray beard, and his dainty way of holding his fork or his butter knife at the table. Grandfather Hemingway was bald and always wore a black silk skullcap in his bedroom and, of course, a hat on the street. He swung a cane on his daily walks.

Grandfather was proud of his descent from Jacob Hemingway, who fought in the Revolution; he told Ernest and me that the first Hemingway in America was named Ralph and that he came from England in 1634 and settled in Duxbury, Massachusetts. Grandfather believed that the first student at Yale was a Hemingway.

The ancestors of Grandmother Adelaide Edmonds Hemingway also went back to the Revolution. John Plum, from whom she was descended, received a grant of land from the government and a veteran's pension after the Colonies were free. He moved west, and his Edmonds descendants settled on a farm along the Rock River in Illinois, where Adelaide Edmonds was born. Her father, John Wesley Edmonds, was named for John Plum as well as for the founder of Methodism.

Grandmother was a pretty girl with dark hair and flashing brown eyes. She was one of a large family of children on the Edmonds farm, and, as was natural a hundred years ago, the boys had first chance at an education. But Adelaide and one of her sisters, Cordelia, saved enough to enter Wheaton College, Illinois. Twice Adelaide had to drop out of college and teach school to earn money for her education. It took her nearly six years to get her degree.

Grandmother Hemingway had specialized in botany and astronomy. She taught her oldest son, Clarence Edmonds, and her other children the names of trees and plants and showed my father the stars when he was a very small child. It was no wonder that Father should have a tremendous love of nature.

Though my father was needed to help his mother and his older sister, Nettie, at home, he still found time to look for many of the wild plants, both edible and medicinal, which he pointed out to us years later when he took us on hikes along the river. From the time he was a small boy, my father's emotions were touched by the need of any wounded bird or animal, and he used to put splints on a wounded creature's leg or wing. Often he would feed a tiny, orphaned animal, trying to help it into healthy, independent adult life. When he was very small, he thought he might like to be a doctor for animals, but by the time he was in high school, he knew that being a doctor of medicine and a surgeon was the one thing he must do in life. To this end he took all the science courses possible in high school, and at Oberlin College he specialized in premedical work.

He attended Rush Medical College in Chicago, later to be known as the College of Medicine of the University of Chicago, and he was helped in his entrance to professional life in Oak Park by his older friend and mentor, Dr. William R. Lewis. It was Dr. Lewis who suggested, shortly after Daddy's graduation, that he disguise his apparent inexperience by growing a mustache and Vandyke beard. Whiskers and medical knowledge were practically synonymous in the mind of the public at that time.

BEFORE he entered medical school, my father had one delightful last fling with adventure while he was still a student at Oberlin. He was invited to go on a geological expedition to the Great Smoky Mountains, then a largely unexplored area of the South. Ed Hemingway wasn't a geologist, but he did know how to cook, and that is why the geologists wanted him. The four young men from Oberlin started for North Carolina, their belongings carried in packs on their backs, and with them they took fishing equipment, guns, and tents. Until this first official expedition from Oberlin, the Smoky Mountains were well known only to a few mountaineers and to the Cherokee Indians, whose land this had been. The expedition lasted most of that summer, and the stories of my father's experiences were the delight of our childhood.

Over and over Daddy told us about the time he was alone in the camp while the three geologists were off on their scientific explorations. Daddy heard a slight rustling and looked up to see a giant mountain lion, or puma, crouching in a tree crotch just over his head. Ed Hemingway pretended he did not see the animal and, gently edging his way to the tent, was able to reach inside, grab his trusty rifle named "Old Ed," and shoot the creature just as it sprang toward him. He always ended the tale with the phrase, "Pretty good, eh?"

Another tale we loved to hear was the one about the surprise dinner Ed Hemingway fixed for his three friends on that same trip. The young men had stayed in the mountains longer than they had first expected to do, and their store-bought supplies were running low. They had made a few friends among the shy, clannish mountaineers, but these people had mighty little surplus food to sell. Father was determined to give his companions a good meal that night, and he went out with his gun to find some game for supper. Luckily, he roused and killed some partridge, and then shot a few squirrels. He was on his way back to camp when he saw bees flying in a straight line toward a hollow tree. Ed Hemingway suspected this meant a store of honey was nearby, but how to get it was the problem. He wet his felt hat, lined it with

leaves dampened in a nearby creek, then piled dry grass and small twigs on top of the leaves, lit this dry mass with a match, and threw other damp leaves over the top. Holding up his hat, full of this burning, smoldering mass from which black smoke poured out, Ed approached the bee tree and thrust the smudge on a branch close to the opening.

The device worked. Soon he could see the bees dropping, inert, and the combs of wet honey were near enough to the opening so that he could grab a few handfuls and stick the combs in the front of his shirt, which he pulled out from under his belt to make a little bag. With his game bag and gun in one hand and his other hand supporting the sticky mass of honey in his shirt, he told us, he ran like Hades to get to camp before the bees woke up from their stupor, or before the honey leaked through his shirt front and ran down his legs.

He reached camp in time to surprise his friends. He dressed out the game and cut up the partridge and squirrels into pieces for frying. He made biscuits and baked them in the reflected heat of the bent sheet iron next to the campfire. He dipped the meat in corn meal and fried it in bacon drippings. When the game was done, he laid the brown pieces aside to keep warm, near the biscuits, and finally, he cooked a blackberry pie. His hungry friends ate every bit of the biscuits and meat, and then, as the crowning touch, he produced the pie. It was crusty brown on top and dripping with purple juice.

"How in blazes did you ever make a real pie?" they asked.

Ed was smug. "Well," he said, "I picked the blackberries this morning. I got the honey from a bee's nest."

"But how did you make crust that looks like this?" one of the boys asked.

My father always grinned as he told this part of the story.

"Oh, it was easy," he said. "I just rolled out the dough on a log, and I used a beer bottle for a rolling pin."

His friends shouted with laughter.

"Imagine our Ed using a beer bottle," they said. "What did you do with the last of the beer?"

"I poured it out on the ground," said my father, primly. "All I wanted to use was the bottle." He was then a teetotaler.

THINKING back to my childhood, I can see my father with his dark beard and mustache, and his eyes twinkling when he was in good humor. He was tanned and powerful — he had played football at Oberlin — and he seemed to be always rushing to or from an appointment, in from or

out to the back yard to feed his chickens, or down to the basement, two steps at a time, to put coal on the fire. We knew when he had finished, for he slammed the furnace door, dashed up to his office, grabbed his black leather medical bag and his hat, and tore out the front door, closing it with a slam, to leap into his buggy, cluck to the horse, slap the reins up and down, and start him at a fast trot down the street.

Daddy had little patience with anyone who merely sat down in a room. He understood that you had to rest if you were sick, and he believed in getting to bed early at night; but he could never understand how any of his children, or even the maids, could just sit down in a chair with nothing to do. Many times, if he came into the living room from his office in the front of the house and saw me, or any of my brothers and sisters, leaning back in a chair, looking at a magazine, or just stretched out on a davenport reading or thinking, he would stop abruptly in the doorway, saying, "Haven't you children got anything to do? Haven't you any studying or mending? Well, if you have all that done, why don't you ask your mother what you can do to help her?" Sometimes we just longed to sit for a few minutes.

For us children, our bedrooms were a haven. It wasn't possible to read or concentrate in the living room. Mother had her music room, where she could lock the door and do her composing or writing. Daddy often did analyses in the small lavatory built behind his home office, and, of course, he was busy with his patients in his office hours, or keeping his records. But when he was free, he liked to be with his family, and he always had one or another of us, and frequently several, with him in the back yard, or helping him in the workroom where he stored and chopped the wood for the fireplace, or in the basement laundry, where he showed us how to can fruit or how to mold bullets or make candles in an old candle frame. His love for physical activity was one of my father's most charming attributes. He was always ready to go somewhere and do something. "He's got a self-starter," he once remarked in describing a family friend, but the phrase applied even more to my father.

In Daddy's office were many nonmedical things he valued highly and often showed to us. In his cupboards he had collections he had worked on for years. One was his collection of ancient coins. Another was his stamps, which included some rare issues of the early colonial period and sheets of valuable uncanceled stamps, which, he told us, might one day help to put us through college. Another was his collection of Indian arrowheads, flints, and other Indian artifacts he had found along the Des Plaines River, where the Potawatomi

tribes had once lived. He also had a box of beautifully beaded moccasins, a bowie knife in its case, and articles of decorated deerskin and baskets worked in quills and sweet grass. Many of these had come from the Dakotas, where Aunt Mary Williams Hemingway's twin sisters taught in an Indian mission school.

One special item he showed to us meant more to him than any of these relics of an older time. This was a pair of shiny steel forceps he had invented himself. They were called laparotomy forceps, and we were told they were the first of their kind.

Not too many years before he first showed them to us, young Dr. Hemingway, age twenty-three, had sat in the audience of seniors at the June, 1894, Rush Medical College graduation. Dr. Nicholas Senn of the faculty was addressing the graduates upon "The Progress and Needs of Medicine." After he had mentioned improvements that had taken place while these young men were studying, he touched on the many continuing needs of the profession. He mentioned particularly adequate surgical tools, which he felt must be invented to make more delicate spinal surgery possible.

"We can't go on with this crude hammer-and-chisel business much longer," Dr. Senn told the young graduates. "Maybe one of you men sitting here will be the person to invent an instrument to replace this primitive technique. We must have new and better surgical instruments. We must have better anesthetics."

One day when my father was sitting on a grassy bank beside the Des Plaines River, suddenly a design for the spinal forceps flashed into his mind. Taking a pencil and an old envelope out of his pocket, he sketched the outline of what was to be the laparotomy forceps. He presented his design to Sharp and Smith, the instrument makers in Chicago, who were immediately interested in the possibilities of this new instrument, shaped somewhat like a pair of stork scissors with a hinged cutting surface on the lower part of the beak.

Using his sketch, they made up a model of the forceps, and my father tried them and slightly modified his design. Sharp and Smith began manufacturing the laparotomy forceps just as young Dr. Hemingway designed them, and the Rush Medical School faculty was delighted with them. Though the instrument company suggested that my father patent his design, he indignantly refused to do so, in the belief that anything that was for the good of humanity should be available to all.

My father's desire to help was expressed in many ways. He taught nature lore to boys' clubs. He had a Sunday-school class for young men at the Third Congregational Church. He did a great deal of charitable medical work in Oak Park and

surrounding communities of the Chicago area. He not only took care of his parents and other relatives, including some of his wife's relatives, without charge, but he sent no bills to many of his patients who were in strained financial circumstances. For years and years he took care of two widows and their children in the Forest Park area, each of whom used to do laundry for our family in return for his kindness to them. He did plastic surgery operations on several babies born with facial deformities. I remember one time that he constructed a nose for a baby born without one, when the family was too poor to afford an operation. Another time he made a chin for a new baby and fixed its protruding ears.

He gave his services to Hepzibah Home, an Oak Park orphanage, where he and other local doctors took turns taking care of the children, without fee. Father took his month of assigned time at the home very seriously. He dropped in daily to see the children, and often had his pockets full of peppermints or suckers or balloons for the little orphans. The Hepzibah staff knew they could call him at any hour of the day or night. They never had to worry about his being annoyed if he found a child's condition not as serious as those in charge had believed it to be. No one could be more gentle than my father or more considerate of a patient. Many a time he sat all night watching a serious case at the hospital or in a patient's own home. For him, it was not a question of being paid; he really cared for the person. Patients confided in him. He carried their personal troubles on his mind.

BUT MY father had another side to him. With his own children, he was by turns indulgent and a strict disciplinarian. In our youth, he would make no compromise between what he considered right and wrong. He believed in physical punishment. I remember that Ernest and I and the other children were soundly spanked whenever we had infringed upon some rule of conduct my father considered essential. He kept a razor strap in his closet, which he used on us on some occasions. But he was never cruel. He and Mother did what they felt was best for us. Mother often disciplined us, but the hairbrush was her instrument. My father's dimpled cheeks and charming smile could change in an instant to the stern, taut mouth and piercing look which were his disciplinary self. Sometimes we would be sitting on his lap, laughing and talking, and a minute or so later, because of something we had said or done, or some neglected duty of ours he suddenly thought about, we would be ordered to our rooms and perhaps made to go without supper. Sometimes

we were spanked hard across his knee. But always, after punishment, we were told to kneel down and ask God to forgive us.

My father was insistent upon our being on time. He was punctual himself, and he expected everyone else to be. It did not occur to us to be late getting home for meals or after school, and if we were, we knew we could expect the inevitable punishment.

Years before the word "vitamins" came into use, my father had his own theories about food. Before we were six months old, he fed all of us fresh vegetables, orange pieces and orange juice, cut-up tomatoes, and shredded meat in gravy and broth. Mother wrote down in my baby book how annoyed she was that my father brought the new baby to her to nurse "with onion on her breath."

We all did our teething on celery stalks instead of teething rings. We chewed on carrots and green onions, and when Mother used to protest and say that nobody else's children had such primitive food and that all the neighbors were kind enough to cook the food for *their* children, her husband replied that he was going to prevent rickets if he possibly could and that there was something in fresh tomatoes and oranges and vegetables that he felt sure made bones grow straight and kept babies healthy. Even mother's milk isn't enough for a strong body, he said.

Daddy also believed that large quantities of meat and fish and eggs were needed by small babies. His theories were shocking to his contemporaries in the medical profession. I remember, when I was six or seven, a fellow physician whom Daddy and I encountered at a local drugstore in Oak Park called out gaily, in a crude attempt at humor, "Well, Doctor, are you still killing babies with steak and tomatoes?"

My father bristled. It wasn't funny to him. "Just look at *my* patients six years from now," he answered. "If you can find a case of rickets among them, I'll eat my hat. Someday you'll be prescribing the same thing." The other doctor laughed derisively and walked off. Daddy turned to me and said, "No children that I take care of are going to grow up with pigeon breasts and bowlegs if I can help it."

My father wanted us to eat all kinds of foods and enjoy them. Whenever he introduced a new food to us, some of us disliked the new taste intensely, but there was no escaping it. Each of us had at least to try each food, and though we might not like it the first time, Dad had a theory that eating it in a small quantity educated one's taste buds to the point where, the fourth time, one began to enjoy it. We were not allowed to get emotional over food. No fuss was made about our eating it; we were just expected to finish what we were

served at the table. Usually this was no problem at all, for we had healthy appetites. But on the rare occasions when, for instance, I turned up my nose at one of the family's favorite Saturday night dishes, a homemade vegetable soup, boiled with a meat bone and lots of pieces of meat in it, my parents would merely say, in a casual tone, "Oh, don't you care for our good food, Marcelline? Then, apparently you are not hungry, and we'll save it for you for breakfast." I was then excused from the table. Cold vegetable soup was much less attractive the next morning, so I quickly learned to "like" it.

Daddy always wanted a good supply of food on hand; the kitchen shelves and our basement fruit room bulged to overflowing. Neither our own family nor our friends were ever denied after-school snacks. We would descend on the kitchen for bread and butter and peanut butter or brown sugar, or we took our guests with us down to the bricked-in fruit room in the basement, where they could help themselves from the barrels full of apples my father always kept on hand.

The fruit-room shelves were laden with jars of crisp pickles, jelly, and jam. Much of our winter supply of preserves my father and our cook put up during the long summers from June to September when we were at Walloon Lake. But the pineapple he cooked in Oak Park. Every spring Dad brought home a crate or two of fresh pineapple from the South Water Street Market in Chicago, and often he got up early the next morning and peeled, cut up, cooked, and canned the fruit before breakfast. Then he would lead us all to the basement to admire the dozens of gleaming quart jars of golden cubed pineapple lined up on the laundry table.

INTERESTING and kindly as my father was in most ways, he had certain rules in his own mind of what was right and what was wrong. With him it was black and white, with very little gray between. As a young man he had been taught, and had come to believe at Oberlin, that social dancing, card playing, and gambling were wrong. Smoking he disapproved of, and the drinking of alcoholic beverages was not only forbidden but looked down upon with scorn by my father. We all knew Mother did not entirely agree with Daddy on all these matters. She was as strict as he as to what was right or wrong, but her interpretation of which items belonged in the "wrong" category was much more lenient than his.

To Mother a lie was wrong, but dancing was just healthy exercise. Cards were a pleasant pastime and not wrong in themselves. She only

disapproved when cards were played for money. Mother liked games, and we all played dominoes and checkers after dinner in the living room. Even Daddy enjoyed dominoes, and Granduncle Tyley Hancock was the family expert. Mother used to tell me that Daddy's idea of dancing's being a bad thing came from what he referred to as "dance-hall girls." Who these persons were, or where my father had known them, I had never heard.

My father's abhorrence of playing cards prompted him to destroy a pack he found in the room of one of the maids we had at one time. I believe it was a cook named Mary Beck, who liked to play. Daddy had another reason to disapprove of Mary Beck. She liked a wee drop on her day off. She was Irish, black-haired, pink-cheeked, with a loud jolly laugh, and she was a good cook too. She had a great fondness for Ernest and was always bringing him special presents or giving him some extra tidbit in the kitchen.

On one occasion she came home late after her day off, rang the bell at midnight, waking Daddy from sound sleep to let her in, and stumbled up the third-floor stairs, singing loudly. We all woke up at the noise, and when we asked Daddy what was happening, he just told us to go back to sleep. We never knew exactly what happened, but I remember that my father rushed out into the second-floor hallway, and after the noises subsided, there was a strong smell of coffee in the air. Mary stayed in her room the next morning, but by afternoon she was back at work, a little pale and rather quiet as she stood by the sink, fixing the vegetables for dinner. We did not ask any questions. There was no more trouble for several weeks. But the second time Mary came home singing with whisky on her breath, she left our house abruptly, and a gift she had brought to my brother was packed in her bag and left our house with her. She got no chance to give it to Ernest. My father could not compromise.

If he was stern with others, our father was fully as disciplined with himself. He had great courage, not only where moral issues were concerned but in enduring physical pain.

One time Daddy was on a fishing trip in the early spring near Horton Bay, Michigan. In some way — I think through a fish hook's being caught in his arm — my father developed blood poisoning in his left arm while on that trip. He had no medical bag with him, and the fishing camp where Daddy and young Wesley Dilworth, the blacksmith's son, and some other men were staying was at least a day's trip from a town or any medical help. The infected arm had bothered my father, he told us later, but he thought that hot compresses would reduce the swelling and make it possible for

him to stay with the others until their fishing jaunt was over. But the night they were to leave the camp to return to Horton Bay, his arm was not only red and swollen but became hard and began to throb. He was too good a doctor not to recognize these symptoms of danger. He knew an operation to drain the arm was necessary. He knew just what to do, but he wondered if he would have the physical stamina and endurance to plunge a sharp knife into his own extremely painful arm. He decided there was only one way to find out, and that was to do it. As he described the scene, we could almost see the kerosene lamp burning, lighting up the plain kitchen table, and the sharp hunting knife, red-hot from the fire, sterilized and ready. Daddy admitted it was the hardest thing he ever had to do. He instructed Wesley and the other men to hold him tightly and keep his left arm on the table. With his good right hand he raised the knife and plunged it into his own arm.

"It's a good thing the boys were holding me," he told us when he returned to Oak Park later. "I screamed bloody murder. I couldn't help it, and the spurt of pus hit the ceiling. The boys had to duck. I was mighty glad the knife was red-hot, because it cauterized the incision, and I couldn't have stood it to have to do anything else to that arm just then. I'm not ashamed to say it, Gracie," he told my mother, as all of us children listened too, "I cried like a baby when it was over, but I knew if I let it go another day I might lose the arm."

"Oh, Clarence, how awful! I am so glad you are all right. Don't tell any more." My mother almost moaned. "I just can't bear to think of anybody's being hurt like that."

"Well, it was no picnic, I can tell you," said my father, "and now" — and here Daddy changed his tone of voice — "come and see what I've brought you." He opened his satchel and said, "We'll have brook trout for dinner."

"Brook trout!" said Mother. "How could you bring trout to Illinois? I thought it was illegal to take them out of Michigan."

"*Sh-sh-sh*," said Daddy. "Don't say a word. They are all packed inside my bedroom slippers." And sure enough, he brought out his newspaper-wrapped slippers from his suitcase. Ferns were sticking out of the brown leather edges, and inside of each slipper were nestled half a dozen brook trout, all gutted but with their heads and tails still attached. We had them fried in butter that night, and somehow my admiration for my father's courage in the operation combined with my memories of Horton Bay to make the fish taste better than trout ever tasted before.

LETTER FROM ROME

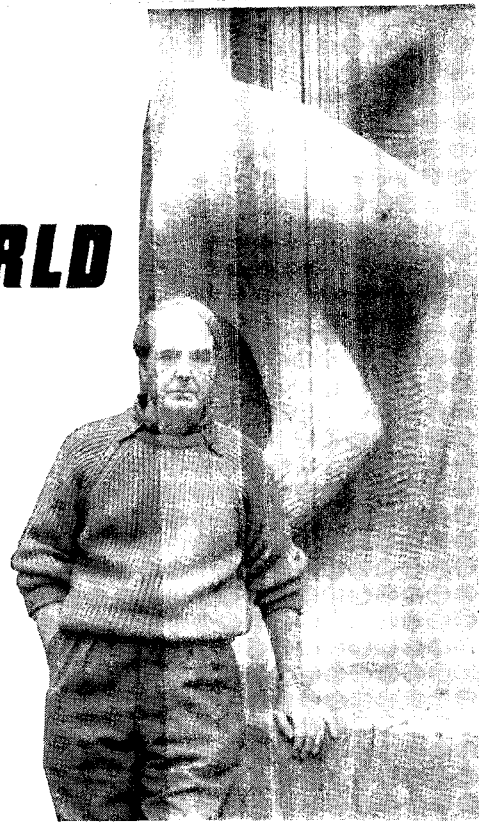
BY LYNNE LAWNER

You think you have left me with sunny apricot palaces
And cherry-stained roofs above the blood-stained churches,
But it's raining now in Rome; I've closed the shutters,
And a cat's cry comes from where the streetcar lurches.
Remember the terrace, the arms to trellis your head,
The statued gardens where the white foam leapt?
The wine-soaked songs along the sidewalk rubble,
Mussolini's noonday siren while we slept?
Well, chicory's now no longer mermaid hair
Washed up by chance in early market baskets;
Old women have long ceased playing the Befana, too,
And beg to nourish their black-draped, walking caskets.
Your rivals, the dashing carpenter and *fabbro*,
Still dash up the stairs, in three hours to earn the price
Of a coffee or two and perhaps a roll from Milan
Cellophaned dryly shut, and a Marlboro fag if they're nice;
While garlicked fingers loosen the ocher diapers.
(Remember those icy beauties, their vase-smooth shoulders,
The dark-spade challenge of their chignoned locks? —
The life they carry resembles Grand Canyon boulders!)
And the failed films of failed life never fail to assure
The factory worker that his troubles are realistic,
While chattering of war or art at either Rosati,
The wealthy go off to bed at the tempo "ballistic."
Will you be coming back to this damp crux of the world?
I need to touch your cheeks and girlish waist
And bite your ear until you're deaf with music
And bite your tongue until it has my taste.
For here there are no chandelier-flaked salons
Nor crumbling golden alleys so colorful,
Nor worldliness nor sane rusticity,
Not even the sense of death — just a miserable lull.
And our only refuge is in each other's arms
Within a cheated, borrowed, broken room;
We're but the atomic remnants Leopardi mentioned:
On volcanic ash — forsythia-yellow broom.
Our young enthusiasm's grown to appetite,
And our innocent malice meets their indifference;
For who gives a damn when Bruno broods over flowers
About where to stage the bases of bomb defense?
Once we were their hope and they our necessity,
We brought over our muscle to add to their nervous twitch,
But not even Neronic fiddles smoke up the air,
And both of us suffer now from a green-palm itch.
So come back with a canvas or bass-clef spaces or pens,
But come without hope or greed to these sunless sheets,
Come with the shimmering cupolas of skeptic eyes
To this skyless country where only an old rug beats.
Come walk with me where stony orchards grow,
But keep your acrid August-orange mouth near;
And pinched in a crowd of strangers high on the Pincio,
We'll kiss in the sunset glow of a hemisphere.

HENRY MOORE'S WORLD

by Carlton Lake

The most distinguished living sculptor, Henry Moore opened up as he never has before in the talk with CARLTON LAKE which follows. Mr. Lake, art critic for the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, has lived abroad since 1952. Last autumn, after his visit with Mr. Moore in Hertfordshire, he returned to the United States, where he is now at work on a new book.



HENRY MOORE is a kindly, soft-spoken Yorkshireman, a boyish, vigorous sixty-three, with clear blue eyes, a ready smile, and a shock of gray hair that starts well back of the forehead. He sat down in a corner of a divan diagonally opposite me in the small, friendly sitting room of his white Hertfordshire farmhouse. We had been talking, a few days earlier, in Paris, where he had gone to supervise the installation of his big retrospective show at the Musée Rodin. We had parted company in front of one of his latest, and finest, works, one of the two monumental *Two-Piece Reclining Figures*. The conversation today returned us to that point.

"It's a good thing, this post-war proliferation of sculptors," he said. "In America before the war, one could mention Calder, and that was all. Now there are Lipton, Roszak, Lassaw, David Smith, and many, many others. In England, one might name thirty; in Italy, at least twenty. A good thing for sculpture in general, but it creates problems. The number of foundries hasn't increased comparably. It was all but impossible to get some of my big pieces cast into bronze in time for the exhibition, which started off in Hamburg.

"I was fortunate in finding a foundry in West Germany that could cast the two large *Two-Piece Reclining Figures* for me in time for the opening. I went to Hamburg before the show opened so I could see the casts and finish off the patinating. That was in May, 1960. From there the exhibition went to Essen, then on to Zurich, Munich, and Rome. I went to Rome for the opening there.

"When the exhibition moved to Paris, to the

Musée Rodin, I had to go there too, since I had promised to help them solve the problems involved in placing the sculpture. The Musée Rodin is not an exhibition museum, like the Tate or the Museum of Modern Art in Rome, which is set up for changing exhibitions. Most of my things, as you saw, had to be displayed in the chapel, and that's hardly an ideal setting. The light is bad, and the architecture of the interior interferes with perspective. The big pieces, at least, could be placed outside, but it was too early to start using the gardens, and the pieces that were grouped around the museum itself had to stand up against a baroque building. Not the ideal background. Not one I would have chosen, anyway.

"Of course, all exhibitions are to some extent compromises. They have to be, even in well-lit, well-built galleries. An exhibition which groups works of mine isn't what I envisage as I do sculpture. Each sculpture is an individual creation, and one doesn't do it with relation to one's other works. It's really a false affair, sticking fifty of them together like that. A collector in Scotland who has three large pieces of mine has set them outdoors on his sheep farm over an area of about three miles. Each piece has its own setting, unaffected by the others. Each of them has its own relation to nature. That's why I make them outdoors, so I can see each sculpture in relation to the sky and the trees. I've arranged my studio so I can work outside. That's the nearest to the ideal. But seeing them all within half an hour in an exhibition like mine in the Rodin Museum is a poor substitute for *seeing* things."

I told Moore I couldn't recall that the Musée Rodin had ever before given itself over to the works of a single sculptor, except Rodin, of course. It does have a group showing every spring, at the back of the garden, of the leading younger sculptors of the *École de Paris* — a kind of continuing moral obligation. And a year ago it showed a comparable survey of modern Italian sculpture. But the Moore show, so far as I could remember, was the first full-scale retrospective of a single living sculptor.

He looked understandably happy about that. "That makes up for all the disadvantages," he said. "For me, Rodin is the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo."

"And after Rodin?" I asked him.

"Then it's on to Amsterdam, Berlin, and winding up at Vienna in the autumn," he said, neatly side-stepping the trap. "Shall we go into the studio?"

I FOLLOWED him into the vestibule. We put on our hats and coats and crossed the courtyard, through the early-spring drizzle. Moore opened the door at the end of the studio nearest the house, and we went inside. It is a fairly long building, but narrow and not high, and its dimensions limit its usefulness to smaller pieces. It was filled with many of them, new and old, dust-covered and freshly patinated, work in progress on stands, sacks of plaster.

"This was the stable when we came here in 1940," Moore said. "We had been living down in Kent, then moved to London. We came here for a weekend during the blitz in 1940. While we were here, my studio, which was in Hampstead, was put out of commission by a near miss. All the windows were shattered, and a number of pieces were damaged. That decided us. We stayed on here for six months as tenants and then bought the place."

I asked him how living out here had fitted in with his work as a war artist. "I went into London two or three days a week to do my shelter drawings," he said. "It's curious how that all started. The official shelters were insufficient. People had taken to rolling their blankets about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, going down into the tube stations, and settling on the platforms. The authorities could do nothing about it. Later on, the government began to organize things better. They put in lavatories and coffee bars down there and began building four-tiered bunks for the children. It was like a huge city in the bowels of the earth. When I first saw it, quite by accident — I had gone into one of them during an air raid — I saw hundreds of Henry Moore Reclining Figures stretched along the platforms. I was fas-

cinated, visually. I went back again and again. I hadn't intended to be a war artist. I had seen soldiers and planes before, and no experience of that kind meant anything to me. But scenes like those in the underground had never happened before, except in the holds of slave ships. This was unique. I had already volunteered to do munition tool-making. The government had appealed to those with special skills with their hands, engravers and so on. I expected to be called up for that work at any moment, and I knew I'd be doing no large pieces. Therefore, I felt free to take on this.

"Anyway, as I was saying, this building was the stable. I had only to open up the doors in the back and put in top lights. I'd always worked in the open air, you know, down in Kent. Sculpture is an open-air art. Painting's an indoor art. You wouldn't put a Rembrandt on the lawn to look at, but sculpture in the great periods — Egyptian, Greek, Gothic — has always been an outdoor object. I've always thought my own work that way, felt it that way. I did the Time-Life stone screen outside and watched it grow from the green. I haven't liked being cooped up. In England you can do it that way; we've got the weather for it." I smiled, very conscious of the tattoo of the rain on the roof. Moore saw me and looked up over our heads. "Oh, we do have a bit of rain now and again," he said, "but then I just work under tarpaulins. That's the way I did with the Time-Life wall. I've worked in southern Italy and been terribly debilitated by the heat. And in Norway and Sweden the winters are so dark. It's all nonsense, what they say about the English climate. It's ideal. It's been a wonderful winter. We had just a touch of frost in mid-March, not bad at all. The pipes are all uncovered. Since they freeze up only about once in four years, it's hardly worth the trouble to cover them."



Helmet-Head No. II, 1950

two separate pieces, a hollow casque in the general shape of a head, and an inner figure which was a simplification of the human torso.

"When bronze comes from the foundry," Moore said, "it's like a rather dirty new penny. Clean

He looked around the studio. "You can see I use this now only for finishing and patinating. I nip in at night to see to the finishing touches." He walked over to a bench and put his hand on a bronze *Helmet-Head*, a stylized abstraction of the human head about fourteen inches high, similar to one I had seen in the Musée Rodin exhibition. It was made up of

nature -- out here, for example -- will turn it green. Sooty, chemical-laden air, like London's, turns it black. As Chinese bronzes show, it can have remarkable quality and variety. When I was a young sculptor and did nothing but carving, I used to talk a lot about 'truth to materials.' I have found, though, that bronze can do anything." He rubbed his hand over the smooth, darkening surface of the bronze head. "If one wants to give that sense of internal action, a feeling of force from within, one of the qualities in form that give vitality, you can't get that by only rough surfaces. Young sculptors say, 'I don't like smooth surfaces.' That's a very superficial point of view, like saying, 'I only like people with rough tweeds.' The texture of a piece of sculpture should be the outcome of its character, of what you are seeking to do. It's not just a surface embellishment."

Moore clenched his fist and held it up to me. The skin was drawn taut and smooth and white over the protruding knuckles. "You get a much stronger feeling of pressure from inside this way than when you look at the hand held normally," he said.

The rain had penetrated a crack in the roof near where we were standing and had begun to drip down onto some sacks of plaster. Moore leaned over and pulled them out of the way. He returned to the *Helmet-Head*.

"I did the first of these in about 1940," he said. "I was working on the idea of a form within a form. This idea of protection, of shelter within armor, has been a theme with me for twenty years or more. It may have some psychological thing behind it, the mother-and-child idea, perhaps. You see, if this helmet weren't smooth, it wouldn't have that idea of 'helmet.' I meant it to have a kind of mechanical vitality." He turned the helmet around so that the back was facing us. There was a large cutaway area. "It wouldn't have this feeling of mystery, either, just as in a kind of armor. It's a caricature of the human figure, in a sense."

He pointed to another *Helmet-Head* over against the wall. It had a uniform green patina. "There's one I did last year." We walked over to it. It was less regular in its conformation than the other one. "Inside, you see, it has more of a machine feeling, but the outside is more pushed about. Oh, if I had four or five lifetimes, I couldn't exhaust the possibilities of that idea. If a theme is fundamental, it keeps recurring. Like the *Reclining Figures* or the *Mother and Child*. This kind of relationship -- one figure within another -- is illimitable."

Moore turned and walked to the end of the old stable. I followed him through a door into a smaller room. Facing us was a *Mother and Child*

bronze figure of 1953 in which the child lunges avidly for the mother's breast and the mother seems to be holding the child at a distance. It is a harsh, angular piece with an element of savagery. "The child is almost eating its mother, you see,"

Moore said, nodding in its direction. Next to it, in sharp contrast, was a small version of a 1952-1953 sculpture called *Upright External/Internal Form*, a bronze which has a curving inner figure that could be a child, within the cut-away sheltering form representing its mother.

He walked over to another version of the *Helmet-Head*. "This one is in lead," he said. "I had to turn it into bronze, though; the lead was too vulnerable." He reached inside the casque, moved the inner figure forward and back. One had the feeling



External/Internal Form

of the nose in movement. "You see how it is with these forms within forms," he said. "The possibilities are rich, endless."

WE LEFT the studio and walked to a small, one-story building only a few yards away. Moore let us in. There were a number of very small terracotta pieces, obviously studies for other things. From a low table Moore picked up a small curving piece of what appeared to be baked clay and looked like a portion of the torso of one of his own small *Reclining Figures*. "This is nothing of mine," he said. "All these bits here" -- he pointed down to the table, covered with such fragments -- "are natural objects, bits of pebbles, bones, and shells, things one has picked up because one found them intriguing for their shape. If one comes in here at night with a completely blank mind, in ten minutes something would give one a start on an idea, if one wished. At the seaside each year one picks them up, interprets them, and lets them be a start for something. Leonardo demonstrated that a battle scene can be found in the lichen marks on a wall. But it has to be interpreted. It can't be simply copied. Leonardo would have found a much better battle scene than a lesser artist, of course. But one's problems aren't solved by finding an object. It's what one does with it that counts. The principle is there, but there are many natural forms that are inert, dead. They have no

life until you put it in. That's the difference between sculpture and architecture. Each deals with form. Aesthetically the same judgments apply, but there is a difference. In sculpture you are free to create objects which have a life of their own. Good architecture is based on formal relationships, but architecture has a functional purpose. Sculpture has an expressionist end and is freer."

I asked Moore what he considered to be the basis of the art of sculpture. "For me," he said, "sculpture is based on and remains close to the human figure. That works both ways. We make the kind of sculpture we make because we are the shape we are, because we have the proportions we have. All those things make us respond to form and shape in certain ways. If we had the shape of cows, and went about on four legs, the whole basis of sculpture would be entirely different. If it were only a matter of making a pleasurable relationship between forms, sculpture would lose, for me, its fundamental importance. It would become too easy. Let me show you what I mean." We went back into the rear end of the studio we had just left. "At one period, just before the war, in 1938 I think, I began the most abstract side of my work — the stringed figures." He pointed to one of them, a *Mother and Child* theme in lead and wire. The generalized forms of the heads of mother and child were pierced with small holes. Taut pieces of wire joined the heads together. Similar wires stretched from the simplified mouth of the child to the mother's breasts. I told Moore I had often wondered how those figures got started.

"Well, I had gone one day to the Science Museum at South Kensington and had been greatly intrigued by some of the mathematical models; you know, those hyperbolic paraboloids and groins and so on, developed by La Grange in Paris, that have geometric figures at the ends with colored threads from one to the other to show what the form between would be. I saw the sculptural possibilities of them, and I did some. I could have done hundreds. They were fun, but too much in the nature of experiments to be really satisfying. That's a different thing from expressing some deep human experience one might have had. When the war came, I gave up this type of thing. Others, like Gabo and Barbara Hepworth, have gone on doing it. It becomes a matter of ingenuity rather than a fundamental human experience."

We walked back into the small building again. Moore reached over and picked up a little curving serrate shell, formed like a small denture. He moved it around in his hand, held it up on end. "You can see the horns of a bull there, or a caterpillar rearing up. I find that having many objects like that about, handling them, gives me ideas. The whole of nature — bones, pebbles, shells,

clouds, tree trunks, flowers — all is grist to the mill of a sculptor. It all needs to be brought in at one time. People have thought — the later Greeks, in the Hellenistic period — that the human figure was the only subject, that it ended there; a question of copying. But I believe it's a question of metamorphosis. We must relate the human figure to animals, to clouds, to the landscape — bring them all together. There's no difference between them all. By using them like metaphors in poetry, you give new meaning to things."

WE WALKED outside. Ahead of us, behind the farmhouse, stretched the gently sloping green of Moore's property. About three hundred yards to the rear stood the two large studios where he works on his monumental pieces. Between us and them, half a dozen of his larger sculptures had been placed in such a way that they seemed almost to be growing out of the earth. We started down the path toward the big studio.

"If I tried to do the South Downs or a Scottish mist," he said, "it would be nothing but a scale model of what nature does more impressively. But, take, for example, my *Two-Piece Reclining Figures*; if you relate the human figure to landscape, as I tried to do there, you give the big scale of mountains, you give the landscape a relation to your body, and give added meaning to both."

Moore pointed to a little hillock on our right. "A cast of the *King and Queen* was there until just the other day, but I had to send it off to an exhibition." Nearer to us was a cast of the *Draped Reclining Figure*, about five feet long, which Moore executed in 1952–1953 for the Time-Life building in Bond Street, London. Off to the right I saw a model of the *Reclining Figure* he did in 1957–1958 for UNESCO headquarters in Paris. This one looked like a bronze. I asked him about it.

"That's the original model for the UNESCO piece," he said. "It's half size and in plaster. I had the plaster bronzed to see what it would look like cast in bronze. I hadn't intended to cast it, but then I decided I didn't want to lose the original. My property used to end just below here. That field" — he indicated the rolling land off to the south — "belonged to a small-holding farmer. He died, and I bought it and built the big studio to do the UNESCO figure. Then, when I worked out the details, I realized the job was too big to do here, and so I went to Italy with the plaster model and worked there. The finished piece consists of four blocks of Roman travertine, excluding the pedestal base, of course. It is over sixteen feet long and weighs thirty-nine tons, but the original blocks weighed something like sixty tons before I went to

work on them. That size and weight, of course, would have made it impossible to have done the carving here in my studio. Transport expenses alone would have been enormous, and I wouldn't have been able to handle such weights. I produced the full-size stone sculpture at Messrs Henraux's stone and marble works at Querceta, a small village at the foot of the Carrara Mountains, about a mile from Forte dei Marmi. The stone was quarried near Rome, but Messrs Henraux brought it from the quarries to their works at Querceta for me. There they have a large overhead crane, which simplified everything. But it took me nearly a year, with the help of two of Messrs Henraux's stone-carvers.

"UNESCO originally asked me for a bronze. I did some drawings with that in mind, but as I thought about it, I realized that since bronze goes dark outdoors, and the sculpture would have as its background a building that is mostly glass, which looks black, the fenestration would have been too much the same tone, and you would have lost the sculpture. So then I worked on the idea of siting the figure against a background of its own, but then, inside the building you wouldn't have had a view of the sculpture. Half the views would have been lost. So I finally decided the only solution was to use a light-colored stone, and I settled on the same stone they've used for the top of the building: travertine. It's a beautiful stone. I'd always wanted to do a large piece in it. At the unveiling it looked too white — all newly carved stone has a white dust on it — but on my last trip to Paris, I went to UNESCO, and I saw that it's weathering nicely. In ten or twenty years' time, with the washing of the Paris rain, it will be fine. Half of Rome is built of travertine.

"Of course, it was a harder job than it would have been if I'd done it in bronze. When you

carve, you're dealing with the absolute final piece. The practical problems are much greater than those you have with a large bronze. If I'd done it in bronze, the original would have been in plaster, and hollow. I'd have cut it up and shipped it off to the bronze founder, and the practical problems would have been his.

"When I'm doing pieces for bronze, I work occasionally in soft clay, which has to be cast in plaster. Generally, though, I work directly in plaster, building it up on a wooden framework. I put it on with a trowel or a spatula. It hardens in a quarter of an hour, and I can cut it down and build it up again."

By now we had reached the big white studio. Across the front ran a cement platform with a ramp leading up to it. On the platform were several large sculptures, covered with tarpaulins, on heavy wheeled bases. Moore identified one of them as the bronze cast of the original model for the UNESCO piece. The fine English mist was coming down rather hard now, but we were sheltered, except for splashes, by a projection of the roof that extended out over the cement platform. Moore smiled seraphically. "Isn't this wonderful!" he exclaimed. "It's a typical English day. I spent a month in Spain once. It never rained except for one day. And when the rain came, I started singing and jumping around. I hadn't realized how much one could love rain. It's a great place to work, out here" — he pointed across the fields to the south — "seeing things take form against that landscape. I only wish we could have extended the platform on the north end, so that one could have seen the sculpture against another background, too." I followed his eyes in that direction. Across the roadway leading to another studio, sheep were grazing in pastureland somewhat higher than the ground on which the big studio had been built.

"Let's go inside," he said. I followed him into the high, light studio. Most of the central area was taken up by bronze casts of two of Moore's most important recent works, the *Two-Piece Reclining Figures (Nos. I and II)* of 1959 and 1960. In these, everything that Moore has done to date is somehow summed up and, at the same time, extended, because here, quite literally, he has added a new dimension to his work. The massive figures have been broken into two fragments, yet their unity is total. In the fragmenting of the form, Moore has, paradoxically, unleashed a force which is centripetal in its effect. I asked him how he had got started with this idea.

"Well," he said, "the UNESCO thing, as I've



Reclining Figure, 1958, UNESCO Building, Paris

told you, came to me in a flash after four or five months of attempting to solve it as a bronze. The *Two-Piece Reclining Figures* must have been working around in the back of my mind for years, really. As long ago as 1934 I had done a number of smaller pieces composed of separate forms, two- and three-piece carvings in ironstone, ebony, alabaster, and other materials. They were all more abstract than these. I don't think it was a conscious or intentional thing for me to break up the figures in this way, but I suppose those earlier works, from the thirties, had something to do with it. I didn't do any preliminary drawings for these. I wish now I had. One of them goes off to the Kröller-Müller Museum, and they've asked me if I have some preliminary drawings.

"I did the high one first, then the more definitely reclining one. There's a third one, even larger, that's just gone off to the foundry. I did the first one in two pieces almost without intending to. But after I'd done it, then the second one became a conscious idea. I realized what an advantage a separated two-piece composition could have in relating figures to landscape." He walked over to *Reclining Figure No. II*, put his hands on the knees and the breasts. "Knees and breasts are mountains," he said. "Once these two parts become separated, you don't expect it to be a naturalistic figure; therefore, you can more justifiably make it like a landscape or a rock. If it is a single figure, you can guess what it's going to be like. If it is in two pieces, there's a bigger surprise, you have more unexpected views; therefore, the special advantage of sculpture over painting — of having the possibility of many different views — is more fully exploited."

Moore moved over to *Reclining Figure No. I*. He turned it slowly on its movable base. "The front view doesn't enable one to foresee the back view. As you move around it, the two parts overlap or

they open up and there's space between. Sculpture is like a journey. You have a different view as you return. The three-dimensional world is full of surprises in a way that a two-dimensional world never could be. For example, if we were made flat, as though cut out of cardboard, there are certain ideas about the human body that would be only symbols. Now, painting has certain advantages — color and so on — but sculpture has endless possibilities." He pulled up one knee and assumed a posture similar to Michelangelo's *Dying Captive*. He drew his hands back slowly over his protruding knee. "Michelangelo's method was to release form until it was all out of the block, gradually revealing the thing from the front view backwards. He had such a sense of form he could do it like that. In a way, that is not a spatial approach. A spatial approach would deal with big masses first, from all round, and eventually come through to the detail in those masses, at the end. Even though I think Michelangelo was the greatest genius of the visual arts ever, I wouldn't work the same way.

"The *Upright External/Internal Form* I did in 1952 and 1953 was a transitional stage from those early smaller pieces to these *Two-Piece Reclining Figures*, it seems to me in retrospect. I may do some that split into more than two parts. They are still one unit, not two or three separate figures. You'll note that *Number Two* is bolted in place on its pedestal. *Number One* isn't. But if somebody moved one of those parts one inch, straightaway I'd know." Moore extended his arm into the open area between the two parts of the figure, then into its concavities. "The space would be different, the angles through here, there. All the relationships would be changed."

He wiped the dust off his hands and came around to my side of the base. "Sculptors nowadays are trying to exploit space," he said. "In the old days they just looked at form. The new sculptors are more space conscious. Some of the welders and wire sculptors think they're using space, but often they're only using tricks. To understand proper space, you have to understand solid form as well." He picked up a telephone handset from a shelf behind him. He tangled its wires into complete confusion. "A young sculptor who works all in strings and wires may not understand space any more than



Two-Piece Reclining Figure No. II, 1960. 51 inches high

an old-time academic sculptor. He's using a method which gives him his space automatically. But proper space is the negative of solid form. You need to understand form."

I asked him about the function of the holes in many of his works. "The holes," he said, "are an expansion of three-dimensional form. They're one and the same. At a certain point I began to give my space a shape which could have turned into solid form if I'd thought of it the other way round." I suggested that there were still many people who would find that as perverse as Doctor Johnson's definition of a string bag — a series of holes held together by string.

"Not so perverse as all that," he said. "What is a cave? A cave is a shape. It's not the lump of mountain over it."

I asked him if he thought it was easier for a sculptor to pass off bad work on the public than for a painter to do so. He thought for a moment. "It seems to me," he said, "that the painter's means are more easily available, whereas sculpture presents such technical difficulties that a sculptor must necessarily be more seasoned by the time he has mastered them. On the other hand, the layman has less familiarity with sculpture than he has with painting and is perhaps less capable of differentiating between good and bad there. Let's say that it would be easier for a painter to get away with that sort of thing if he had mastered his means, but because of the greater technical difficulties involved in sculpture, the layman may see through the bad sculpture less easily. Of course, some people set up a distinction between abstract and figurative and try to separate good from bad on that basis. It's a false distinction, in any case, and generally an emotional one. Take Poussin, for instance. He's like a juggler, not with two or three balls, but with twenty, and keeping them all going. He is doing something much more difficult, and in that sense he has greater ability as an abstract artist when he keeps his figures and their relationships than Mondrian has when he reduces everything to squares and rectangles."

We left the big studio and walked out into the roadway that led past the grazing sheep to a yellow-brick building. We went inside. Moore walked over to a cast of his *Falling Warrior* (1956–1957), a tragic representation, about five feet long, of a warrior who has fallen on his back but is still holding his shield. "I've been patinating this for an exhibition," he said. He rubbed the chest in an area where the bronze glowed dully beneath the green patina. "One can get it so that the surfaces seem to have been arrived at in the natural way." We walked over to the far wall, to one of Moore's most powerful and dramatic recent works, *Relief No. I*, a seven-and-a-half-foot bronze

upright figure, only half emerged from the block, in which all the salient features of the torso, front view, are strongly accentuated.

"Renaissance sculptors," he said, "used relief pictorially. They reduced depth almost mathematically. They had the same use of perspective as painters. For some time I've thought one might use relief in its own way, to exploit the projection and recession of form and make it more powerful in relief than a realistic rendering of compressed representation." He reached over and, with his hands, vigorously outlined the projection and recession of the upper-chest area. "To make the chest more strong, to make it come out more, you send it back underneath." His hands cut through the shadowy recess beneath the upper chest, followed the form down to the waist, and jutted out as the waist flared into hips. "You bring the hips out more, and the umbilicus" — he put the stress on the penult and gave it a long *i*. "One has made the projections and recessions for their own sakes rather than for a pictorial use of relief. That requires as big a sense of space as if one had made a whole sculpture in the round. Form is indivisible. The understanding of three-dimensional form involves all points of view about form — space, interior and exterior form, pressure from within; they're all one and the same big problem. They're all mixed up with the human thing, with one's own body and how one thinks about everything. This talk of representational and nonrepresentational art, spatial and nonspatial sculpture, is all nonsense. There's no cutting it up into separate compartments. It's all one."

Something about the way he said "one" made me think of time. I looked at my watch and saw that "one" had come and gone, long since. (We had started our wanderings right after breakfast.) Moore looked at his watch. "Gracious," he said. I felt a bit guilty and must have looked it. He read my expression. "Oh, it's not the time that bothers me," he said. "I'm just wondering about my daughter Mary. She's with the Aldermaston marchers, and they ought to be getting into Trafalgar Square pretty soon. Rather rough, with all this rain."

"This is the ideal climate," I said.

Moore grinned. "Well," he said, "she is only fifteen, you know. Give her time."



Relief No. I. 7½ feet high

A Story by NADINE GORDIMER

A native Johannesburger, NADINE GORDIMER is one of the most gifted novelists writing about the divided world of the Union of South Africa. Last spring, Miss Gordimer spent two months in the

Through time and distance

United States on a visiting professor fellowship given by the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Washington. During that time she gave a reading of her short stories at the Poetry Center in New York and delivered the Ann Radcliffe lecture at Radcliffe College.

THEY had been on the road together seven or eight years, Mondays to Fridays. They did the Free State one week, the northern and eastern Transvaal the next, Natal and Zululand a third. Now and then they did Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia and were gone for a month. They sat side by side, for thousands of miles and thousands of hours, the commercial traveler, Hirsch, and his boy. The boy was a youngster when Hirsch took him on, with one pair of gray flannels, a clean shirt, and a nervous sniff; he said he'd been a lorry driver, and at least he didn't stink — "When you're shut up with them in a car all day, believe me, you want to find a native who doesn't stink." Now the boy wore, like Hirsch, the line of American-cut suits that Hirsch carried, and fancy socks, suede shoes, and an antimagnetic watch with a strap of thick gilt links, all bought wholesale. He had an ear of white handkerchief always showing in his breast pocket, though he still economically blew his nose in his fingers when they made a stop out in the veld.

He drove, and Hirsch sat beside him, peeling back the pages of paperbacks, jerking slowly in and out of sleep, or scribbling in his order books. They did not speak. When the car flourished to a stop outside the veranda of some country store, Hirsch got out without haste and went in ahead — he hated to "make an impression like a hawker,"

coming into a store with his goods behind him. When he had exchanged greetings with the storekeeper and leaned on the counter chatting for a minute or two, as if he had nothing to do but enjoy the dimness of the interior, he would stir with a good-humored sigh: "I'd better show you what I've got. It's a shame to drag such lovely stuff about in this dust. Phillip!" — his face loomed in the dimness of the doorway a moment — "get a move on there."

So long as it was not raining, Phillip kept one elbow on the rolled-down window, the long forearm reaching up to where his slender hand, shaded like the coat of some rare animal from tea-rose pink on the palm to dark mat brown on the back, appeared to support the car's gleaming roof like a caryatid. The hand would withdraw, he would swing out of the car onto his feet, he would carry into the store the cardboard boxes, suitcases, and, if the store carried what Hirsch called "high-class goods" as well, the special stand of men's suits hanging on a rail that was made to fit into the back of the car. Then he would saunter out into the street again, giving his tall shoulders a cat's pleasurable movement under fur — a movement that conveyed to him the excellent drape of his jacket. He would take cigarettes out of his pocket and lean, smoking, against the car's warm flank.

Sometimes he held court; like Hirsch, he had

become well known on the regular routes. The country people were not exactly shy of him and his kind, but his clothes and his air of city know-how imposed a certain admiring constraint on them, even if, as in the case of some of the older men and women, they disapproved of the city and the aping of the white man's ways. He was not above playing a game of *morabaraba*, an ancient African kind of draughts, with the blacks from the grain-and-feed store in a dorp on the Free State run. Hirsch was always a long time in the general store next door, and meanwhile, Phillip pulled up the perfect creases of his trousers and knelt over the lines of the board drawn with a stone in the dust, ready to show them that you couldn't beat a chap who had got his training in the big lunch-hour games that are played every day outside the wholesale houses in Johannesburg. At one or two garages, where the petrol attendants in foam-rubber baseball caps given by Shell had picked up a lick of passing sophistication, he sometimes got a poker game. The first time his boss, Hirsch, discovered him at this (Phillip had overestimated the time Hirsch would spend over the quick hand of Klabberyas he was obliged to take, in the way of business, with a local storekeeper), Hirsch's anger at being kept waiting vanished in a kind of amused and grudging pride. "You're a big fella, now, eh, Phillip? I've made a man of you. When you came to me you were a real pickanin. Now you've been around so much, you're taking the boys' money off them on the road. Did you win?"

"Ah, no, sir," Phillip suddenly lied, with a grin.

"Ah-h-h, what's the matter with you? You didn't win?" For a moment Hirsch looked almost as if he were about to give him a few tips. After that, he always passed his worn packs of cards on to his boy. And Phillip learned, as time went by, to say without so much as a flicker of an eyelid, "I don't like the sound of the engine, boss. There's something loose there. I'm going to get underneath and have a look while I'm down at the garage taking petrol."

IT WAS true that Hirsch had taught his boy everything the boy knew, although the years of silence between them in the car had never been broken by conversation or an exchange of ideas. Hirsch was one of those pale, plump, freckled Jews, with pale-blue eyes, a thick snub nose, and the remains of curly blond hair that had begun to fall out before he was twenty. A number of his best stories depended for their denouement on the fact that somebody or other had not realized that he was a Jew. His pride in this belief that nobody would take him for one was not conventionally anti-

Semitic, but based on the reasoning that it was a matter of pride, on the part of the Jewish people, that they could count him among them when he was fitted by nature with the distinguishing characteristics of a more privileged race. Another of his advantages was that he spoke Afrikaans as fluently and idiomatically as any Afrikaner. This, as his boy had heard him explain time and again to English-speaking people, was essential, because, low and ignorant as these back-veld Afrikaners were — hardly better than the natives, most of them — they knew that they had their government up there in power now, and they wouldn't buy a sixpenny line from you if you spoke the language of the *rooineks* — the red-neck English.

With the Jewish shopkeepers, he showed that he was quite at home, because, as Phillip, unpacking the sample range, had overheard him admit a thousand times, he was Jewish born and bred — why, his mother's brother was a rabbi — even though he knew he didn't look it for a minute. Many of these shops were husband-and-wife affairs, and Hirsch knew how to make himself pleasant to the wives as well. In his chaff with them, the phrases "the old country" and "my father, God rest his soul" were recurrent. There was also an earnest conversation that began: "If you want to meet a character, I wish you could see my mother. What a spirit. She's seventy-five, she's got sugar, and she's just been operated for cataract, but I'm telling you, there's more go in her than —"

Every now and then there would be a store with a daughter, as well: not very young, not very beautiful, a worry to the mother, who stood with her hands folded under her apron, hoping the girl would slim down and make the best of herself, and to the father, who wasn't getting any younger and would like to see her settled. Hirsch had an opening for this subject, too, tested and tried. "Not much life for a girl in a place like this, eh? It's a pity. But some of the town girls are such rubbish, perhaps it's better to marry some nice girl from the country. Such rubbish — the Jewish girls, too; oh, yes, they're just as bad as the rest these days. I wouldn't mind settling down with a decent girl who hasn't run around so much. If she's not so smart, if she doesn't get herself up like a film star, well, isn't it better?"

Phillip thought that his boss was married — in some places, at any rate, he talked about "the wife" — but perhaps it was only that he had once been married, and, anyway, what was the difference when you were on the road? The fat, ugly white girl at the store went and hid herself among the biscuit tins, the mother, half daring to hope, became vivacious by proxy, and the father suddenly began to talk to the traveler intimately about

business affairs. Phillip found he could make the same kind of stir among country blacks. Hirsch had a permit to enter certain African reserves in his rounds, and there, in the humble little shops owned by Africans — shanties, with the inevitable man at work on a treadle sewing machine outside — he used his boy to do business with them in their own lingo. The boy wasn't half bad at it, either. He caught on so quick, he was often the one to suggest that a line that was unpopular in the white dorps could be got rid of in the reserves. He would palm off the stuff like a real showman. "They can be glad to get anything, boss," he said, with a grin. "They can't take a bus to town and look in the shops." In spite of his city clothes and his signet ring and all, the boy was exactly as simple as they were, underneath, and he got on with them like a house on fire. Many's the time some old woman or little kid came running up to the car when it was all packed to go on again and gave him a few eggs or a couple of roasted mealies in a bit of newspaper.

Early on in his job driving for Hirsch, Phillip had run into a calf; it did not stir on the deserted red-earth road between walls of mealie fields that creaked in a breeze. "Go on," said his boss, with the authority of one who knows what he is doing, who has learned in a hard school. "Go on, it's dead, there's nothing to do." The young man hesitated, appalled by the soft thump of the impact with which he had given his first death-dealing blow. "Go on. There could have been a terrible accident. We could have turned over. These farmers should be prosecuted, the way they don't look after the cattle."

Phillip reversed quickly, avoided the body in a wide curve, and drove on. That was what made life on the road; whatever it was, soft touch or hard going, lie or truth, it was left behind. By the time you came by again in a month or two months, things had changed, forgotten and forgiven, and whatever you got yourself into this time, you had always the secret assurance that there would be another breathing space before you could be got at again.

Phillip had married after he had been traveling with Hirsch for a couple of years; the girl had had a baby by him earlier, but they waited, as Africans sometimes do, until he could get a house for her before they actually got married. They had two more children, and he kept them pretty well — he wasn't too badly paid, and of course he could get things wholesale, like the stove for the house. But up Piet Retief way, on one of the routes they took every month, there was a girl he had been sleeping with regularly for years. She swept up the hair cuttings in the local barbershop, where Hirsch sometimes went for a trim if he hadn't had a

chance over the weekend, in Johannesburg. That was how Phillip had met her; he was waiting in the car for Hirsch one day, and the girl came out to sweep the step at the shop's entrance. "Hi, *wena sisi* [you, sister]. I wish you would come and sweep my house for me," he called out drowsily.

For a long time now she had worn a signet ring, nine carats, engraved with his first name and hers; Hirsch did not carry anything in the jewelry line, but of course Phillip, in the fraternity of the road, knew the boys of other travelers who did. She was a plump, hysterical little thing, with very large eyes that could accommodate unshed tears for minutes on end, and — something unusual for black women — a faint mustache outlining her top lip. She would have been a shrew to live with, but it was pleasant to see how she awaited him every month with coy, bridling passion. When she pressed him to settle the date when they might marry, he filched some minor item from the extensive women's range that Hirsch carried, and that kept her quiet until next time. Phillip did not consider this as stealing, but as part of the running expenses of the road to which he was entitled, and he was trustworthy with his boss's money or goods in all other circumstances. In fact, if he had known it and if Hirsch had known it, his filching fell below the margin for dishonesty that Hirsch, in his reckoning of the running expenses of the road, allowed: "They all steal, what's the good of worrying about it? You change one, you get a worse thief, that's all." It was one of Hirsch's maxims in the philosophy of the road.

THE morning they left on the Bechuanaland run, Hirsch looked up from the newspaper and said to his boy, "You've got your passbook, eh?" There was the slightest emphasis on the "you've," an emphasis confident rather than questioning. Hirsch was well aware that, although the blurred front-page picture before him showed black faces open-mouthed, black hands flung up triumphant around a bonfire of passbooks, Phillip was not the type to look for trouble. "Yes, sir, I've got it," said Phillip, overtaking, as the traffic lights changed, a row of cars driven by white men; he had driven so much and so well that there was a certain beauty in his performance — he might have been skiing, or jumping hurdles.

Hirsch went back to the paper; there was nothing in it but reports of this anti-pass campaign that the natives had started up. He read them all with a deep distrust of the amorphous threat that he thought of as "trouble," taking on any particular form. Trouble was always there, hanging over every human head, of course; it was only when it

drew near, "came down," that it took on a specific guise: illness, a drop in business, the blacks wanting to live like white men. Anyway, he himself had nothing to worry about: his boy knew his job, and he knew he must have his pass on him in case, in a routine demand in the streets of any of the villages they passed through, a policeman should ask him to show it.

Phillip was not worried, either. When the men in the location came to the door to urge him to destroy his pass, he was away on the road, and only his wife was at home to assure them that he had done so; when some policeman in a dorp stopped him to see it, there it was, in the inner pocket of the rayon lining of his jacket. And one day, when this campaign or another was successful, he would never need to carry it again.

At every call they made on that trip, people were eager for news of what was happening in Johannesburg. Old barefoot men in the dignity of battered hats came from the yards behind the stores, trembling with dread and wild hope. Was it true that so many people were burning their passes that the police couldn't arrest them all? Was it true that in such-and-such a location people had gone to the police station and left passes in a pile in front of the door? Was it the wild young men who called themselves Africanists who were doing this? Or did Congress want it, did the old Chief, Luthuli, call for it too? "We are going to free you all of the pass," Phillip found himself declaiming. Children, hanging about, gave the Congress raised-thumb salute. "The white man won't bend our backs like yours, old man." They could see for themselves how much he had already taken from the white man, wearing the same clothes as the white man, driving the white man's big car — an emissary from the knowledgeable, political world of the city, where black men were learning to be masters. Even Hirsch's cry, "Phillip, get a move on there!", came as an insignificant interruption, a relic of the present almost become the past.

Over the border, in the British protectorate, Bechuanaland, the interest was just as high. Phillip found it remarkably easy to talk to the little groups of men who approached him in the luxurious dust that surrounded village buildings, the kitchen boys who gathered in country hotel yards where cats fought beside glittering mounds of empty beer bottles. "We are going to see that this is the end of the pass. The struggle for freedom — The white man won't stand on our backs —"

It was a long, hot trip. Hirsch, pale and exhausted, dozed and twitched in his sleep between one dorp and the next. For the last few months he had been putting pills instead of sugar into his tea, and he no longer drank the endless bottles of lem-

onade and ginger beer that he had sent the boy to buy at every stop for as long as he could remember. There was a strange, sweetish smell that seemed to follow Hirsch around these days; it settled in the car on that long trip and was there even when Hirsch wasn't; but Phillip, who, like most travelers' boys, slept in the car at night, soon got used to it.

They went as far as Francistown, where, all day, while they were in and out of the long line of stores facing the railway station, a truckload of Herero women from further north in the Kalahari Desert sat beside the road in their Victorian dress, turbaned, unsmiling, stiff and voluminous, like a row of tea cozies. They did not go on to Rhodesia. From Francistown they turned back for Johannesburg, with a stop overnight at Palapye Road, so that they could make a detour to Serowe, an African town of round mud houses, dark euphorbia hedges, and tinkling goat bells, where the deposed chief and his English wife lived on a hill in a large house with many bathrooms, but there was no hotel. The hotel in Palapye Road was a fly-screened box on the railway station, and Hirsch spent a bad night among the huffing and blowing of trains taking water and the bursts of stamping — a gigantic Spanish dance — of shunting trains.

THEY left for home early on Friday morning. By half past five in the afternoon they were flying along toward the outskirts of Johannesburg, with the weary heat of the day blowing out of the windows in whiffs of high land and the sweat suddenly deliciously cool on their hands and foreheads. The row of suits on the rack behind them slid obediently down and up again with each rise and dip accomplished in the turn of the road. The usual landmarks, all in their places, passed unlooked at: straggling, small-enterprise factories, a brickfield, a chicken farm, the rose nursery with the toy Dutch windmill, various gatherings of low, patchy huts and sagging houses — small locations where the blacks who worked round about lived. At one point, the road closely skirted one of these places; the children would wave and shout from where they played in the dirt. Today, quite suddenly, a shower of stones came from them. For a moment Hirsch truly thought that he had become aware of a sudden summer hailstorm; he was always so totally enclosed by the car it would not have been unusual for him not to have noticed a storm rising. He put his hand on the handle that raised the window; instantly, a sharp gray chip pitted the fold of flesh between thumb and first finger.

"Drive on," he yelled, putting the blood to his

mouth. "Drive on!" But his boy, Phillip, had at the same moment seen what he had blundered into. Fifty yards ahead a laboring green bus, its windows, under flapping canvas, crammed with black heads, had lurched to a stop. It appeared to burst as people jumped out at door and windows; from the houses, a jagged rush of more people met them and spread around the bus over the road.

Phillip stopped the car so fiercely that Hirsch was nearly pitched through the windscreen. With a roar the car reversed, swinging off the road sideways into the veld, and then swung wildly around onto the road again, facing where it had come from. The wheel spun in the ferocious, urgent skill of the pink-and-brown hands. Hirsch understood and anxiously trusted; at the feel of the car righting itself, a grin broke through in his boy's face.

But as Phillip's suede shoe was coming down on the accelerator, a black hand in a greasy, buttonless coat sleeve seized his arm through the window, and the car rocked with the weight of the bodies that flung and clung against it. When the engine stalled, there was quiet; the hand let go of Phillip's arm. The men and women around the car were murmuring to themselves, pausing for breath; their power and indecision gave Hirsch the strongest feeling he had ever had in his life, a sheer, pure cleavage of terror that, as he fell apart, exposed — tiny kernel, his only defense, his only hope, his only truth — the will to live. "You talk to them," he whispered, rapping it out, confidential, desperately confident. "You tell them — one of their own people, what can they want with you? Make it right. Let them take the stuff. Anything, for God's sake. You understand me? Speak to them."

"They can't want nothing with this car," Phillip was saying loudly and in a superior tone. "This car is not the government."

But a woman's shrill demand came again and again, and apparently it was to have them out. "Get out, come on, get out," came threateningly, in English, at Hirsch's window, and at his boy's side, a heated, fast-breathing exchange in their own language.

Phillip's voice was injured, protesting, and angry. "What do you want to stop us for? We're going home from a week selling on the road. Any harm in that? I work for him, and I'm driving back to Jo'burg. Come on, now, clear off. I'm a Congress man myself —" A thin woman broke the hearing with a derisive sound like a shake of castanets at the back of her tongue. "Congress! Everybody can say. Why you're working?" And a man in a sweat shirt, with a knitted woolen cap

on his head, shouted, "Stay-at-home. Nobody but traitors work today. What are you driving the white man for?"

"I've just told you, man, I've been a week away in Bechuanaland. I must get home somehow, mustn't I? Finish this, man, let us get on, I tell you."

They made Hirsch and his boy get out of the car, but Hirsch, watching and listening to the explosive vehemence between his boy and the crowd, clung to the edge of a desperate, icy confidence: the boy was explaining to them — one of their own people. They did not actually hold Hirsch, but they stood around him, men whose nostrils moved in and out as they breathed; big-breasted warriors from the washtub who looked at him, spoke together, and spat; even children, who filled up the spaces between the legs so that the stirring human press that surrounded him was solid and all alive. "Tell them, can't you?" he kept appealing, encouragingly.

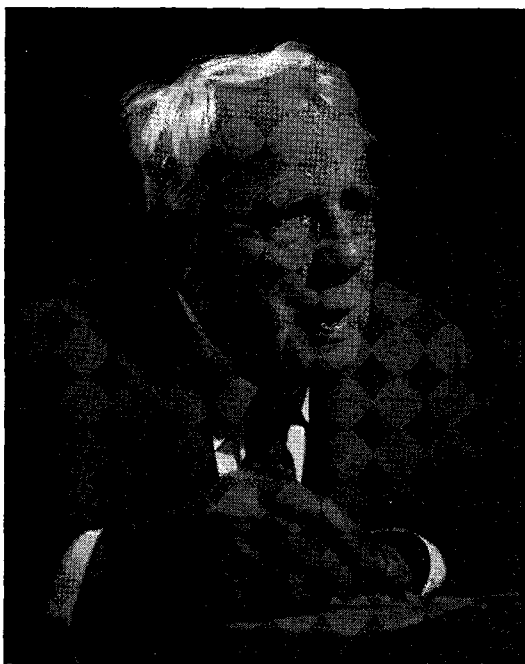
"Where's your pass?"

"His pass, his pass!" The women began to yell.

"Where's your pass?" the man who had caught Phillip through the car window screamed in his face. And he yelled back, too quickly, "I've burned it! It's burned! I've finished with the pass!"

The women began to pull at his clothes. The men might have let him go, but the women set upon his fine city clothes as if he were an effigy. They tore and poked and snatched, and there — perhaps they had not really been looking for it or expected it — at once, fell the passbook. One of them ran off with it through the crowd, yelling and holding it high and hitting herself on the breast with it. People began to fight over it, like a souvenir. "Burn! Burn!" "Kill him!" Somebody gave Phillip a felling blow aimed for the back of his neck, but whoever it was was too short to reach the target and the blow caught him on the shoulder blade instead. "O my God, tell them, tell them, your own people!" Hirsch was shouting angrily. With a perfect, hypnotizing swiftness — the moment of survival, when the buck outleaps the arc of its own strength past the lion's jaws — his boy was in the car, and with a shuddering rush of power, shaking the men off as they came, crushing someone's foot as the tires scudded madly, drove on.

"Come back!" Hirsch's voice, although he could not hear it, swelled so thick in his throat it almost choked him. "Come back, I tell you!" Beside him and around him, the crowd ran. Their mouths were wide, and he did not know for whom they were clamoring — himself or the boy.



Between Prose and Verse

BY **ROBERT FROST**

ROBERT FROST, *reciting his poems and commenting on poetry in general, has been the high point of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference since its inception at Middlebury College. Among those who were invited to attend last summer was Mrs. Elsie Masterson, the author of OFF MY TOES, who took stenographic notes. After an introduction by John Ciardi, the director of the conference, this is what Mr. Frost said.*

You don't have to know how to spell to write poetry. You can be rather loose in your syntax as far as I am concerned. You don't have to know how to punctuate at all. Poe has nothing but dashes in his poems because he left punctuation to his printers. They kept too many of his dashes.

You don't need to know how to punctuate. I am proud I can write a telegram without putting the word "stop" in it. If I can't do that, I don't know how to write anything. I go that far.

And then you have to begin with something. You have to know how you write in free verse and in regular verse. You have to know that borderline between prose and verse and feel for it. And then you have to know something about the way verse has been written. You don't have to know all those forms. You just have to know strict iambic and loose iambic. That's all I know. You look at my poems.

Then you have to know what an *idea* is, in a joke or in a poem. You have to know how to make a point, to point up an idea. You have got to know the difference between an idea that will do in prose or in talk and all that, and one that is more poetical. I think you can go as deep as philosophy goes. You look for philosophy in the newspapers. It is one of my interests to see who writes the spirited editorials. I think of one. He is the front-page editorial man on the Atlanta

Photograph by G. F. Romagnoli.

Constitution, a brave man. He knows the difference between Southerners who take the Civil War wrong and those who take it right. He does it with a good deal of emotion. Anyway, poetry is not prose. It has to be a passionate thought.

The way to know about that is to read the beginnings of poems, see how they begin, how they launch out. See how soon they launch you into feeling, tone, air. That's all there is to it. It sounds simple. All you have to do is do it.

I have often tried to tell what an idea is. It is a feat of association. That's one of my definitions for it. It reaches its height in a good metaphor. Many metaphors are unemotional. Every philosopher has one big metaphor in him. That is all he has. One says the world is like unto that in man which is called "reason." That's the whole thing in Plato. Schopenhauer says the universe is like unto that in man which is called "will." Darwin's one thought is "natural selection" — the universe is a selective thing. Then he writes books on books to elaborate that. Nothing more to it. You can go right down the list.

The latest is, it is like unto that in man which is called "number." All can be reduced to number. Count it. You have got to get a number and see how many times it multiplies, and that's the universe. Another of Plato's figures of speech is that everything we have here is an imperfect copy of

something somewhere else. If you sit in a chair, it is an imperfect copy of something somewhere else. Figures are daring. Effrontery is part of it. No figure has ever caught the whole thing.

You can see people nowadays trying to make one world. They try to decide what you would make it out of. *Love*. That is terrible, because *hate* is almost equal. There is no unity. We used to say money is the root of all evil. I saw a book called *Love Is the Root*. It went through my head when I looked at it that love is the root of all evil — one natural progression of the thought.

THE strange thing is how tonal poems have to be. Prose doesn't need to be so tonal, but poetry has two things, meter and rhythm. Meter is a set thing, like a tennis court or a checkerboard, and on it you perform with rhythm. Neither of these is the poem. It is the stress of one on the other that lifts a sound from it, a tone from it, that is the poem.

I could take the *Oxford Book of Verse* and just dip around in it anywhere. I don't think I will do that, but I have got it with me, in case.

[Mr. Frost reads one or two poems, one, "The Road Not Taken." He speaks of the sounds and the rhythms and the tones.]

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference!

When they want me to lay it on thick, they like me to say one of my own, "Provide! Provide!"

Now I want to be talked *to*. You can be a little ungrammatical if you come from the right part of the country. I don't want that to go too far. It all comes down to, every good thing you say is a dip for depth. You can or you can't. Some have it, and some don't. Some can write prose and think away in it, but it has got to be as deep as you can go in thought and take your emotions with you. The amusing part of my saying all this is that it doesn't matter at all. You probably know all about it.

I can tell when I get a little book of poetry or look at a manuscript: first thing, is it doing anything to my ear in some way of its own? Is it being successful in the relation of rhythm and meter? I can make short work of it; one or two poems and I can tell whether the person knows what it's all about. If I'm wrong, try the poem on another reader! I am always interested in whether the rhymes seem successful. I don't want it to look as if it's giving the writer trouble.

QUESTION. Was it Emerson as a philosopher or as a poet that most attracted you?

MR. FROST. Emerson is the same person in his poetry as in his prose. There is a touch of melancholy that is just right. "Evil will bless and ice will burn." Emerson is a real poet in prose or verse. I heard that some teacher had trouble teaching Emerson in a college. He told me the boys came and said, "You cannot put that old stuff over on us." He let them get away with it. He ought to have shot them all! Emerson is clever and witty. All sorts of thoughts. He throws his weight about in all sorts of thinking.

QUESTION. I was interested in your using rhythm and meter together. What do you think of free verse, which has rhythm but no meter? How do you feel about it?

MR. FROST. It's quite a difficult thing. Prose can have rhythm and meter. But it does not have those two acting on each other, the rhythm acting on the meter.

Let's put *this* straight. First of all, the coupling that moves you, that stirs you, is an association of two things you don't expect to see associated. The words used to be "surprise" and "inevitability." You can get that in prose. There is much great prose. When prose is the way it ought to be, it has rhythm. The other kind of prose is *declare, declare, declare* until you don't know what to do with your voice when you're reading it.

I am not asking for poetry. I can read Charles Lamb aloud to everybody. Other prose — I get

sick of it before reading too far. You read it to yourself. That's the difference between a lecture read from a piece of paper and an extemporaneous talk. The littlest lyrics have this drama in them. Poetry gives your voice so many ways of behaving — cutting up with your voice.

That's very important, you know, in all our writing. In all the darn stuff I ever read in theme papers, it was as if there was no *esprit* in them. I once said to the class, "I'm not going to read them any more." I'm no perfunctory reader of perfunctory writing. I come here with a certain eagerness to tell you something, I tell my class. I want some of them to tell *me* something. I say, "Haven't you anything to tell me? Haven't you seen *into* anything lately? Seen *through* anything lately?"

QUESTION. How do you penetrate a poem that you don't understand?

MR. FROST. How do you penetrate a lunkhead?

One of your prides in life is that you know what's going on on any page. If I'm not smart enough, I miss it. I don't waive judgment. I don't say, I'm not up to that. Somebody's to blame, and it's *not me!*

You take certain kinds of things that you see. I don't like loathsomeness in a poem. I'd just as soon step into something nasty on the street, if you know what I mean. I don't like botheration. The emotion of being bothered is no emotion. It's got to be amusement. It's one on me, for instance, if this world has to be ruled; if it gets so that it can only be managed by socialism, it would be one on me. I'd write a funny poem about myself. It amuses me that some of my friends say I have got to face it — overpopulation. One of the nice things that might happen; we might die from being too many, too close quarters. It would be one on me.

QUESTION. What do you read today for pleasure?

MR. FROST. Lots and lots.

A young poet came to see me and asked me why I never mentioned him on the platform. I said, "My dear boy, I never mention anybody but Shakespeare!" When I was teaching, I never said "very good" on papers; I couldn't say good or bad to my students. They knew I was interested in the paper they wrote. If it arouses a thought in me, that's the great thing. I am not going to stand up here and tell you who can and who cannot write. You can tell something if you watch my life, whom I associate with, whom I quote a little, who comes into my thoughts. You can say they can all go down the sinkhole but Shakespeare.

I was talking with Mr. Nims the other day about giving grades. It is hard to tell the difference between A, B, C, and D. I can tell triple A, but

I cannot tell the difference between A, B, C, and D. I haven't that kind of discrimination.

It makes me laugh to hear, "You were pretty good, considering you were a freshman; you were pretty good, considering you were a sophomore; a junior; considering you had only two years in graduate school." It is nothing at all. Most deceptive. There is good and not good. Keats was writing the same as he ever did, very early. So was Shelley. All of a sudden, he was doing it. You could have marked him A, good enough. I used to pass the students in my classes, after I had bothered them a year; I'd pass them out of pity so they wouldn't have to take the course again. I used to ask too much of them. I'd let them get by. I have been very, very, very terrible.

I remember talking to a class, a little group I had once. I said, I don't want to see anything you've written until it has some age on it. Get at it. Get writing so you can have something to select from later. One of them said, "If I kept it awhile, I wouldn't show it to you; I'd throw it away." I said, "That'll save me from throwing it away."

There was one fellow — I don't know where he is now, but he became a professor. I started talking to him about using his own judgment. The most terrible thing is your own judgment. He set out suffering. I never saw the writing at all. He let me think he was suffering agonies. Never wrote anything.

One day I said to him, "Bill," I said, "you haven't written anything, have you?" He said, "No, sir." I said, "Now, look, we've done this on the high too long. You want to graduate?" He said, "Yes, sir." I said, "Now we're goin' to do it on the low. I'm not going to *read* what you write. But you're going to deliver to me so many pounds of it to weigh."

One night he came over to me in the library, where I was sitting with a student, and produced another pound. My friend waved him out. We were groping our way out of the building later (the lights were turned off); we saw a light under a door. I opened the door. There was a long table, a big brass projector, and there was this fellow asleep, waiting for me.

I had put him through a lot of agony, so he deserved to graduate.

QUESTION. Does the American poet have a special opportunity or challenge?

MR. FROST. There is no challenge except the challenge of life to pull off something that *is* something. What is the idea? If you remember only one thing I've said, remember that *an idea is a feat of association*, and the height of it is a good metaphor. If you have never made a good metaphor, then you don't know what it's all about.

You save an argument sometimes by using a figure they haven't time to attack or answer.

The first thing I ever wrote was a ballad. It was written hell for leather. It had a heroic sound. It was all heroes. It is heroic. Brave. That is the greatest emotion of all, to be brave. Brave.

QUESTION. Some years ago you reported a world series game for *Sports Illustrated* magazine. Can you tell us why you did it and something about it?

MR. FROST. The latest book I bought is an encyclopedia of the world series. You know what I was looking for in it? When I was away, out of the country, the world series was won by the Boston Braves, in 1914. One of the pitchers was a boy I knew, Lefty Tyler. The Braves came up from the bottom. He is only mentioned once in the encyclopedia, but there were three pitchers that day, one for the other side and two for the Braves. One of them was James; the other was Lefty Tyler. Whether he pulled James out of it, or James pulled him, I don't know. My hero.

I am always interested in games. When I get a newspaper, I look at the front page first to see how they're behaving in Brazil. I know Brazil, I've been down there. Then I look at the editorial page, if it's readable. Then I look at the sports page. Then I look at the zigzag on the stock exchange to see how the world's going. Those are my four things, my four interests. And I don't read the comic strips. Not very much, unless someone recommends a very good one to me.

QUESTION. Which of your own poems do you like best?

MR. FROST. Ask a mother which of her children she likes best. She won't tell you.

I have no favorite poems, and if I had, I wouldn't tell you. I want to be fair to my poems.

QUESTION. May we ask for our favorite poem, "The Gift Outright"?

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia,
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
(The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was, such as she would become.

It is as poetic as I ever get.

Time's gone. We have had enough of each other, me and you. So, good-by.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

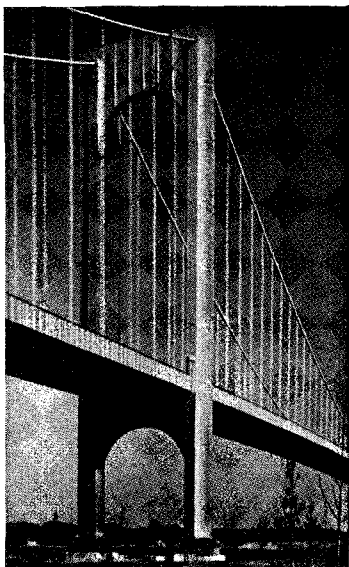
For sixteen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prize winners for 1961:

**First prize of \$750 awarded to
TOM COLE**

**for "Familiar Usage in Leningrad"
in the July issue**

**Second prize of \$250 awarded to
MAY DIKEMAN**

**for "The Tender Mercies"
in the May issue**



ROBERT MOSES

No New Yorker has a longer or more distinguished record of public service than ROBERT MOSES. He joined the Bureau of Municipal Research in 1913, under Mayor Mitchell, became secretary of state for New York under Governor Al Smith, and as city construction coordinator, he has handled the hundreds of millions of dollars which have been spent on parks, public beaches, housing, and bridges. He is now president of the New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation.

Are Cities Dead ?

I PICKED up a New York City paper one morning recently and was appalled by the space and emphasis given to an obscure assistant professor with no record of administration, who, enjoying a foundation grant and speaking for a regional civic organization, prophesied imminent chaos and the early disintegration of our metropolis. He maintained that there are 1467 municipal agencies, fiercely independent, viciously uncoordinated, and shamelessly spending taxpayers' money in frantic insanity.

These counsels of despair come just as the Congress plans a Department of Urban Affairs of Cabinet rank. If the new Secretary begins by believing that American cities are doomed in spite of the increasingly rapid shift from rural to urban centers, he will accomplish little. If emphasis is on anything but local initiative, the effect will be zero, and we shall have merely elevated a bureau to an expensive department and put another bureaucrat in orbit. Anyway, if we are to have a new Secretary, let us see that he believes in cities.

There are plenty of things that are wrong with our cities. These things should not be slurred over or forgotten. There are many failures which should be appraised. But why exaggerate? Why imply that the faults are beyond redemption? Why minimize notable evidence of progress? Why ignore the remarkable people and achievements which make our big cities the powerful magnets they are?

One of the most-quoted Jeremiahs who inveigh against the condition of our cities is Lewis Mumford, author of *The City in History*. He is widely acclaimed in the academic world. I object to these Jeremiahs primarily because they attempt to poison a rising generation of ordinarily optimistic young Americans. There is another good reason for deprecating this school of thought: those who undermine the very foundations and *raison d'être* of cities, and not merely the incidental mistakes of individuals, make municipal administration increasingly unattractive and relegate it finally to the lowest politics and the poorest talent.

Suppose we were to ask some of our best and most ambitious mayors, battling valiantly for limited, immediate objectives, whether concentrations of population are beyond improvement, whether the *raison d'être* of the metropolis is gone, and whether their plans for redevelopment are essentially futile. I mean men like Lee of New Haven, Dilworth of Philadelphia, Miriani of Detroit, and former Mayor Morrison of New Orleans. Are the citizens who believe in such men now to be told that their trust has been betrayed?

There is, indeed, much wrong with cities — big and little — but the answer is not to abandon or completely to rebuild them on abstract principles. Only on paper can you disperse concentrations of population and create small urban stars with planned satellites around them. In the course of

many years devoted to reclamation of water front, manufacturing of topsoil to cover thousands of acres of new parks, buying and preserving large areas of natural woodlands and shores in advance of the realtor and subdivider, planting thousands of trees along parkways and expressways, building hundreds of playgrounds, planning cultural centers in place of decaying tenements, tightening zoning and building laws, restricting billboards, opposing entrenched power companies and other utility corporations to keep the basic natural public resources inalienable, and stopping water pollution, I never caught a glimpse of the breast beaters who are now touted as pundits in this field. I saw none of them in our long battle to establish eleven thousand acres of Jamaica Bay within New York City as a permanent, protected, unspoiled natural game refuge. Is Jamaica Bay a symbol of urban rot, or is it just too small and obscure to attract the attention of the critics?

Recently, a number of planners and civic leaders in New York wrote a letter to the press advocating the conversion to a park of the whole of Welfare Island, a wedge in the East River presently occupied by hospitals. I tried this twenty-five years ago, before new hospitals and a bridge on the wrong side of the river were built, but the hospital commissioner poured abuse on me and was supported by the then mayor. It is too late now, because of the huge investment in modern institutions and vehicular access. Meanwhile, we have built adequate parks on Randall's and Ward's islands a little way up the East River and a pedestrian bridge to Ward's, which the paper planners never mention.

IN HIS Baccalaureate Address for 1961, President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale said, among other things:

"I shall not attempt to recite here all the worst things that are said about us or to refute them by pointing out that just as bad (or worse) things go on in the countries which say them. Neither shall I attempt to itemize the shortcomings which we ourselves acknowledge. It is enough to remind ourselves of the nature of the great, national, hundred per cent American jeremiad. It goes like this. We are soft. We are spoiled. We are lazy, flabby, undisciplined, in poor physical condition, poorly educated, beguiled with gadgets, bedazzled by sex, uninterested in anything but our own comfort, unprepared for the responsibilities fate has placed upon us, unready for our destiny. In a word, we are decadent. Do I exaggerate the case? Listen to an American voice in the chorus of American self-criticism. I quote.

The arena, the tall tenement, the mass contests and exhibitions, the football matches, the international beauty contests, the strip tease made ubiquitous by advertisement, the constant titillation of the senses by sex, liquor and violence — all in true Roman style. . . . These are symptoms of the end: Magnifications of demoralized power, minifications of life. When these signs multiply, Necropolis is near, though not a stone has yet crumbled. For the barbarian has already captured the city from within. Come, hangman! Come, vulture!

"This is not an editorial from *Pravda* or one of the lighter touches from a tirade by Castro," President Griswold continued. "It is a view of present-day American life by Lewis Mumford in his most recent book, *The City in History*. It is a view that is shared, or at any rate expressed, by many Americans from pulpits, classrooms, editorial offices, and high places in the government.

"Are things really that bad? If they are, heaven help us — and heaven will not help us until we help ourselves. If things are not that bad, why do Mr. Mumford and so many of his fellow citizens say they are? Perhaps they haven't got the facts straight. . . . May be the whole of Western civilization is decadent and, since we are the leaders of it, we are the most decadent of all."

The physical beauties of a city can, no doubt, be exaggerated, but no balanced observer will ignore them. Europeans coming to New York City for the first time are ecstatic about the view of lower Manhattan in the early morning from a great liner as it passes through upper New York Bay; mid-Manhattan seen from the Triborough Bridge at sundown; the jeweled diadem spread before the jet flyer at night; the clean gossamer cobwebs of its suspension bridges; the successive bustle and tomblike silences of its streets; the fantastic daring, imagination, and aspiration of its builders. Visitors are, of course, aware of New York's congested traffic, but is the slowdown any worse than that in London or Paris?

Admittedly, the gasoline motor has provided us with problems which did not exist in ancient Rome. But the jaundiced eye of the city historian sees no signs of achievement and progress. He is obsessed with the harlotry and the decline and fall of Rome and Babylon, and the beams and motes blot out Jones Beach.

Here is one example of this counsel of despair: "Such form as the metropolis achieves is crowd-form: the swarming bathing beach by the sea or the body of spectators in the boxing arena or the football stadium. With the increase of private motor cars, the streets and avenues become parking lots, and to move traffic at all, vast expressways gouge through the city and increase the demand for further parking lots and garages. In the act of

making the core of the metropolis accessible, the planners of congestion have already almost made it uninhabitable. . . .

"We must restore to the city the maternal, life-nurturing functions, the autonomous activities, the symbiotic associations that have long been neglected or suppressed. For the city should be an organ of love; and the best economy of cities is the care and culture of men."

Nowhere does the author even remotely tell us how these "symbiotic associations" can be revived and encouraged or where he would start with this renaissance.

As to housing, we read many similar grotesque misstatements. For example, Mumford says: "Stuyvesant Town was built by a private insurance company with generous aid by the State: but its residential density of 393 per acre remains that of a slum. Despite its inner open spaces, this housing would require eighty additional acres to provide the park and playground space now regarded as desirable, nineteen more than the entire project without buildings."

Here are the facts. The state had nothing to do with this project. It is not a slum in any sense. It is not overpopulated. New York City and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company substituted for filthy tenements excellent, modern, low-rental housing with plenty of light and air and views all around on less than 20 per cent land coverage. Everyone familiar with housing and recreation knows that no such huge additional space as eighty acres is needed for parks and playgrounds in a project totaling seventy-two acres.

Similar distortions appear in dicta regarding traffic.

"In the interest of an unimpeded traffic flow highway engineers produce vast clover leaves even in low density areas with limited cross traffic, where there is no reason whatever why the arterial flow should not be occasionally halted as in a city street."

Every competent engineer knows that halting through traffic at a clover leaf would produce strangulation and is the negation of all accepted standards for limited-access highways.

THE prosperous suburbanite is as proud of his ranch home as the owner of the most gracious villa of Tuscany. In the suburbs the hiker finds the long brown path leading wherever he chooses, by day, in filtered sunlight, or by evening, in the midst of the rhythmic orchestration of tree frogs. The little identical suburban boxes of average people, which differ only in color and planting, represent a measure of success unheard of by hundreds of

millions on other continents. Small plots reflect not merely the rapacity of realtors but the caution of owners who do not want too much grass to cut and snow to shovel — details too intimate for the historians.

The real-estate subdivisions east of the city are not all there is to Long Island. The South Shore is my home. It is still mostly unspoiled, well protected, and largely in public ownership. Those of us who work at the problems that critics chatter about go down to the sea in cars and ships for respite, to fish, swim, soak up sun, and refresh our spirits, and in off seasons to wander in the anonymous enveloping ocean mist. Our fog appears, not stealing in on cat feet, but as a ghostly emanation of the sea, in silence punctuated only by the muffled bell and intermittent warning of the buoys along the hidden channels. Here we knit up the ravell'd sleeve of care. Who are these pundits to say we have neglected our problems or that others might solve them better?

The cultures, amenities, and attractions of cities, suburbs, exurbs, and open country are manifestly different but complement each other. The sanest, best-balanced people are those who spend part of the year in each area and do not stay continuously under urban pressure. In that way they get the best of the city and of the more or less open spaces. A shack nearby or shelter in some vast wilderness will shortly be within the reach of most families.

In Mr. Mumford's recent gloom book, Baron Haussmann, a giant among planners, who saved Paris and turned it into a modern city, is contemptuously dismissed as a bulldozer and sadistic wrecker of fine old neighborhoods.

Here is some further pontification:

"To keep the advantages first discovered in the closed city, we must create a more porous pattern, richer in both social and esthetic variety. Residential densities of about one hundred people per net acre, exclusive of streets and sidewalks, will provide usable private gardens and encourage small public inner parks for meeting and relaxing. This can be achieved without erecting the sterile, space-mangling high-rise slabs that now grimly parade, in both Europe and America, as the ultimate contribution of 'modern' architecture."

Can anyone possibly believe that garden apartments housing over one hundred persons an acre are uncivilized and that small public inner parks have not been repeatedly considered and found wholly unworkable?

To sum up, let me ask the Gamaliels of the city a few pointed questions.

By what practical and acceptable means would they limit the growth of population?

How would they reduce the output of cars, and if they could, what would take the place of the car

as an employer of workers or as a means of transport in a motorized civilization?

If more cars are inevitable, must there not be roads for them to run on? If so, they must be built somewhere, and built in accordance with modern design. Where? This is a motor age, and the motorcar spells mobility.

Is the present distinction between parkways, landscaped limited-access expressways, boulevards, ordinary highways, and city streets unscientific? If so, what do the critics propose as a substitute?

Is mass commuter railroad transportation the sole and entire answer to urban street congestion? Is conflict between rubber and rails in fact irrepressible? Are there not practical combinations of public, quasi-public, and private financing which can solve the riddle? And what of the people who prefer cars and car pools and find them more comfortable, faster, and even cheaper than rails?

If a family likes present city life, should it be forced to live according to avant-garde architectural formulas? Do most professional planners in fact know what people think and want? The

incredible affection of slum dwellers for the old neighborhood and their stubborn unwillingness to move are the despair of experts. The forensic medicine men who perform the autopsies on cities condemn these uncooperative families to hell and imply that they could be transplanted painlessly to New Delhi, Canberra, Brasilia, and Utopia. We do not smoke such opium. We have to live with our problems.

Is it a mark of genius to exhibit lofty indifference to population growth, contempt for invested capital, budgets, and taxes; to be oblivious to the need of the average citizen to make a living and to his preferences, immediate concerns, and troubles?

What do the critics of cities offer as a substitute for the highly taxed central city core which supports the surrounding, quieter, less densely settled, and less exploited segments of the municipal pie? Have they an alternative to real-estate taxes?

Pending responsible answers to these questions, those of us who have work to do and obstacles to overcome, who cannot hide in ivory towers writing encyclopedic theses, whose usefulness is measured by results, must carry on.

JOHN L'HEUREUX

Benediction

I. There is a feast tonight
Which means I shall probably
 die
 Of boredom among the celery, nuts,
 And olives
As I watch Christ talking
 in aimless, amiable platitudes
 with his mouth full.
And I no lesser wonder:
The Holy Spirit has the oddest
 Sense of humor.

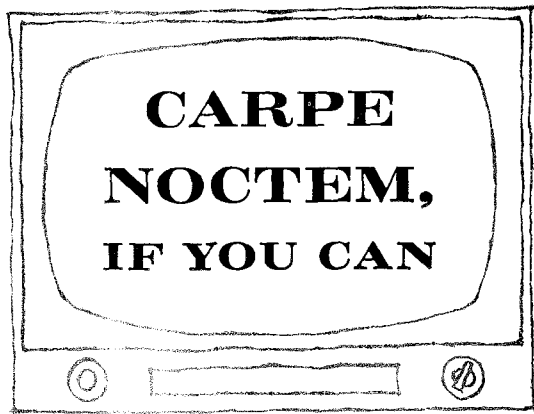
II. I am sorry
 Mrs. Schwarz
to disappoint you
 and your philosophic
cat
but
 the bitch that cradled
comfort in my heart
 never bit me with the
type of tooth that
 suckles poison.

Not only am
 I not resigned
to next November
 and the blackened leaves
but
not
 even April will satisfy
me; only a year of
 May will do it. The bite
was not poison,
 but wisdom.

III. We suck our teeth and
Think of dinner: the same
 rancid
 Butter for the lobster, steak
Tenderized
By title only. How long?
 Even the stars shift into third
 as they whirl over
America. Christ, Christ, go
Back. Slam your golden doors; we
 Have no time for Gethsemane.

JAMES THURBER

JAMES THURBER's faculty of total recall has yielded for his readers such prime reminiscences as *MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES* and other fine gleanings from his early years in Columbus, Ohio. This account of a wakeful night he sent to the ATLANTIC only a few days before his last illness.



ABOUT once a month, after dinner, I gird up my loins, such as they are, take as deep a breath as I can, throw my shoulders back as far as they will go now, walk into the room with the television set, boldly turn it on, picking a channel at random, and then see how long I can stand it. One night, early in August, I could stand it for less than a minute. A chocolate-flavored narrator began by saying, "The strongest human emotion is a mother's desire for a baby of her own." Well, to begin with, if she is a mother, she *has* a baby of her own, and my old ears are still sharp enough to be afflicted by the crumbling of precision and sense. But this minor flaw was not what caused me to turn off the set.

I do not question the literal truth of the narrator's statement, in view of the alarming and easily available vital statistics that support it: every twenty-four hours 288,000 babies are born on our planet, and there will be some five million blessed events in the United States alone this year. What really got me was the narrator's next sentence, and the action that immediately followed

it. He said, "This story, strangely enough, begins in violence." Now what in the name of heaven is strange about violence today in any area whatever, on or off television? No sooner had the narrator made his strange statement than all hell broke loose on the screen. A group of people suddenly began beating the holy bejudas out of each other, and there was the sound of body blows, grunts, and heavy breathing with which so many cop-and-murder television shows begin. I quickly silenced the box and put an old Bing Crosby record on the victrola.

The dangers inherent in discussing dramas of mother love that begin with scenes of violence must be apparent to anyone who is aware of the real, or fancied, craving of television audiences for blood and brutality. Perhaps I should not go so far as to outline some of these dangers, but if I don't, somebody else is bound to. Among the popular stories of the American past that might be revived in violence for television programs are those involving the Little Colonel, Molly Make-believe, Peg o' my heart, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Pollyanna, the Little Minister, Little Lord Fauntleroy, the Choir Invisible, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, the Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, the Rover Boys, the Bobbsey Twins, and Nize Baby. I am afraid that the televisionaries may decide that millions of viewers would simply love to watch a program begin with a scene in which a sainted mother or child bride kicks Lord Fauntleroy in the stomach.

To an ancient rememberer like me, the field of old-fashioned books and characters that could be beaten to death on television is a vast one, and includes, I am certain, hundreds that no television

executive ever read or heard about: the novels of F. Marion Crawford, *V. V.'s Eyes*, *Freckles*, *The House of a Thousand Candles*, *The Inside of the Cup*, *Black Beauty*, Penrod, Sam, Willie Baxter, *The Harvester*, *Helen's Babies*, *Editha's Burglar*, *The Five Little Peppers*, and on and on. (Now, lookit, Television, while I shake my gory locks at you. We could work into them old books a sadistic police lieutenant, see? They ain't no limit to the mayhem and mangling we could get into 'em. All that them books need to make 'em fit for modern consumption is cops and murder, and crazy guys on the prowl at night, get it?)

Well, let them go ahead with the debauchery of some of these old stories, and we shall see what will happen. I would not have brought the matter up if I did not see a ray of hope. Now that practically everybody is rioting around the world, what is to prevent the fifteen million American men and women now sixty-five years old or older from rising up in angry unison and beating the holy bejudas out of television? It is, as comforting thoughts go nowadays, a comforting thought. Millions of sentimental oldsters, devoted admirers of *Prunella*, *The Wizard of Oz*, Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, *Snow White*, David Grayson's *Adventures in Contentment*, *A Girl of the Limberlost*, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, and the books of Ralph Henry Barbour, would surely riot in a body and descend on the networks if their old favorites were turned into bloody shambles. (I neither suggest, nor approve of, the use of guns or knives, brickbats or ball bats, but it does seem to me that an old-fashioned egg fight, with both sides armed only with that weapon, might settle something, might undehumanize television's bloody bang-bangs, or, at the very least, give the management of television channels pause. If we cannot obtain surcease, we could at least find some comfort in pause.)

It is worth thinking about, if you don't think about it at night when you are trying to sleep. I was trying to sleep the other night when I suddenly began thinking about it again. I realized, lying there, that television men might be stimulated by this essay to brutalize Peter Pan, Peter Rabbit, *The Wind in the Willows*, *The Crock of Gold*, and also to do violence to some of the inviolable old Alices of literature. I thought, I regret to say, and probably should not report, of "Alice Threw the Looking Glass" and "Alice-Spit-in-the-Fire," and then got up and had a stiff drink and a cigarette after this paraphrase leaped into my naughty mind: "O won't you dismember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

I got back in bed, and pulled the sheet over my

head, but the unguided missiles of midnight meditation got me up again. I had begun rewriting the opening sentences of a couple of books and of one beloved poem. Evelyn Waugh's "They were still dancing" became "They were still punching," and the first line of Sabatini's *Scaramouche* — "He was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad" — twisted itself into "He was born with the gift of slaughter and a sense that the word is Sade." But what really brought me incurably wide awake and out of bed for the rest of the untender night was "'Twas the fight before Christmas, when all through the house, Every creature was sparring, including a mouse."

My trouble, as you can see, is the gift of total recall. Thought association, for the total recaller, is endless and often cruel, particularly in the mind of an ancient who is a victim of chronic word garbling. Such a mind, prowling at night, can turn "A Window in Thrums" into "A Widow in Slums," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" into "When Girlhood Was Deflowered." What is worse, the nocturnal mind that fossicks (look it up in the OED) may get around to "Little Boy Blew His Top" and "The Pie-eyed Peeper of Hamlin."

Now, please do not write me and tell me the name of your psychiatrist. I do not have a psychiatrist and I do not want one, for the simple reason that if he listened to me long enough, he might become disturbed. I say this with unreassuring confidence because of the effect an outline of the present essay had upon a psychologist friend of mine who came to a dinner party at my house when my thoughts on the subject were in the formative phase.

When I had finished talking, the psychologist, whom I shall call Dr. Winterhorn, sat in a corner for a while, brooding over his fifth Scotch highball. Then he called to me, and I went over and sat beside him. Since he is also in his sixties and has considerable, if not total recall, he had been silently conjuring up names in old books and stories that I had left out. "You do not mention the televised violence that might be done to other old fictional characters," he began. "You leave out Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, Buster Brown, and the Brushwood Boy, to name only four." Thereupon, being a psychologist, he began lecturing. "I think that your own clinging to the somnolent and sentimental past is perhaps an indication that you do not realize that the nature of violence, like the nature of humor and comedy, has changed with each decade of this turbulent century, and, on television, is not so much a deliberate or intentional device of writers, producers, and network owners as it is an unconscious projection of the effect upon all of us, or most of us, of the *Zeitgeist*,

or protean spirit of the changing age.” His voice was rising now and he stood up as if at a lectern. But I can lecture too, and I was a couple of highballs ahead of him.

“You named in your list only male fictional characters of the past,” I said, getting a note of suspicion in my voice. “Why do you leave out Daisy, of the bicycle built for two, Little Annie Rooney, and Sweet Rosie O’Grady? All these long-lost girls were what my mother used to call as pure as the driven snow, and the mugging and manhandling of them could be brought to a high point of terror on television — or should I just say terrorvision?”

“Those silly and ridiculous old American sentimental songs give me the creeps,” said Dr. Winterhorn. “When I was a little boy my father made me nervous by singing ‘And that’s a pretty good sign that she’s your Tootsie Wootsie in the good old summertime,’ and —”

“There is also a Tootsie Wootsie,” I reminded him, “in *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie*, but it is somewhat offset by a mild rhythmic violence of the period known as the hootchy-kootchy.”

He seemed nettled, in the manner of all interrupted lecturers. “Let us not go back,” he said severely, “to the turkey trot, the grizzly bear, and the honey bug.”

“Freudian slip!” I exclaimed. “You meant to say the bunny hug.” I extended my arms toward him and said, “Shall we ball the jack?” This clearly upset him and he sat down abruptly. The hour was late now. The teetotalers and light drinkers had departed, but the rest of us had reached the point of no retire and were in for Long Night’s Journey into Day. Dr. Winterhorn and I were both brought another highball.

“Let us strive to thresh this matter out,” said the doctor, who always forgets that he is a man of habit patterns, and that he and I, after night has fallen, but dawn has not yet broken, leave a threshed-out matter in worse shape than it was to begin with.

“I suggest,” I told him, “that you are too squeamish to find and bring out of your unconscious Lovey Mine.”

“I have never known a Lovey Mine,” he lied.

“Yes, you have,” I insisted. “She is the cuddly girl that you and I, when we were in our early teens, wanted to make comfy cozy, and you damn well know why.”

“I do *not* know why,” snapped Dr. Winterhorn. “I shall ask you to refrain from putting desires in my libido.” He was beginning to slip, all right.

“The reason we wanted to make her comfy cozy,” I said, “is that we loved her from head to toesy.”

A glint came into Dr. Winterhorn’s eyes and he stood up again. “I suggest that your favorite old ballad,” he said, “is *Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart*. Now, why do you want her to slumber on? Why do you not have an ardent desire to wake her up, since you are obviously alone with her in whatever room she is slumbering in?”

“Careful, Doctor,” I warned him. “You are about to expose your own inner conflicts and, if I may say so, sexual disturbances.”

“You may *not* say so!” he roared.

“Gypsy sweethearts do not sleep in rooms,” I explained, “but in God’s great outdoors, with all the other gypsies standing around, potential voyeurs.”

“Defense mechanism!” the doctor barked. I lit a cigarette with a slow-motion deliberation that I knew would irritate him and said, “You were thinking of *Beautiful Dreamer, Wake Unto Me*.” I blew a lazy smoke ring, and added, “Lay off my beautiful dreamer, Snooky Ookums.”

At this point my wife hurried over to our corner to break it up. “I shall not desist from further exploration of your husband’s confused psyche,” Dr. Winterhorn said angrily, but unevenly. Since my wife soon saw that she could not break it up, she brought over a pretty girl and planted her between us. “I wanna sing,” the newcomer murmured. “Nobody loves me, I wonder who,” she crooned drowsily. The doctor glowered at her. “Let our host sing,” he said firmly. “He is a prisoner of the patterns of the past. Music and lyrics have changed with the march of time, but he still wants a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad.” He ended with a triumphant, almost wicked smile, and I heard my wife take in a quick, apprehensive breath.

She knew what was coming (she had heard it a hundred times in recent months), and it came. I clearly proved to my now distraught guest that I have kept pace with the music and the lyrics, the violence, and the horror humor of our decade, for I sang: “I want a ghoul just like the ghoul that buried dead old Dad.” And then I went on to disfigure, in the modern manner, another old tender love ballad: *I Wonder Who’s Killing Her Now*.

The pretty young lady dropped her half-emptied glass on the floor. “I saw that on television last week,” she said. “It was perfectly wonderful.” Dr. Winterhorn stalked away from us, grabbed the wrong hat in the hall, got in his car, and drove angrily away.

My wife had the last word. “Well, I’ll say one thing for you,” she remarked. “When you throw a party, it *always* hits somebody.”

Poems

BY

NORMAN MAILER

Men
who are not
married
and grow beards
are insecure,
said the CIA
before
it went
to Cuba.

I know
the
belly
of Mexico
must smell
like the trail
of a
wood-burning
bus
Oh Mexico
if all your
sewers
were scents
and your
modern
apartments
lost their cracks
would your women
cease to look
so sad
and your men so silly
Oh Mexico
let your deserts
bloom
and your mustaches
turn to gold

Promise?
I won't
make
a
promise

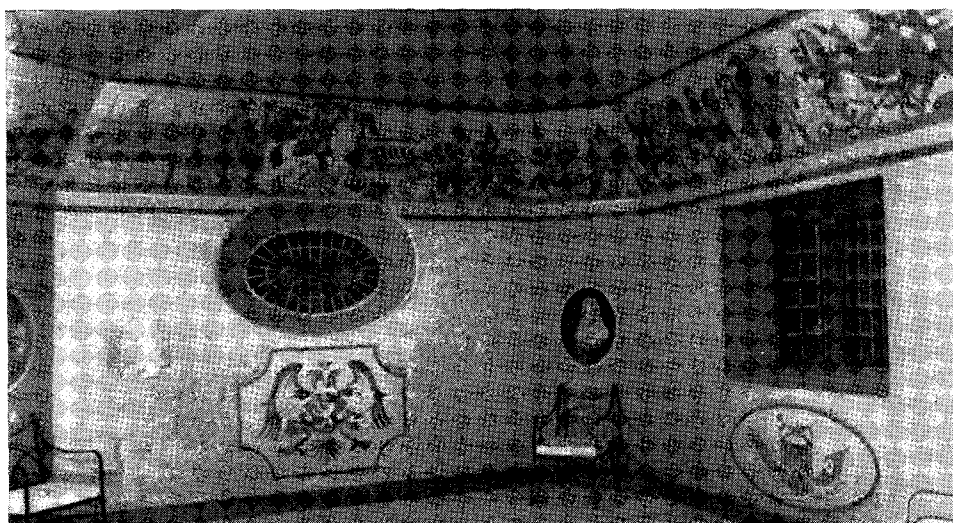
The moment
I make
a promise
I want
to break
it
said
the shell
of the
walnut
to the
spiral
of
the
snail.

TESTAMENTS

I never
scored
said
snake.
It was
Adam
I wanted
but
Eve bought
the cake.

Poems
written by
masochists
flop like cows
in the meadow.
Take pity on me
they cry, pay
attention, I
am so sensitive
to nature and
full of milk

Poems
should be like pins
which prick the skin
of boredom
and leave
a glow
equal in its pride
to the gait
of the sadist
who stuck
the pin
and walked away



PAINTING FOR UNCLE WINSTON

BY JOHN SPENCER CHURCHILL

A nephew of Sir Winston Churchill's and an artist specializing in murals, JOHN SPENCER CHURCHILL was commissioned by his uncle to paint a mural commemorative of the Duke of Marlborough in the summer home at Chartwell. It was an exacting undertaking and one which forms part of Mr. Churchill's new volume of reminiscences, A CHURCHILL CANVAS, to be published this month by Little, Brown.

AT THE end of 1933, my uncle, Winston Churchill, asked me to decorate his loggia in the garden at Chartwell.

My arrival at the house with paints, brushes, and blue boiler suit was quite an event, for I came in a new capacity, as an artist. Very generously, my uncle immediately threw open his studio and offered me easels, canvases, and anything else I needed. For my part, I was filled with apprehension and despondency when I reflected that I was undertaking my first major work at the age of twenty-four. My artist friend and contemporary, Rex Whistler, had been successfully working as a professional since he was seventeen. I mentioned this to my uncle, who offered encouragement.

"The exciting years," he said, "are from twenty to twenty-five." At that particular phase in his life he had been with the Fourth Hussars in India. When not playing polo and enjoying other agreeable pastimes with his brother officers, he locked himself up to study academic subjects which he had not been able to master at school and which equipped him for his political and literary career to come.

The loggia, in the northeast corner of the garden, is fifteen feet square, with a shallow vaulted ceiling

thirteen feet high at its apex. Two sides of the building are open to the weather, and this was to cause trouble and necessitate an almost annual visit for repairs.

My uncle was in the midst of writing Volume II of his life of Marlborough, so we decided on our common ancestor as the subject for the mural. Having a definite assignment from the start pleased me. Nothing is more unsettling than to be told, "Oh, choose any subject you like!" One can be sure that eventually it will lead to disagreement.

I made preliminary sketches for the loggia, and my uncle accepted them. The design consisted of four niches painted in *trompe l'oeil* showing busts of the four principal characters in the drama: Marlborough, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Queen Anne, and Sarah Duchess. Midway up the vaulted ceiling, at the corners, were four plaques of figures in a warm stone color representing the rivers on which Marlborough fought his battles — the Rhine, Meuse, Moselle, and Danube; and in between these were lunettes depicting the four battles — Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Surmounting it all was a balustrade, with my cousins Diana and Sarah looking down, and a "hole" of bright-blue sky in the ceiling.

I already knew quite a lot about Marlborough and his times, and anything I did not know I was soon to learn. Every detail of my design was minutely examined, criticized, and, if necessary, corrected by my uncle. But I strongly resisted his attempts to interfere with aesthetic matters, and it was here that we met aspects of painting on which we differed. For although my uncle appreciated the direct approach to painting — that is, to have something before you and paint it — and although he was curious to see how I solved the problem of telling the story of Marlborough on four blank walls and a ceiling, he was a little unsympathetic with regard to imagination, which is the essence of wall painting. When I came to execute the four lunettes of the battles, extra men had to be added here and there.

"What are all those people supposed to be doing?" he asked.

"Well," I replied timidly, "they are the column of infantry that was moving around at that time, according to your book."

"But they didn't move like that."

"I know, but they have to be fitted into the design of the whole," I argued. "Artistic license —"

I obtained useful support from Sir William Nicholson, the distinguished Edwardian painter, who was staying at Chartwell to paint my uncle and aunt having breakfast in the dining room; the picture was to be presented to them on behalf of some organization. Sir William backed me up on all aesthetic points and often came out to the loggia to give advice.

IN A very short while I realized that unless I followed the same work timetable as my uncle, I would not be able to show the efficiency he expected. His timetable was certainly terrific. Even in those days he maintained that he needed only six hours' sleep at the most. That put me at a disadvantage from the start; I definitely required eight hours. At seven A.M. he used to wake up and study all the newspapers. Breakfast was at about eight, with a menu that often included beef. Then came work on *Marlborough* until lunch at one fifteen, with a break around eleven for an inspection of my work to see what progress had been made. Progress there had to be, for as anyone who has worked for my uncle knows, the consequences are serious if no results can be produced. On the way back indoors from the loggia he visited the goldfish.

Lunch was accompanied by champagne and followed by port, brandy, and a cigar until three or four, when he resumed *Marlborough* or some other writing until five o'clock tea, which was

improved by a whisky and soda. Further work was done until dinner, at eight fifteen. Dinner lasted, with more champagne, port, brandy, and cigars, until ten or eleven, at which hour he retired for more dictating, plus whisky and soda, until two or three o'clock in the morning.

This was a formidable timetable to follow, if only because it was January and February. I found it very cold at night working in the garden. However, I dutifully got up in time to be at work at seven A.M. When I came in to breakfast at about nine, I found in the dining room Sarah or some other member of the family, William Nicholson, and often Bill Deakin, a brilliant history scholar who helped in the research on Marlborough.

I immediately resumed work in the loggia until my uncle's daily inspection at eleven, the strain of which was eased by alcoholic refreshment. Occasionally the progress seemed to him to be less than on other days, though it was really the same, and I would have to explain what I had done.

"Can't we get rid of this vast white space?" he asked, pointing his cigar at the lower part of the ceiling.

"I will work on that bit next, if you particularly want me to," I told him, "but it is not necessary because my method is to start at the top and work downward, thus avoiding any danger of messing up the bottom part."

He digested this for a moment, then commented, "I always survey the whole scene with greater clarity if I attack the white areas first and afterward concentrate on the pockets of resistance."

Now, this is a very reasonable if bellicose approach when confronted with a subject which is to be painted on a white canvas. In fact, many artists start on a tinted-down canvas and work to the darkest and lightest shades. But when a mural is being started, everything has been, or should have been, decided beforehand, so that it is mainly a matter of correct execution in the proper places.

I never ceased to marvel, though, at how my uncle gave my efforts undivided attention. One of the most important and interesting things I learned from him in those days was the emphasis he put on being able to switch his mind from one subject to another. He would suddenly stop work on the Marlborough book and go out to lay bricks for a new wall or paint a picture or feed the fish or write a political article. And whatever he was doing absorbed his attention so completely that obviously he had forgotten his previous task.

After he had given his secretaries a good morning's dictation, which had to be typed out and presented to him in the afternoon, he would meet us in the drawing room for a glass of sherry before lunch. Sarah would be there with older members of the family and William Nicholson, or perhaps

Major General Packenham-Walsh, the War Office's historical expert on the Marlborough period.

As often as not, lunch was devoted to unrelieved gloom about the international situation. Even in those early days of German military renaissance my uncle was convinced that war was inevitable. Being slightly fatalistic myself, I believed it too. The depressing conversation used to make William Nicholson quite sick. More than once he whispered to me, "Johnny, I'm going to leave the table on an excuse. I cannot stand it any more." I did not like it either, but always remained transfixed by what my uncle said.

The awful thing was to be asked what one thought. Any answer was fatuous because my uncle had thought of it already and drawn his own conclusions. I never discussed politics with him, knowing perfectly well that his reaction would be as devastating as one of his intense silences. At such times he has a way of looking straight through you, and I have learned that the one thing not to do is to try to alleviate the crisis by stirring up some sort of conversation. If one does, the situation is only made worse by "What?" and "I can't hear what you say." Then, having repeated your statement, you get a terse reply, such as, "I don't know what you are talking about."

My uncle fixed me with one of these terrifying gazes at the end of lunch one day. After a while I ventured, "Who, Uncle Winston, was responsible for the idiotic drink laws in this country?" By this I meant the strange confusion of opening and closing times, and the club memberships which allow people to drink all day and night if they want to.

My uncle continued his inscrutable stare and said nothing. "The French," I went on, after a long pause, "have a much more sensible law."

At last my uncle showed signs of coming to life. "What is this you are discussing?" he demanded.

"The English drinking laws, Uncle Winston. I am wondering who made them."

Instantly he snapped, "The government," and relapsed into his former gloom. Which put me in my place pretty neatly.

Between the glooms we were treated to astounding snatches of thought about the Marlborough campaigns, which clarified his brain for the afternoon session with Bill Deakin. Once, after the ladies had withdrawn, Bill Deakin, Major General Packenham-Walsh, and I were about to sip our glasses of brandy when my uncle suddenly exclaimed, "There can be no doubt at all. Absolutely no doubt."

We were completely in the dark, but were given a clue when he continued, "With the vast forces of Marlborough's cavalry charging across the plain, what hope could the wretched French have had? The slaughter must have been terrific."

We had another careful sip of brandy. My uncle then described the entire battle of Blenheim to General Walsh and asked him if he considered it correct. It was, so we rose from the table. My uncle had mastered the battle and went off to write the brilliant description of it which appears in his book.

AFTER tea there might be a game of six-pack bezique, but usually I missed tea altogether, because it meant too much of a break in the afternoon. A whisky and soda was always brought out to keep me warm. I found that in mural painting an uninterrupted stretch of six hours was the ideal to be aimed at. If I had only one or two hours ahead of me, it was hardly worth while beginning a session. I used to go to my uncle's studio in the garden, where I had a large block of clay which I was making into a bust of him. I would study him very carefully at lunch and, remembering a particular feature, go and model it in. It was a good exercise in developing my powers of observation, and by the time I had finished the loggia I had also finished the bust, though I fell into the trap of making it just a bit larger than life size. I noticed with great interest my uncle's hands, which are most expressive and beautiful, but, alas, they did not come into the bust. When painting a portrait, exquisite hands are a very tricky problem. In fact, hands in general are difficult; it is so easy, as El Greco used to say, to make them look like radishes.

We always changed for dinner. Sometimes there were long periods of silence and thought, which were bearable when two or three of us were present because we could talk in undertones. On one occasion I was alone with Sarah, my uncle, and Mr. Cat, the ginger tom of the house. The table was very long and narrow. My uncle sat at the head, and Sarah and I were opposite each other at the middle. At the far end, facing my uncle, was Mr. Cat, sitting on a cushion which had been placed on a chair.

For this particular meal Mr. Cat was given a slice of pheasant and some cream, which he ate very cleverly from a plate on the table without making a mess. We were fascinated by the smooth way he achieved this, and Mr. Cat was so interested in doing it that he got hiccups. At exactly the same moment my uncle got hiccups as well, with the result that the two of them seemed to be gravely bowing to each other. The spectacle was so extraordinary that Sarah and I had to stuff our table napkins in our mouths in case we laughed. Then, of course, my uncle noticed and was very displeased.

"What on earth do you think you are doing?"

he asked crossly. "I do not see anything funny at all." By this time we were in agony from suppressed laughter.

Some of Mr. Cat's other habits were less attractive. One evening Randolph, Nicholson, Brendan Bracken, Bob Boothby, my uncle, and I were in the dining room after the ladies had gone when the curtains moved and Mr. Cat appeared.

"Oh, look," said my uncle brightly. "Cat has mouse."

Although I like cats, the manner in which they toy with their prey is cruel and unnecessary. But my uncle was not in the least put out by the life-and-death drama being played in front of him. He commented, "How interesting to see him exercise control over his victim."

William Nicholson and I felt a bit green at the sight, and Brendan Bracken, that big tough politician who had helped me throw hecklers down the stairs at my uncle's meetings, looked quite ill.

After a tense moment or two my uncle declared, "Now is the time." And indeed, quite suddenly, with no fuss, the entire mouse disappeared down Mr. Cat's throat, head first. There was no chewing. Then he cleaned his whiskers and silently stepped over to the fire for a nap.

The stricken silence that followed was broken by my uncle, proudly observing, "You see, a whole army destroyed in one move!"

Even when there were no visitors, we often sat around the dining table until about ten. I was a bit alarmed when I was left alone with my uncle because I would be cross-examined about my opinion of his book on Marlborough, or about some aspect of painting. A mere answer was never enough; an explanation of why one thought as one did was necessary as well. Sometimes one's reasoning would be criticized and one's views seriously questioned. William Nicholson and I once extolled the great wall paintings of the Ajanta caves in India, but my uncle seemed to doubt their greatness. Perhaps this was because he had not studied the business of wall painting, Oriental types in particular.

Memory was one of the subjects I used to discuss with my uncle and Randolph at this time. My uncle's ability to remember names, people, facts, and passages of writing is phenomenal, and I think he attributes it to a certain extent to his father, who was said to be able to read a page of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and then quote it word for word. My uncle could do much the same with Macaulay.

The question of spiritual life was also talked about, and my uncle always appeared to be intrigued by the fact that my brother, sister, and I are fundamentally Roman Catholic, in consequence of my mother's being Catholic. It seemed

that he wished he could understand our inner thoughts but could not, and there the matter ended. My uncle, like Napoleon, has always appreciated the importance of religion for the general public, even if he himself did not or could not get interested in it. He admits that he prayed very earnestly when escaping from prison in South Africa, but has never mentioned to me any other occasion of prayer.

Informative contributions to after-dinner conversation at Chartwell became easier when he asked his favorite question, "What do people say?" He was anxious to keep abreast of public opinion and used me as a private informant. Moving about as I did through a wide and varied cross section of society, I was in a good position to tell him. I made it my business to talk to anyone I met in pubs, clubs, trains, and buses. I questioned my brother artists, actors, businessmen, musicians, sculptors, and architects. On the whole, from 1934 onward, everyone was most alarmed by the Hitler situation and by the terrible Baldwin regime. But there were some unexpected views.

I had a girl friend who introduced me to her grandfather and mother. They were very well-to-do and lived in an enormous house in Chelsea with masses of servants. It was thought that I might make a good impression, but the grandfather's attitude was far from friendly.

"So you're a nephew of Winston Churchill!" he exclaimed. "Well, let me tell you this: whether there is a war or not, Britain will be absolutely finished if Winston Churchill gets into power again. Our only hope is for him to be put in prison and kept there."

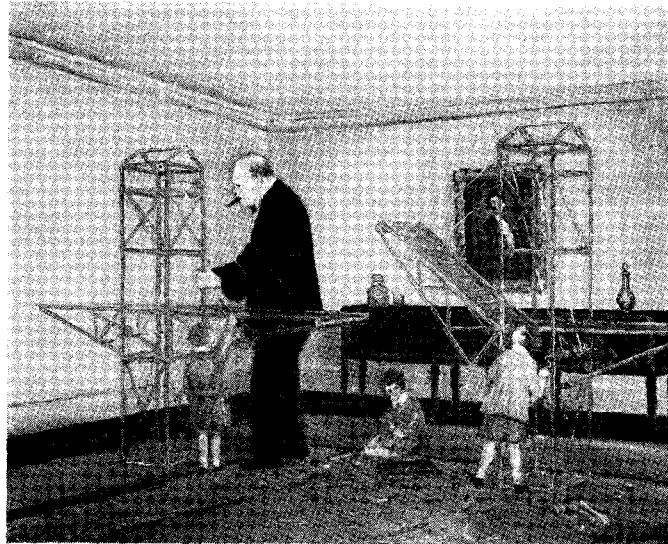
This was a view I did not repeat to my uncle. I thought it might cause even greater despondency.

After dinner we spent only a short time in the drawing room, and at about ten thirty my uncle retired with Bill Deakin for further work. The typists were ready to sit at their machines all night to produce the draft for him to read at breakfast. Meanwhile, I donned my boiler suit, jerseys, mufflers, and woolen stockings, and, by means of an electric light on a cable run from the house, worked in the loggia. Usually, at around one o'clock, the drawing room lights would go on again. That meant Bill Deakin had come downstairs for a break with whisky and soda. I joined him, and we discussed various topics of the moment, soothed by the strange, heavy stillness that settled in the house at night.

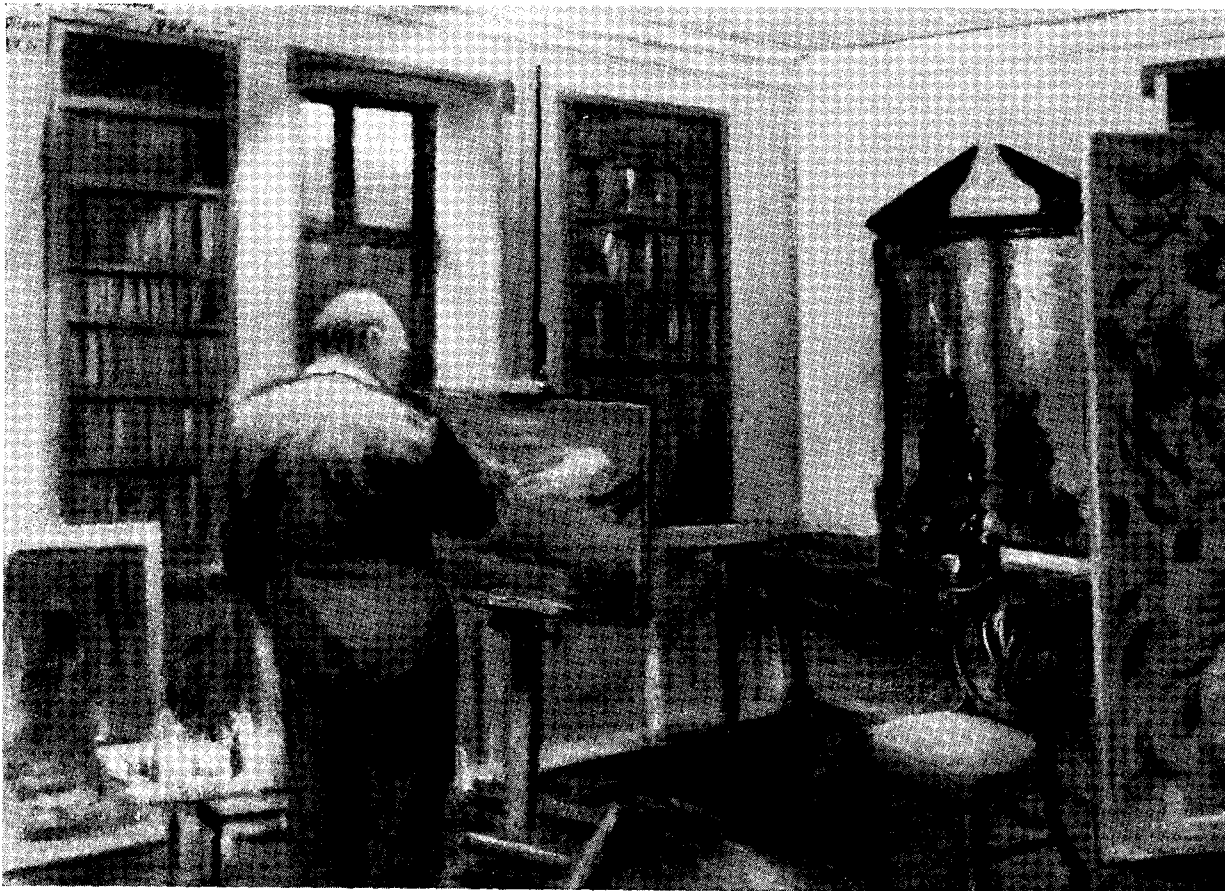
After two months the loggia was finished, and a general inspection was made. It was decided to call it from then on the Marlborough Pavilion.

I took my leave of Chartwell and embarked on the perilous journeys of professional art and marriage.

*Winston Churchill building a
bascule bridge out of
Meccano, 1915-1916. Sketch
painted from memory by
John Spencer Churchill.*



Churchill in his studio at Chartwell. Painting by John Spencer Churchill, 1948.



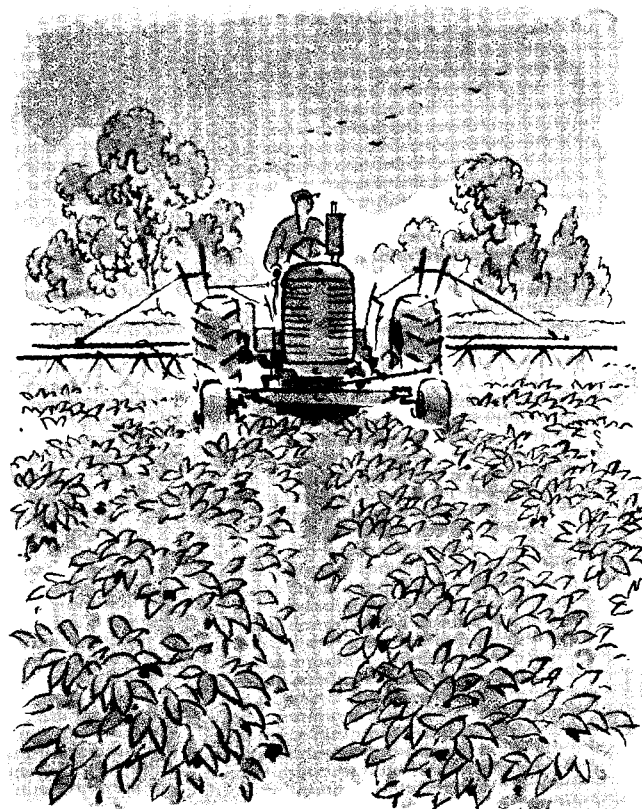
How minding
our own
business
gets a lot of
other things
done

Out of Hunger:
Agricultural Progress

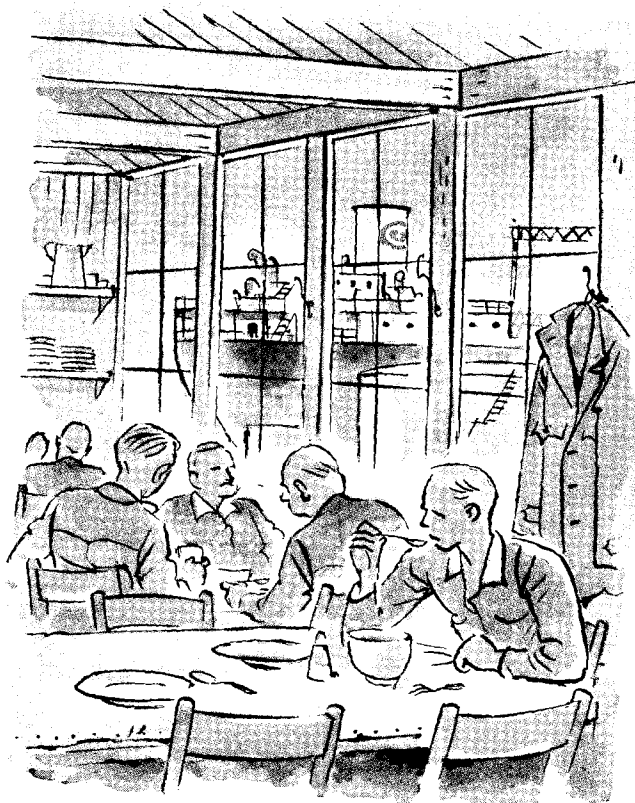
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)



In 1948, food was scarce in West Germany. And the Esso affiliate there, just recently restored to us, was then trying to rebuild its office staff. ➡



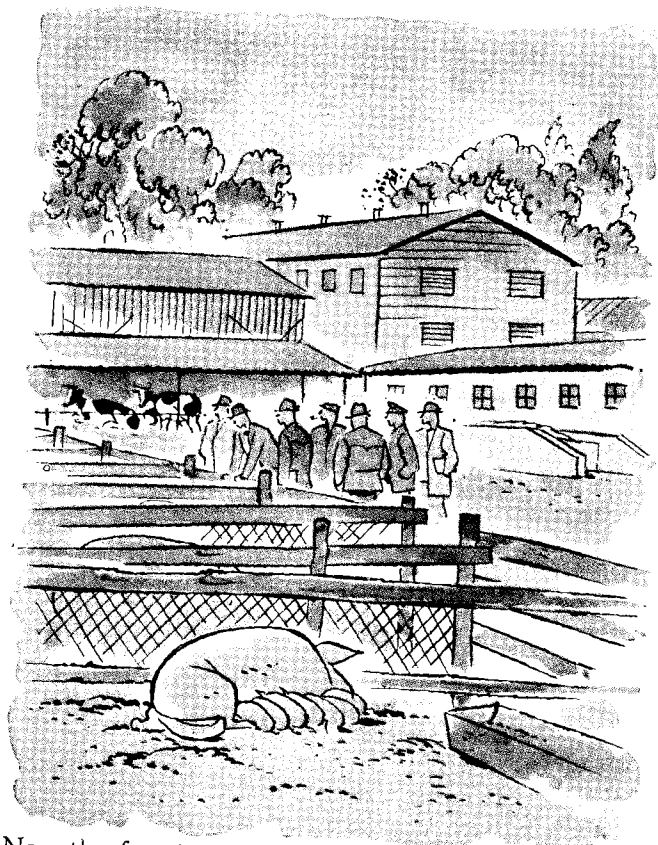
When the food shortage was over, the question arose of what to do with the flourishing farm. Why not turn it into a center for agricultural research?



But the workers were undernourished. They needed at least one good meal a day—a meal which the company would serve if enough food could be found.



So Esso rented a farm. Badly run down during the war—the drainage tiles broken, the soil sour—it was slowly nursed back by hard work and care.



Now the farm's demonstrations are visited by tens of thousands every year. Many tradition-bound farmers get their first look at modern agriculture here.



Thus was born a fount of new knowledge for the food-growers of a nation. *Business, conducted with imagination, can often produce unexpected results.*

 YES

 WE ARE

 GETTING

 SOMEWHERE!

Twenty-five years ago, only 1 in 7 cancer patients was being cured. Fourteen years ago, 1 in 4. Today, 1 in 3 is being saved.

With what science knows about cancer right now, *one in two* could be saved by means of earlier diagnosis and proper treatment. The tragic fact is, however, that this year more than 85,000 Americans — who might have been saved — will die from cancer!

To learn how to guard yourself against cancer... the importance of Cancer's Seven Danger Signals and other life-saving facts... call your nearest Unit of the American Cancer Society or write to "Cancer" in care of your local post office. More than a million Americans are alive and well today, cured of cancer, because they went to their doctors in time.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY 



BY TOM COLE In July, 1961, the ATLANTIC introduced to its readers a new young writer, TOM COLE, whose short story "Familiar Usage in Leningrad" has been awarded the top Atlantic "First" prize. Mr. Cole is now teaching a course in Slavic at M.I.T. and is working on a novel about Russia.

Not thinking more than twelve months into the future, we accepted the fellowship money and left for the Mediterranean. Perhaps we believed that our *Wanderjahr* would decide something for us, that by flipping ourselves like coins into Italy we could land with heads up. I felt like a swindler; I had no definite idea of returning to the Fine Arts Department after the year abroad, but then I had no definite idea about anything concerning myself. I knew only that I was growing tired of myself and my world, and I felt that Janet was growing tired of me. She maintained, a little weakly, that she wasn't, but I worked on her until she admitted at least that she was pretty tired of hearing me say how tired she was of me. It was in this mood, after sending applications in triplicate to half a dozen institutions, organizations, foundations, and agencies, that we set sail. Our purpose was art history; the year, 1958.

We found Italy greener and more shapely than anything we had ever seen, but we were hardly prepared for the Italians' finding us younger, livelier, and better than we ever remember ourselves to have been. Strange that they should have loved us so openly when we had so much trouble liking ourselves; certainly it had more to do with their capacity for feeling than with what we were.

Etching by Joseph Pennell. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Perhaps they loved us because Janet's hair was blonde and my eyes as dark as theirs. Perhaps they loved our love of Italy, at times more articulate than their own, or our fluent Italian, correct, but not too correct. They were amused by our Swedish car and our thick, bouncy shoes. They were even amused by all the money they thought we had, which was a little paradoxical. Ah, money. Janet's family was always trying to give us some, so that I could go to medical school if I wanted, or if not, so that we could enter the Fine Artistic world in style. But I was from a poor background and stubborn; as I once overheard Janet saying to a friend, "You have no idea how unpleasant a person from a poor background can be about it." Clouded was our post-fellowship future.

Still, to the makers of our beds, the servers of our food, to the collectors of our tickets and the chance companions of our walks, we seemed rich and on a perpetual honeymoon. They simply would not believe we had been married almost three years. In our *Pensione Speranza* in Florence, where we could always be the life of the party by opening our mouths and saying "*basta*" or "*pasta*," we were the only people who did not spend the evening, every evening, hypnotized by the TV

set. There was the ceremony of a chuckle all around when we said our "*buona notte*" at nine o'clock to go upstairs and struggle with Michelangelo's sonnets or write encouraging letters to friends who were threatening suicide in Chicago or Vienna. "Aha," the roly-poly cheese salesman would say, "going to bed?" And the cook, not to be outdone, would say, "Aha, going to bed?" We were always *gli sposini* — "the newlyweds" — or *I signori giovani* — "the young folks" — never known by name, followed everywhere by wistful looks. How many times the cheese salesman sighed his bad breath at us (apparently he had to eat all the Gorgonzola he couldn't sell) and said, "America is a young country. Like you. Strong! New!"

For this, Lorenzo the Magnificent was partly at fault. Early in December, excited by our arrival in Florence, nostalgic for the Renaissance, we had memorized his quatrains written for a masque of Bacchus and Ariadne, beginning

Quant'è bella giovinezza,
Che si fugge tuttavia
Chi vuol esser lieto sia:
Di doman' non c'è certezza.

That is: "How beautiful is youth, which escapes us ever. Let him who would be happy be so; there is no certainty of tomorrow." Three glasses of wine, and we could forget about the world ending in a bang or a whimper; a fourth, and we began quoting Lorenzo, feeling fresh, affirmative, proud — a Renaissance lord and lady, we.

The people at the *pensione* were amused to hear us quote their poetry, so we did it too often. Most of them knew some of Lorenzo's song more or less correctly, but they smiled when we began the first line, and they picked it up as if they hadn't dared sing out such verses since school days. However, it did not lead to conversations on the Renaissance; they always turned the meaning back to us: "Ah, yes, how wonderful to be young, to travel, to see beauty, to forget tomorrow." Or they passed through us to images of themselves: "Ah, yes, we too used to dance and sing and quote poetry, but now that time is finished for us." As we smiled our way through one coffee bar after another, treating the major, or his wife, or whoever it was, or being treated by them to dozens of cups of espresso laced against the winter air with brandy — "corrected coffee," they called it — their social imagination created what it most needed. They needed us as a sign that the world was again capable of rebirth; we came to need their easy explanation of what we were, since we seemed to have none of our own that was so desirable.

Numbed by indecisions, pursued by letters that begged me to be doctor or lawyer, silently accused

by Janet of wanting to become beggar or thief, I would sit with her amid the cramped, cracked walls of our third-floor room, listening to the Dacron shirts and panties going "drip-dry, drip-dry," and I would make up names for our generation. It was a favorite game of the time. "Unappetizing. Worried. Never Happy or Good. Old Before Our Time. In Need of —"

"If you start talking about a moral equivalent for war again, I'm going to scream."

"The major's wife will love that. She'll think you're having an orgasm. In the afternoon, yet."

Janet would soften. "Please, darling, you know you always hate yourself after these arguments." (I strongly disliked remarks of that kind; I wanted to hate myself on my own schedule.) "And you know I don't really care what you do. It's you who worry about it. I just want you to decide to do *something*. What does it matter what you do, anyway, compared with what you are?"

"That's nonsense. You don't know what you are until you know what you can do."

"I wonder where I've heard that before? Could it have been yesterday, in this very same room?"

"Noble truths are oft confirmed."

"But you don't know yet what you can do."

"Right."

"Then you don't know what you are."

"Right again."

"You do seem to have a problem."

But it was always up to her to find temporary exits from our impasse. "Paul, let's not completely spoil today because of what's coming. We're free, and in Florence."

"Tall, young, free, and in Florence. You forgot the 'tall' and 'young.'"

"Well, that's what I meant. I won't even ask you about tomorrow, or next month. Or next year. But what would you like to do now?"

"Drip-dry, drip-dry," went the Dacron shirts and panties. Across the alley a fat lady would be hanging up her non-Dacron laundry and singing "*Vissi d'arte*," which she sang every afternoon about four o'clock.

MEANWHILE, Lorenzo's stanza was becoming our trademark. As we stayed and December grew on, the *pensione* regulars began quoting "*Quant'è bella giovinezza*" right on cue, with our appearance in the living room. It went like one of the themes from *Peter and the Wolf* — one animal, one theme, and ours that carefree song of youth. The theory that we were basically one animal was indeed current. The old major's wife — she was the one especially fond of the "I too used to dance all the time" approach — apparently looked on us as one

creature with two hearts; while the major himself, the Speranza's realist, hinted that the beast with two backs was more likely. At any rate, people in the *pensione* seldom spoke to either of us separately, except to inquire after the other's health. We were one person, plural only grammatically.

I suppose our un-Italian habit of quietly having differences encouraged the notion that we had none. Our admirers never admitted knowing what every linked pair of travelers knows, whether married, related, or merely friends: that a long voyage provides unlimited opportunities for ruining beautiful experiences. Not that all such experiences will be ruined, but each couple will sooner or later devise its own system of delicate cruelties for occasional use. In Florence, I used our morning system. Sunlight on the coffee-stained tablecloth was the setting; then courteous greetings all around; then gulps of coffee served with ordinary bread, butter, and marmalade. We had lived together long enough for me to have learned that, fifteen minutes after her first cup of coffee, Janet is invariably summoned away to the *gabinetto*, the w.c., or whatever its local designation. Thirteen minutes after coffee, therefore, I would introduce some important remarks. Just as I was reaching the moment of essential truth, she would begin to look embarrassed and say that she was terribly sorry, but could I hold on for a minute? I usually doubted whether I could, but she knew she couldn't, so she would bolt away, shamefaced, while I rose politely to my feet. The other breakfasters would smile at me and nod at her pretty back. "*Ecco, la bella Gianetta goes away.*"

On one morning I remember well, I was just about to demonstrate how Michelangelo's Slaves, only half emerging from their rough stone at the Accademia, could tell us more about ourselves than we had ever learned before when Janet made her uneasy departure. The only other person in the room at the time was the wiry little major. As I stared at the coffee stains, reminding myself that Lorenzo the Magnificent had been succeeded by Piero the Fool, the major walked over to our table, put his sharp hand on my shoulder, and laughed. He always laughed before he spoke, even the night when he described the mutilation of Mussolini. "Ah," he began, "even the most perfect couple has a few dark moments."

"The most perfect couple — that is, us?"

"But, of course. All of us think so. Wherever you go together, you bring back to people their own happy days."

"Well, it is good to be of service."

"*È come.* Just two nights ago, a friend of mine saw you at *Da Zi Rosa* having dinner. . . . Oh, I have always wanted to ask you one thing. In Italy we have a saying that professors do not eat

beefsteak, but evidently, for you it is no problem?"

"Well —"

"But, of course, America is a rich country. There everyone lives better." He turned to go, but I couldn't let him have his favorite parting line that morning.

"Excuse me, Major. I do not remember when I told you that I was a professor, but I must confess that it is not completely — umm — true."

"But *la bella Gianetta* told me."

"Oh, she told you that? How interesting."

"Of course, to us in Italy, it never matters what a person does, but what he is, in his heart. You are *simpatico*, young, with all life ahead of you, like your country. Ah, here comes my wife. She will chat with you. *A rivederci.* Till this evening."

The major's ample wife greeted me with her favorite look, full of generosity, nostalgia, and self-pity. When she asked what we had planned for the day, I was tempted to say we were going to scour the city in search of ourselves. But I didn't. For one thing, I didn't know the Italian word for "scour." Then Janet returned, and we all began to talk of Fra Angelico.

Still, on most mornings the human resources of the *pensione* were devoted to sending us off well. The design for each day of our *soggiorno* was the concern of all, each in his own way. The round-faced waitress who had two little children but no husband would bring the coffee with great good cheer, saying, "This evening — nothing!" She meant, of course, nothing on television worth seeing; but on other days she could report in triumph that *Lascia o Raddoppia*, an Italianized *Double or Nothing*, was on, or that *Il Musichiere* was to have that young lawyer from Ancona who knew every popular song ever written. She felt that a clear sense of what evening offered could help us organize the day ahead. The major's wife was likely to remind us of the joys of that time of life when one dances, and that we must gather in the richness of the present day. The young man at the desk had often a new hint about a half-hidden Peruzzi coat of arms over a doorway, which we might find diverting. The cook and the cheese salesman would chatter for a while about the gustatory adventures we could have in certain quarters of town, and so it would be with the others. The newlyweds, *la bella coppia*, would go out among the dark or brilliant streets of morning, braced by the good wishes of all, prepared to feel yet smaller before the great works of the past.

CHRISTMAS season in Florence brought the shepherds down from the Tuscan hills to play bagpipes and reedy flutes for the city dwellers' silver coins.

In all the little churches, nativity scenes appeared in miniature, graced now by electric lighting and circular tracks on which the Magi and the sheep moved in frozen jolts. But the days grew fierce that winter, and so did our tastes. By tacit agreement we returned day after day to the massive stone men of Michelangelo or to the impassive men of Masaccio in the church of the Carmine; nothing else was strong enough. At the Carmine, we stood transfixed before the images of Saint Peter, the rude, expressionless fisherman, walking among the poor and sick of medieval Florence. In his russet, his green, and his power, we found a healing force, as if his coins were being offered us. And for a while we seemed to be offering in return coins enough to heal the fortunes of the dark church, since one hundred lire had to be put into a box to light the Masaccio chapel for each five minutes or so, and we usually stayed for hours. Through American know-how we discovered, however, that a one hundred lire piece could be pushed down into the slot deeply enough to throw the switch and then be retracted for the benefit of young art historians.

As the brilliant lights came on, I would give my best imitation of Janet's uncle, who had once taken us to the Chambord for lunch: "Order the best. The government pays." Janet was not amused. I had developed an uncanny habit of offending. After boring her for years about problems of art and vocation, I would see her deep in thought before *Peter's Calling*, and I would begin to whistle Jimmy Durante's old song, "If Washington needs me I'll answer the call, but they better not call me collect." After which would come a dirty look from her, an irritating smirk from me, her charge that I didn't know what things to take seriously, my charge that her uncle and Jimmy Durante were not things to be so taken, her charge that Masaccio *was*, and if *she* ever dared laugh in the presence of art, I would never let her forget it, all leading to silent rage from her, raging silence from me, and much tapping of fingers and humming over the cutlets and mediocre wine at lunch.

Yet, we would gather golden or graceful moments of Christmas art — Gentile da Fabriano or Simone Martinis — to discuss over supper at the *pensione*. We had to present our friends there with something shining to cover the confusion of our days. On Christmas Eve we attended the midnight Mass with them at Santa Croce. The choir, the chamber instruments, the frescoes of Giotto, and the fervor of the older people moved us, but, of course, we did not kneel. When the major, who had been eying us constantly, asked us why we hadn't, I answered in a calloused tone that we were not believers. Perhaps this was

another of those moments that I hoped, uncomfortably, might lead to a confrontation. The major only wreathed his face in a smile and took our arms. "Ah, my young friends," he said.

THE days after Christmas, sometimes rainy, sometimes limpidly mild, Janet and I spent apart. I don't know what she did — I decided not to ask — but I sat in the Palazzo Strozzi library, reading about the burning of Savonarola. When we met on those afternoons to go back to the *pensione*, it was already dark. If we dropped in to visit a favorite corner of the Bargello, we could hardly see the marble saints through the murk, and we felt the coldness of the stone floors as if we were standing on our unsheathed bones. In the streets, the headlights from the little Fiats were piercing and hostile; the fumes from their engines were heavy in the damp air. For us, the ending of the year was hardly a festive time.

The *pensione*, however, surprised us all by serving a genuinely festive New Year's Eve dinner at no extra charge. Every tablecloth was changed. Brilliant whiteness greeted us without the accustomed coffee stains, wine blots, and tomato-sauce dribbles. A bottle of deep-red Chianti, the unadulterated *vino nero* of the Tuscan countryside, stood on each table in its straw jacket. After the homemade *fettucini*, we had fish and meat courses, salad, excellent *bel paese* by courtesy of the beaming cheese salesman, little sweetly frosted cakes with Italian flags in them, fruit served in clean bowls, and fresh coffee. We drank reciprocal toasts to the cities of Italy and America:

"To Reggio Calabria!"

"A Baltimora!"

"To San Sepolcro!"

"A San Francesco, California!"

This went on until we began to feel uneasy about exchanging Jersey City for Perugia and Akron for Verona. There was homey good cheer at all the tables and pride of foster parentage among the Italians as we told droll stories about New Year's Eve in Times Square. Our round-faced waitress asked us to stay for the *pensione's* own celebration in the living room, where they were going to roll up the carpet, dance to records, and drink wine until everyone fell asleep. We refused politely, saying we had plans.

"I understand," the girl said. "You will be going, then, to the big party at the American Consulate?" And she gave us one of her favorite looks: *you are from the big glittering world, and we are just plain little old us*.

"Yes," I answered, resigned to our importance, "we think we ought to go."

In truth, we hadn't heard that there was a party at the American Consulate. We didn't even know where the American Consulate was. Our plan had been to walk the streets, have a few drinks, feel nostalgic for who knows what, and make a wild resolution or two. It was to be a personal evening, but we could not explain that without sounding boorish. The major's wife gave us her blessing. "It would have given us great pleasure to see you dance, but on such an important night it is better to dance with one's own people."

After a brief discussion of this general truth, we left.

IN THE streets, there was little celebration. There was, instead, a nagging, wet coldness. We had come too far seeking warmth and significance to accept huddling in doorways as our rite for a holiday eve. Even on the slender tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the torch flames, orange in the night sky, flickered before the onslaught of wind from the mountains. Out along the Arno, bright lights were playing, but the water, swollen by the recent rains, took on the color of old coffee. In the Piazza Signoria we felt our presence to be singularly unnecessary. Whether from custom or the bitterness of the night air, the Florentines were welcoming the new year "in the family." Under the three great arches of the Loggia dei Lanzi, where Lorenzo had sat to watch masques and pageants five hundred years before, only a few figures passed, muffled against the wind, but warm lamplight shone from the windows of the nearby houses.

We inquired our way to the American Consulate, with the notion of perhaps picking up a crumb of native festivity. After a long walk along the torrential river, we found only a high house built around a courtyard, barred and shuttered. Hearing laughter from some upper window, we hovered about the big door. We decided to go in. We decided not to. Yes, all Americans are supposed to be welcome at these holiday affairs. No, it might be embarrassing. Surely they won't turn us out? Yes. No. Maybe. But. Finally the gleaming policeman on guard looked at us closely, as if he had seen us many times at Communist rallies. He asked us why we were "circulating" near the Consolato Americano. Janet began to present our case, but I said *scusi* to the guard and pulled her away, again unwilling to explain. As soon as the Consulate was out of sight, Janet stopped short, exuding waves of indignation and hostility.

"You see?"

"See what?"

"It's so humiliating and stupid!" she said.

"What? And don't talk so loud."

"Every petty decision is impossible. God, it's sickening. Should we go in or stay out? Should we go to the Uffizi or the Pitti? Should we go to a movie or write letters? Should we order *pasta* at lunch? Should we go to the American Express now or later? God, all those agonies over nothing!"

"So I'm neurotic. What else are you trying to prove?"

"If you can't make the decisions that count, then every trifle is misery. Can't you see that this could go on forever? You'll crack up someday because you can't decide between chicken salad and a BLT."

"Thank you. Will that be fifteen dollars?"

"But it's just common sense, Paul."

"I thought we agreed a few years ago that the time is out of joint, and common sense is hardly —"

"Oh, your head is out of joint!"

We began to walk very fast back to the center of the town. There, in narrow streets between *palazzi*, we found a series of well-lit bars, each beginning to close as soon as we walked in. Bright lights shut down all around us while we gulped our brandies and exchanged genial, hollow congratulations with men who were dying for us to leave. It was not too much after eleven o'clock when we were again in the cold streets.

Janet shrank within herself against the wet wind. When I tried to comfort her, she pulled away. Her pale hair blew raggedly around her face as she spoke. "Why are we here? Why are we anywhere? Who wants us? What good does it do to reject and reject? Not to live like ordinary people? Why bother reading and thinking and looking at Giotto when all it leaves us with is a holiday like this? Any idiot can enjoy New Year's Eve. But not us."

"But we've had some good times," I said. "Think of some of the places we've seen together."

"And what does it leave us with? Nothing! A stamped passport and sights we'll forget in a year. You won't even take a camera. Just nothing, nothing. God, I'm so lonely and miserable."

"All right, I should have known it all the time!" I flared up. "What you really want is a life just like the one you used to sneer at. Settled like your roommates in a comfortable suburb with comfortable hubby running father's comfortable business. Well, this is a fine time to tell me! I'm not going to do father's business. Or anybody else's business."

"I didn't say that. My God! Maybe I'm just too stupid. It's marvelous. I've tramped all over Europe washing your goddamn underwear so you can tell me I'm selling out to the bourgeoisie."

"Now, wait a minute!"

"You wait a minute. Making great declarations about not going into father's business. Like a college freshman! I can see you're not going to do anybody else's business. Do you think I'm completely blind? You're never going to do any business at all. You'll stand in front of Masaccio with your mouth open all your life while I smile sweetly and tell everybody that you're trying to find yourself. Well, I won't go on with that kind of life. I can't stand it! If that makes me an average American housewife, then that's a thousand times better than worrying about nothing but yourself when half the world is starving."

"Oh, I see. The world is starving because I like Masaccio, but comes the revolution and you turn into an average housewife, and then everything will be all right." I noticed that my arms were swinging here and there. "Hunger will be banished from all India! Disease will be no more! Sweetness and light will —"

Janet burst into tears. "Paul, please, please, we can't go on like this. It's all my fault. It's just that it was New Year's Eve and I couldn't help thinking —"

"You couldn't help thinking that you want your tree and your daddy and all the pretty toys. That's your idea of what life is supposed to be. Well, maybe life isn't a nice little game for all the pretty children. Did you ever think of that?"

"Ah, but youth is beautiful," Janet said coldly, staring into space.

"Oh, why don't they take their beauties of youth and stow them in the Palazzo Vecchio?"

We had reached the door of the Pensione Speranza. I suppose we were headed for the privacy and comparative warmth of our room. But a cheer from the living room intercepted us. We had forgotten about the *pensione* party.

Everyone seemed flattered that we had returned in time to contribute our energies to their *piccola serata*. Their party did seem in need of aid. Only one of the three huge flasks of Chianti on the floor had been opened. Beneath the intersection of the two hanging red ribbons, the round-faced waitress danced listlessly with a gentleman who wore amazingly pointed shoes. The TV set, which was being used as the stand for the record player but had not been turned around, stared at the room with the accusing anger of the unemployed. On a couch to the side, the cook was tapping her feet vigorously enough to *Scusami, scusami ancor*, but the major was slumped in his seat while his wife cooed to the cheese salesman and a few invited friends that she was crazy about parties. As soon as we had accepted two brimming glasses of Chianti, the major tried to engage us in a debate on world federalism. Evidently he wanted to take his mind off his weariness of dancing or of the

company, but the debate fell somewhat short of brilliance as a distraction. For one thing, we were all in favor; for another, our Italian, among many other skills, was not going very well that night. At last the major turned to us with the bittersweetness of a father to his lovable children and said not to let the old people bore us.

"Dance, dance," he said. "It is your night, the night for dancing."

A chant went up from the gathered public for the young Americans to dance. We refused demurely at first, saying that we had only meant to drop in for a few seconds. "Ah, *come gli sbosini sono timidi*," said the ladies, "they are so shy." The difficulty was really not shyness but fear of a ridiculous showing. It was years since we had danced together. Finally we consented in order not to insult our hosts. They jeered happily at my resigned insistence that I wasn't much of a dancer. Their nostalgia for the antic youth they wanted us to have was irrepressible. It triumphed. Wine was poured around from the second flask; the music was turned up. We danced to *Ti dirò che tu mi piaci*, the inevitable *Volare*, *My Tennessee*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Tico Tico Ti*, and dozens of other Italian and American records. To the slow music we made circles; to the fast music we did the rumba.

"What wonderful lines she has."

"They never get tired."

"Oh, to be their age again."

Janet was amused by my improvised steps and air of *savoir-faire*, and her every step melted the old people into joy. The third flask was opened. No one else danced. I put my cheek next to Janet's during our slow circles and found softness there as of ages ago. We became a vision to the people circling close around us; we became for the moment, within our power, what they wanted us to be. When the clock struck midnight, I looked into Janet's wise eyes and said, tentatively, "*Quant'è bella giovinezza*."

Everyone picked up the verse immediately in a cheering, singsong rhythm — the major and his wife, the round-faced waitress, the cook, the cheese salesman, the man who ran the office — all quoting happily as if Lorenzo's words were a traditional New Year's song, like *Auld Lang Syne*.

How beautiful is youth,
Which escapes us ever.
Let him who would be happy be so,
There is no certainty of tomorrow.

They crowded close around our dancing bodies, their bodies older but their eager eyes somehow far more youthful than ours, quoting Lorenzo's song, raising wineglasses, hungry for what they saw in us and thought we could give, for youth, strength, glitter, suppleness, and promise.

SABOTAGE IN SPRINGFIELD

Webster's Third Edition

BY WILSON FOLLETT *The Second Edition of the Merriam-Webster international unabridged dictionary has held an unchallenged position in the world of American writers, editors, teachers, students, and general readers. In the new Third Edition, however, the dictionary makers in Springfield, Massachusetts, have abrogated their authority, says WILSON FOLLETT, and the result is in many particulars a calamity. Mr. Follett, author and editor, is himself an authority on language and usage.*

OF DICTIONARIES, as of newspapers, it might be said that the bad ones are too bad to exist, the good ones too good not to be better. No dictionary of a living language is perfect or ever can be, if only because the time required for compilation, editing, and issuance is so great that shadows of obsolescence are falling on parts of any such work before it ever gets into the hands of a user. Preparation of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language* began intensively in the Springfield establishment of G. & C. Merriam Company in 1936, but the century was nine months into its seventh decade before any outsider could have his first look at what had been accomplished. His first look is, of course, incompetent to acquaint him with the merits of the new work; these no one can fully discover without months or years of everyday use. On the other hand, it costs only minutes to find out that what will rank as the great event of American linguistic history in this decade, and perhaps in this quarter century, is in many crucial particulars a very great calamity.

Why should the probable and possible superiorities of the Third New International be so difficult to assess, the shortcomings so easy? Because the superiorities are special, departmental, and recon-dite, the shortcomings general and within the common grasp. The new dictionary comes to us with a claim of 100,000 new words or new definitions. These run almost overwhelmingly to scien-

tific and technological terms or meanings that have come into existence since 1934, and especially to words classified as ISV (belonging to the international scientific vocabulary). No one person can possibly use or even comprehend all of them; the coverage in this domain, certainly impressive to the nonspecialist, may or may not command the admiration of specialists. It is said that historians of the graphic arts and of architecture were displeased with the 1934 Webster, both for its omissions and for some definitions of what it included in their fields. Its 1961 successor may have disarmed their reservations; only they can pronounce.

But all of us may without brashness form summary judgments about the treatment of what belongs to all of us — the standard, staple, traditional language of general reading and speaking, the ordinary vocabulary and idioms of novelist, essayist, letter writer, reporter, editorial writer, teacher, student, advertiser; in short, fundamental English. And it is precisely in this province that Webster III has thrust upon us a dismaying assortment of the questionable, the perverse, the unworthy, and the downright outrageous.

Furthermore, what was left out is as legitimate a grievance to the ordinary reader as anything that has been put in. Think — if you can — of an unabridged dictionary from which you cannot learn who Mark Twain was (though **mark twain** is entered as a leadsman's cry), or what were the

names of the apostles, or that the Virgin was Mary the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, or what and where the District of Columbia is!

The disappointment and the shock are intensified, of course, because of the unchallenged position earned by the really unabridged immediate predecessor of this strange work. *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition (1934), consummated under the editorship of William Allan Neilson, at once became the most important reference book in the world to American writers, editors, teachers, students, and general readers — everyone to whom American English was a matter of serious interest. What better could the next revision do than extend the Second Edition in the direction of itself, bring it up to date, and correct its scattering of oversights and errata?

The 1934 dictionary had been, heaven knows, no citadel of conservatism, no last bastion of puristical bigotry. But it had made shrewd reports on the status of individual words; it had taken its clear, beautifully written definitions from fit uses of an enormous vocabulary by judicious users; it had provided accurate, impartial accounts of the endless guerrilla war between grammarian and antigrammarian and so given every consultant the means to work out his own decisions. Who could wish the forthcoming revision any better fortune than a comparable success in applying the same standards to whatever new matter the new age imposed?

Instead, we have seen a century and a third of illustrious history largely jettisoned; we have seen a novel dictionary formula improvised, in great part out of snap judgments and the sort of theoretical improvement that in practice impairs; and we have seen the gates propped wide open in enthusiastic hospitality to miscellaneous confusions and corruptions. In fine, the anxiously awaited work that was to have crowned cisatlantic linguistic scholarship with a particular glory turns out to be a scandal and a disaster. Worse yet, it plumes itself on its faults and parades assiduously cultivated sins as virtues without precedent.

EXAMINATION cannot proceed far without revealing that Webster III, behind its front of passionless objectivity, is in truth a fighting document. And the enemy it is out to destroy is every obstinate vestige of linguistic punctilio, every surviving influence that makes for the upholding of standards, every criterion for distinguishing between better usages and worse. In other words, it has gone over bodily to the school that construes traditions as enslaving, the rudimentary principles of syntax as crippling, and taste as irrelevant.

This revolution leaves it in the anomalous position of loudly glorifying its own ancestry — which is indeed glorious — while tacitly sabotaging the principles and ideals that brought the preceding Merriam-Webster to its unchallengeable pre-eminence. The Third New International is at once a resounding tribute of lip service to the Second and a wholesale repudiation of it — a sweeping act of apology, contrition, and reform.

The right-about-face is, of course, particularly evident in the vocabulary approved. Within a few days of publication the new dictionary was inevitably notorious for its unreserved acceptance as standard of *wise up*, *get hep* (it uses the second as a definition of the first), *ants in one's pants*, *one for the book*, *hugeous*, *nixie*, *passel*, *hepped up* (with *hepcat* and *hepster*), *anyplace*, *someplace*, and so forth. These and a swarm of their kind it admits to full canonical standing by the suppression of such qualifying status labels as *colloquial*, *slang*, *cant*, *facetious*, and *substandard*. The classification *colloquial* it abolishes outright: "it is impossible to know whether a word out of context is colloquial or not." Of *slang* it makes a chary occasional use despite a similar reservation: "No word is invariably slang, and many standard words can be given slang connotations or used so inappropriately as to become slang." *Cornball* is ranked as slang, *corny* is not.

The overall effect signifies a large-scale abrogation of one major responsibility of the lexicographer. He renounces it on the curious ground that helpful discriminations are so far beyond his professional competence that he is obliged to leave them to those who, professing no competence at all, have vainly turned to him for guidance. If some George Ade of the future, aspiring to execute a fable in slang, were to test his attempt by the status labels in Webster III, he would quickly discover with chagrin that he had expressed himself almost without exception in officially applauded English. With but slight exaggeration we can say that if an expression can be shown to have been used in print by some jaded reporter, some candidate for office or his speech writer, some potboiling minor novelist, it is well enough credentialed for the full blessing of the new lexicography.

This extreme tolerance of crude neologisms and of shabby diction generally, however, is but one comparatively trifling aspect of the campaign against punctilio. We begin to sound its deeper implications when we plunge into the definitions and the copious examples that illustrate and support them. Under the distributive pronoun *each* we find, side by side: "(each of them is to pay his own fine) (each of them are to pay their own fine)." Where could anyone look for a neater, more succinct way to outlaw the dusty dogma that

a pronoun should agree in number with its antecedent? Here is the same maneuver again under another distributive, *everybody*: “usu. referred to by the third person singular (everybody is bringing his own lunch) but sometimes by a plural personal pronoun (everybody had made up their minds).” Or try *whom* and *whomever*: “(a . . . recruit whom he hoped would prove to be a crack salesman) (people . . . whom you never thought would sympathize) . . . (I go out to talk to whomever it is) . . . (he attacked whomever disagreed with him).” It is, then, all right to put the subject of a finite verb in the accusative case — “esp. after a preposition or a verb of which it might mistakenly be considered the object.”

SHALL we look into what our dictionary does with a handful of the more common solecisms, such as a publisher might introduce into a cooked-up test for would-be copy editors? Begin with *center around* (or *about*). It seems obvious that expressions derived from Euclidean geometry should make Euclidean sense. A center is a point; it is what things are around, not what is around them; they center *in* or *on* or *at* the point. The Second Edition defined the Great White Way as “That part of Broadway . . . centering about Times Square” — patently an oversight. Is it the same oversight that produces, in the Third: “**heresy** . . . 3: a group or school of thought centering around a particular heresy”? We look up *center* itself, and, lo: “(a story to tell, centered around the political development of a great state) . . . (more scholarship than usual was centered around the main problems),” followed by several equivalent specimens.

Here is *due to*. First we come on irreproachable definitions, irreproachably illustrated, of *due* noun and *due* adjective, and we think we are out of the woods. Alas, they are followed by the manufacture of a composite preposition, *due to*, got up solely to extenuate such abominations as “the event was canceled due to inclement weather.” An adjective can modify a verb, then. And here is a glance at that peculiarly incriminating redundancy of the slipshod writer, *equally as*: “equally opposed to Communism as to Fascism.” The intolerable *hardly than* or *scarcely than* construction is in full favor: “hardly had the birds dropped than she jumped into the water and retrieved them.” The sequence *different than* has the double approbation of editorial use and a citation: conjunctive *unlike* means “in a manner that is different than,” and a passage under *different* reads “vastly different in size than it was twenty-five years ago.” Adjectival *unlike* and conjunctive *unlike* both get illustrations

that implicitly commend the unanchored and grammarless modifier: “so many fine men were outside the charmed circle that, unlike most colleges, there was no disgrace in not being a club man”; “unlike in the gasoline engine, fuel does not enter the cylinder with air on the intake stroke.”

This small scattering should not end without some notice of that darling of the advanced libertarians, *like* as a conjunction, first in the meaning of *as*, secondly (and more horribly) in that of *as if*. Now, it is well known to the linguistic historian that *like* was so used for a long time before and after Langland. But it is as well known that the language rather completely sloughed off this usage; that it has long been no more than a regional colloquialism, a rarely seen aberration among competent writers, or an artificially cultivated irritant among defiant ones. The *Saturday Evening Post*, in which *like* for *as* is probably more frequent than in any other painstakingly edited magazine, has seldom if ever printed that construction except in reproducing the speech or tracing the thoughts of characters to whom it might be considered natural. The arguments for *like* have been merely defensive and permissive. Not for centuries has there been any real pressure of authority on a writer to use *like* as a conjunction — until our Third New International Dictionary decided to exert its leverage.

How it is exerted will appear in the following: “(impromptu programs where they ask questions much like I do on the air) . . . (looks like they can raise better tobacco) (looks like he will get the job) (wore his clothes like he was . . . afraid of getting dirt on them) (was like he’d come back from a long trip) (acted like she felt sick) . . . (sounded like the motor had stopped) . . . (the violin now sounds like an old masterpiece should) (did it like he told me to) . . . (wanted a doll like she saw in the store window) . . . (anomalies like just had occurred).”

By the processes represented in the foregoing and countless others for which there is no room here, the latest Webster whittles away at one after another of the traditional controls until there is little or nothing left of them. The controls, to be sure, have often enough been overvalued and overdone by pedants and purists, by martinets and bigots; but more often, and much more importantly, they have worked as aids toward dignified, workmanlike, and cogent uses of the wonderful language that is our inheritance. To erode and undermine them is to convert the language into a confusion of unchanneled, incalculable williwaws, a capricious wind blowing whithersoever it listeth. And that, if we are to judge by the total effect of the pages under scrutiny — 2720 of them and nearly 8000 columns of vocabulary, all compact in

Times roman — is exactly what is wanted by the patient and dedicated saboteurs in Springfield. They, if they keep their ears to the ground, will hear many echoes of the despairing cry already wrung from one editorial assistant on a distinguished magazine that still puts its faith in standards: "Why have a Dictionary at all if anything goes?"

THE definitions are reinforced, it will have been conveyed, with copious citations from printed sources. These citations occupy a great fraction of the total space. They largely account for the reduction in the number of entries (from 600,000 to 450,000) and for the elimination of the Gazetteer, the Biographical Dictionary, and the condensed key to pronunciation and symbols that ran across the bottoms of facing pages — all very material deprivations. Some 14,000 authors, we are told, are represented in the illustrative quotations — "mostly from the mid-twentieth century."

Can some thousands of authors truly worth space in a dictionary ever be found in any one brief period? Such a concentration can hardly fail to be, for the purposes of a dictionary, egregiously overweighted with the contemporary and the transient. Any very short period, such as a generation, is a period of transition in the history of English, and any great mass of examples drawn primarily from it will be disproportionately focused on transitional and ephemeral elements. To say that recording English *as we find it today* is precisely the purpose of a new dictionary is not much of a retort. For the bulk of the language that we use has come down to us with but minor, glacially slow changes from time out of mind, and a worthy record of it must stand on a much broader base than the fashions of yesterday.

It is, then, a mercy that among the thousands of scraps from recent authors, many of them still producing, we can also find hundreds from Shakespeare, the English Bible, Fielding, Dickens, Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, Mark Twain, and so on. But the great preponderance of latter-day prose, little of it worth repeating and a good deal of it hardly worth printing in the first place, is likely to curtail by years the useful life of the Third New International.

So much is by the way. When we come to the definitions proper we face something new, startling, and formidable in lexicography. The definitions, all of them conformed to a predetermined rhetorical pattern, may be products of a theory — Gestaltist, perhaps? — of how the receiving mind works. The pattern, in the editor's general preface, is described as follows: "The primary objective of precise, sharp defining has been met

through development of a new dictionary style based upon completely analytical one-phrase definitions throughout the book. Since the headword in a definition is intended to be modified only by structural elements restrictive in some degree and essential to each other, the use of commas either to separate or to group has been severely limited, chiefly to elements in apposition or in series. The new defining pattern does not provide for a predication which conveys further expository comment."

This doctrine of the strictly unitary definition is of course formulated and applied in the interest of a logical integrity and a simplification never before consistently attained by lexical definitions. What it produces, when applied with the rigor here insisted on, is in the first place some of the oddest prose ever concocted by pundits. A typical specimen, from the definition of the simplest possible term: "**rabbit punch . . .** : a short chopping blow delivered to the back of the neck or the base of the skull with the edge of the hand opposite the thumb that is illegal in boxing." When the idea, being not quite so simple, requires the one-phrase statement of several components, the definition usually turns out to be a great unmanageable and unpunctuated blob of words strung out beyond the retentive powers of most minds that would need the definition at all. Both theory and result will emerge clearly enough from a pair of specimens, the first dealing with a familiar everyday noun, the second with a mildly technical one:

groan . . . 1: a deep usu. inarticulate and involuntary often strangled sound typically abruptly begun and ended and usu. indicative of pain or grief or tension or desire or sometimes disapproval or annoyance

kymograph . . . 1: a recording device including an electric motor or clockwork that drives a usu. slowly revolving drum which carries a roll of plain or smoked paper and also having an arrangement for tracing on the paper by means of a stylus a graphic record of motion or pressure (as of the organs of speech, blood pressure, or respiration) often in relation to particular intervals of time.

About these typical definitions as prose, there is much that any good reader might well say. What must be said is that the grim suppression of commas is a mere crotchet. It takes time to read such definitions anyway; commas in the right places would speed rather than slow the reading and would clarify rather than obscure the sense, so that the unitary effect — largely imaginary at best — would be more helped than hurt. In practice, the one-phrase design without further expository predication lacks all the asserted advantages over a competently written definition of the free conventional sort; it is merely more

difficult to write, often impossible to write well, and tougher to take in. Compare the corresponding definitions from the Second Edition:

groan . . . A low, moaning sound; usually, a deep, mournful sound uttered in pain or great distress; sometimes, an expression of strong disapprobation; as, the remark was received with *groans*.

kymograph . . . a An automatic apparatus consisting of a motor revolving a drum covered with smoked paper, on which curves of pressure, etc., may be traced.

EVERYONE professionally concerned with the details of printed English can be grateful to the new Webster for linking the parts of various expressions that have been either hyphenated compounds or separate words — *highlight*, *high-brow* and *lowbrow*, *overall*, *wisecrack*, *lowercase* and *uppercase*, and so on. Some of the unions now recognized were long overdue; many editors have already got them written into codes of house usage. But outside this small province the new work is a copy editor's despair, a propounder of endless riddles.

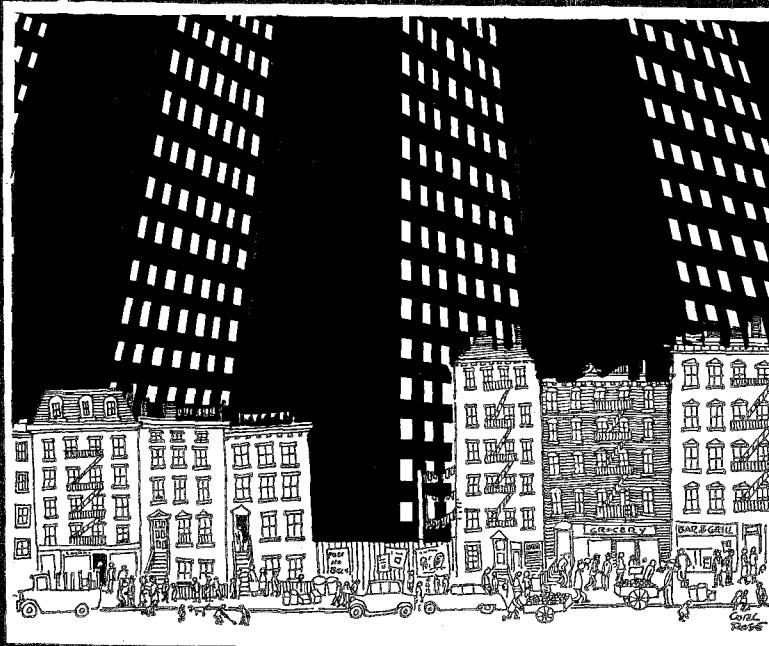
What, for example, are we to make of the common abbreviations *i.e.* and *e.g.*? The first is entered in the vocabulary as **ie** (no periods, no space), the second as **e g** (space, no periods). In the preliminary list, "Abbreviations Used in This Dictionary," both are given the customary periods. (Oddly, the list translates its *i.e.* into "that is," but merely expands *e.g.* into "exempli gratia.") Is one to follow the vocabulary or the list? What point has the seeming inconsistency?

And what about capitalization? All vocabulary entries are in lowercase except for such abbreviations as ARW (air raid warden), MAB (medical advisory board), and PX (post exchange). Words possibly inviting capitalization are followed by such injunctions as *cap*, *usu cap*, *sometimes not cap*, *usu cap 1st A*, *usu cap A & B*. (One of the small idiosyncrasies is that "usu," the most frequent abbreviation, is given a period when roman, denied it when italic.) From **america**, adjective — all proper nouns are excluded — to **american yew** there are over 175 consecutive entries that require such injunctions; would it not have been simpler and more economical to capitalize the entries? A flat "*cap*," of course, means "always capitalized." But how often is "usually," and when is "sometimes"? We get dictionaries expressly that they may settle such problems for us. This dictionary seems to make a virtue of leaving them in flux, with the explanation that many matters are subjective and that the individual must decide them for himself — a curious abrogation of authority in a work extolled as

"more useful and authoritative than any previous dictionary."

The rock-bottom practical truth is that the lexicographer cannot abrogate his authority if he wants to. He may think of himself as a detached scientist reporting the facts of language, declining to recommend use of anything or abstention from anything; but the myriad consultants of his work are not going to see him so. He helps create, not a book of fads and fancies and private opinions, but a Dictionary of the English Language. It comes to every reader under auspices that say, not "Take it or leave it," but rather something like this: "Here in 8000 columns is a definitive report of what a synod of the most trustworthy American experts consider the English language to be in the seventh decade of the twentieth century. This is your language; take it and use it. And if you use it in conformity with the principles and practices here exemplified, your use will be the most accurate attainable by any American of this era." The fact that the compilers disclaim authority and piously refrain from judgments is meaningless: the work itself, by virtue of its inclusions and exclusions, its mere existence, is a whole universe of judgments, received by millions as the Word from on high.

And there we have the reason why it is so important for the dictionary maker to keep his discriminations sharp, why it is so damaging if he lets them get out of working order. Suppose he enters a new definition for no better reason than that some careless, lazy, or uninformed scribbler has jumped to an absurd conclusion about what a word means or has been too harassed to run down the word he really wanted. This new definition is going to persuade tens of thousands that, say, *cohort*, a word of multitude, means one associate or crony "(he and three alleged housebreaking cohorts were arraigned on attempted burglary charges)" or that the vogue word *ambivalence*, which denotes simultaneous love and hatred of someone or something, means "continual oscillation between one thing and its opposite (novels . . . vitiated by an ambivalence between satire and sentimentalism)." To what is the definer contributing if not to subversion and decay? To the swallower of the definition it never occurs that he can have drunk corruption from a well that he has every reason to trust as the ultimate in purity. Multiply him by the number of people simultaneously influenced, and the resulting figure by the years through which the influence continues, and a great deal of that product by the influences that will be disseminated through speech and writing and teaching, and you begin to apprehend the scope of the really enormous disaster that can and will be wrought by the lexicographer's abandonment of his responsibility.



Living

THE big cities continue to get rid of their relics, landmarks, and antiquities and to replace them with skyscrapers or multi-bathroom apartments. There are boards, authorities, commissions which are constantly on the prowl for a "blighted area," and whatever blight they overlook, the real-estate developer will surely find. A neighborhood may look more or less unblighted and at ease. It may even look interesting. Yet the blight could be already far advanced and spreading. The residents usually think they are attached to their neighborhood. To find a substitute they can afford and enjoy may be impossible, but that is their problem, not ours. So, swing that iron ball and let the bricks fall where they may.

In New York, for instance, the City Planning Commission reported Greenwich Village as an area "appropriate for urban renewal." The reasons for this view seemed rather spacious and vague, and one supposes that blight varies from one city to another, perhaps from one neighborhood to the next.

The late George Apley's father was inspired to sell his home and move from Boston's South End when he

sighted his neighbor across the street one summer morning on the steps in his shirt sleeves. It was the beginning of the end, he realized, and he was right. Blight had set in. Deducing blight from shirt sleeves in this case seems a bit unfair, for by the time John Marquand was writing *Apley*, that tree-shaded square in the South End had already gone to pot, and Apley's father was betting on a cinch.

Blight can take many forms: milk bottles on the window ledge, potted plants getting their sun on the fire escape, laundry (visible), or too many pedestrians with scraggly beards. What made the Village "appropriate" for urban renewal (which, incidentally, it is not going to get)? Beards? Sneakers? Cafés?

The New York *Times* story blamed the Village's blight on, among other things, an "admixture of nonresidential uses," although one suspects that the nonresidential resources of the neighborhood are probably the principal reason why a Villager maintains a residence there. Carnegie Hall proved too tough a blighted nut for even the Rockefellers to "renew" and will continue to do business at the same old stand, even though most of the musicians who

made it famous have been dead for years and years. The old Waldorf was a wonderful hotel, but not nearly so tall as the Empire State Building which took its place.

Still the great obstacles for urban renewal are the sizable groups of low-income people, many of foreign descent who don't know any better, who dislike high fixed charges and prefer low rents. These recalcitrants would rather sit down to an expensive and interesting meal in their substandard apartments than lay out their money on a "ranch-type" unit with monogrammed window shutters in a housing development. They are wary of long-term debt. They like to have money in hand and to spend it freely, much of it on food and drink.

The low-income slum must go. In its place, the city will be much better off with a new slum, only this one will be strictly middle-income, and a real step upward.

The only trouble with a middle-income slum is the automatic elevators: A housewife can't step into one without wondering whether she will be jumped by some unplanned and substandard hoodlum.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Normal as a Fox

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

ROBERT FONTAINE is the author of books, a play, and many light articles for the ATLANTIC and other magazines.

Twenty-five members of the American Psychiatric Association have agreed on what the normal American is like. The astonishing feature of this news, at first glance, is that twenty-five psychiatrists agreed about anything. When you figure we have Freudians, Jungians, Adlerians, Horneyans, and so on, all divided into lesser groups and so on, like the draw for Forest Park Junior Championship at lawn tennis, it is remarkable that a large group of authorities on emotional problems have been able to agree on anything but their fees.

What is less remarkable but more mystifying at an immediate look is what the psychiatrists found to be the normal American male. (Nothing was done about the female, none of whom are normal, and very few of whom are average.)

After following a group of American males for some years, they decided, naïvely enough, that the American male is dull, compatible with his wife, honest, and a sound citizen. He is also unimaginative, uncreative, and probably scared.

The hasty conclusion would be that America is loaded with dimwits who hide in the suburban shrubbery and who, when they come home from work every night, kiss their wives on the backs of their necks. The one trouble with this picture is that I doubt it.

I think the average American male is two-faced, unfaithful, an embezzler when the opportunity presents itself, a bad citizen who is too lazy to vote and doesn't know what the voting is about anyway, a highly imaginative individual when left alone, and quite creative in his own way.

Before I produce the evidence, I should like to examine the basis on which the psychiatrists base their findings. Let us assume a psychiatrist observed John Lump and asked him questions about his wife and his home life. It is obvious that John is not going to say a darn word about the blonde secretary or the girl in the choir or the one with the red bathing suit that showed up at the convention

in Atlantic City. He is going to say with great creativeness and imagination that his wife is the dearest thing on earth, that he worships the ground she walks on, and that he has never looked at another woman. He would be an idiot not to say so.

Now the psychiatrist will fish around to find out how John feels about citizenship, voting, public service, and all that. Well, naturally John is inventive enough and imaginative enough to know that if he is going to get away with anything, he has to make himself a pillar of the community, establish excellent credit, become a deacon of the church, vote regularly, and serve as vice president



of all sorts of charity drives. He, furthermore, is wise enough to understand that by joining all sorts of civic organizations and offering his services to the community he is getting in on the ground floor of those cement contracts or the subcontract for the new three-lane highway.

Then the subject of happiness comes up. John knows darn well that if the story gets around that he's unhappy, people are going to think he drinks or that he is neurotic, and so he is not going to be able to swing those deals or get those executive

positions. It would be suicide for John J. Lump to admit even to himself that he is unhappy, let alone to strangers. Unhappiness in America is considered an affront to capitalism and falls just short of branding a man as either subversive or sick.

As for compatibility with spouse, no man in his right mind ever admitted he did not get along with the little woman, except to a few choice bar companions to whom it was fairly patent anyway.

On the other hand, only a complete idiot would let out that his wife was a fairly big bore and getting tiresomely shapeless, because it would arouse the suspicion in his neighbors and his wife that when he went off on those fishing and hunting trips, he was not just hunting and fishing.

The average American is too smart for that. He is also too good an actor. What it really amounts to is that the normal American male is giving the psychiatrists precisely what they are looking for: a picture of a steady, loving, faithful, trustworthy, contented sap who wouldn't think of price fixing or market rigging or anything of that sort, and as for light ladies on the side — perish the ugly thought!

I submit that only an entire nation of men waiting for their chance to pick up a big bundle of the firm's dough and scoot with the boodle and a blonde to Brazil would attempt to put over this incredible picture of themselves. Thus, what I see is not an enormous group of honest, wife-loving, dependable citizens sitting around without dreams and without hopes, but rather a crowd of perfectly foxy characters just waiting patiently.

As for the psychiatrists, I wonder a lot about *them*.

MIDDLE AGE BY C. S. JENNISON

I feel, on viewing time's rewards — the Growing Up and Smartening — There's much to say for middle age, but nothing really heartening.

When I was starting out in life, and working didn't tire me much,
Although I lacked the confidence for anyone to hire me much,
The thing that really irked my soul and filled my heart with drearance
Was knowing Youth Was Not Enough. I had to have experience.

Well, having lately lost the youth I couldn't earn a buck with,
I've gathered the experience, which currently I'm stuck with;
For now, despite the confidence I used to yearn and hunger for,
Whatever jobs I want to get I have to be much younger for.

The Indestructible Electric

BY KEN W. PURDY

KEN W. PURDY is widely known for his writing on motoring subjects. His book *KINGS OF THE ROAD* is a standard work on the great automobiles of bygone days.

Sixty-four years ago, in 1898, at Acheres, France, the Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat set the world's first official land-speed record, at 39.24 miles per hour. He drove a Jeantaud electric automobile. In 1899, Camille Jenatzy raised the record to 65.79 miles an hour. Jenatzy used an electric automobile romantically named *La Jamais Contente*. Three years later, an American Baker electric race car did 120 mph. No electric automobile has done anything so spectacular since, and one might say that the electric reached its high-water mark at the turn of the century and never amounted to much afterward.

Those who remember the black, square, big-windowed electrics of 1900 to 1925 would argue the point. In the years before World War I, the electric did indeed flourish. Many firms undertook to build electrics in those years, and some of them prospered — Rausch & Lang, Baker, Milburn, Detroit. Rausch & Lang lasted longest, until 1928, and from that year until 1961 there were no electrically driven automobiles on the market. Trucks, yes, but no passenger cars.

A few days ago I returned to its manufacturer a 1961 electric automobile, and I am surprised to notice that I miss it and wish I had it back. In the course of a year I drive twenty or thirty automobiles, and, excepting such specimens of the exotic as a Ferrari or a Rolls-Royce, returning them occasions no trauma. This new electric, called the Henney Kilowatt, has some endearing characteristics.

Driving an electric automobile calls for reorientation. One remembers the old electrics as moving twelve or fifteen miles an hour over city streets, an elderly lady usually at the tiller, a silvery tinkling bell sounding instead of a horn. They didn't look like other automobiles, inside or out. They were tall. A man wearing a top hat could board without difficulty. They were roomy. Some had pedestal seats that turned 360 degrees. Most steered by tiller, a long lever that came high across

the driver's lap and could be folded up out of the way when the car was stopped. On a light, slow-moving vehicle, tiller steering is pleasant; it is easy, does not require nearly as much arm movement as a wheel, and gives a notable sense of control. Another, smaller lever, or a twist-grip, governed the amount of current sent to the motor. Some electrics were luxuriously upholstered and fitted out.

The modern electric is less glamorous. Various designs have been proposed in the last few years, some of them quite radical, but at this writing only one electric car is on the market. That is the Henney, offered by the National Union Electric Corporation at \$3650. Another maker, Stuart Motors of Kalamazoo, anticipates beginning production soon and is aiming at a \$1400 price.

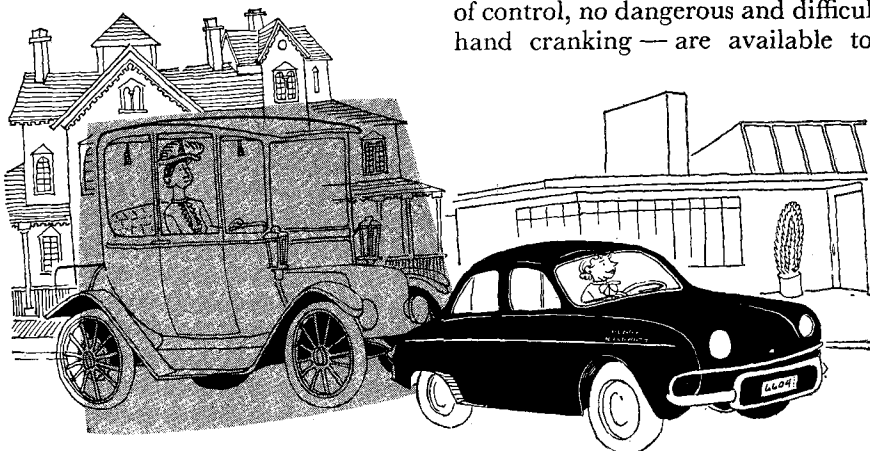
Recharging can be free, too. Visiting a friend who lives 26 miles away, I felt I should put in a little charge before returning home, since I was making no attempt to drive economically. I drove up to my friend's garage door, pulled out the charger cord, and said, "I have an electric car here; you don't mind if I recharge the batteries a bit?" He not only had no objection, he was intrigued by the idea. He had never seen an electric car of any kind before. Subsequently, I used the same gambit on a number of other people, trying to find someone who would react in a normal fashion, as one might react on being asked for three gallons of gasoline, for example. It

was a futile quest. Everyone was acquiescent — indeed, enthusiastic.

The electric car has notable disadvantages, of course. Its range and its speed are severely limited. It is cheap to run, at half a cent to a cent a mile, but, like everything else, it is expensive to make in small quantities, and there is presently no sign of a market that will support mass production. Because its motor cannot freeze and will start instantly in any weather as long as the batteries are not flat, the electric makes a good commuter's station car. It is ideal for one service — intra-city use. Short-haul shopping trips and the incessant child ferrying most mothers do are absurd usages of a seven-passenger 200-horsepower motorcar. Electrics make excellent taxis, too. At 40 miles an hour, they are quite fast enough for any urban requirement. Despite the impression of speed that they give, few ambulances or fire engines exceed that rate in emergency service. Most of the thousand or so electric vehicles now in use in this country are city delivery trucks. Nearly all of the Henney cars have been sold to utility companies, which find them economical for such tasks as meter reading. Because they have so few moving parts, electrics rarely need the expensive services of professional mechanics. Replacement parts are almost never needed.

The Stuart car, designed from the ground up as an electric, is square and boxy, 64 inches wide and 56 inches high, intended to carry two adults, two children, and still have some cargo space. Since it is not stressed for gasoline-engine power, it is lighter in weight than the Henney.

The appearance of two makes does not necessarily presage a renaissance of the electric automobile. The characteristics that made the old-time electrics attractive — ease of control, no dangerous and difficult hand cranking — are available to-



day in internal-combustion cars. However, the increasing cost of gasoline, the availability of new types of batteries, and the worsening smog problem have fostered much interest in the electric since the end of World War II. The old lead-acid storage battery is still the world's standard, but only the high price consequent on limited production bars the wider use of more sophisticated units — silver-zinc and nickel-cadmium, for example — which may be more efficient, lighter, and longer-lived. Even a good lead-acid battery will accept 2000 charge-discharge cycles. Electric delivery trucks have run 100,000 miles on one set of batteries.

Electric vehicles have been run on current produced by the so-called solar cells, silicon converters that use sunlight as a primary power source. Alas, at present they use eight to ten hours of sunlight to provide one hour's running.

It is probable that the electric car, if it does reappear in force, will be driven by the fuel cell, a remarkable new power source invented in England by F. T. Bacon, a descendant of Francis Bacon. This is the problem Bacon set himself: To invent a battery which will produce electricity in the regular way, by chemical reaction, without the necessity of the charge-recharge cycle, but with a continuous supply of the necessary chemicals. The idea was not new. Attempts had been made on it in the nineteenth century. Bacon found a solution. By combining hydrogen and oxygen with a catalyst of nickel, he produced fifteen times as much electricity per pound of weight as the best lead-acid battery. Allis-Chalmers of Milwaukee has made a tractor which runs on fuel cells which are fed hydrogen and propane. Oxygen, air, alcohol, or gasoline can be used as well. Whatever is used as fuel is combined with oxygen by the action of a catalyst, releasing energy in the form of electrons, which are pushed out of the cell as electricity. Fuel cells produce great power in proportion to their weight; they operate in silence; and their exhaust is harmless. Attractive as they appear at the moment, they are in an early stage of development, and improvement can be expected. An electric automobile with a range of 350 to 500 miles and a speed of 55 to 70 miles per hour would be irresistibly attractive. The fuel cell may bring it to us.

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.



Prem Leila

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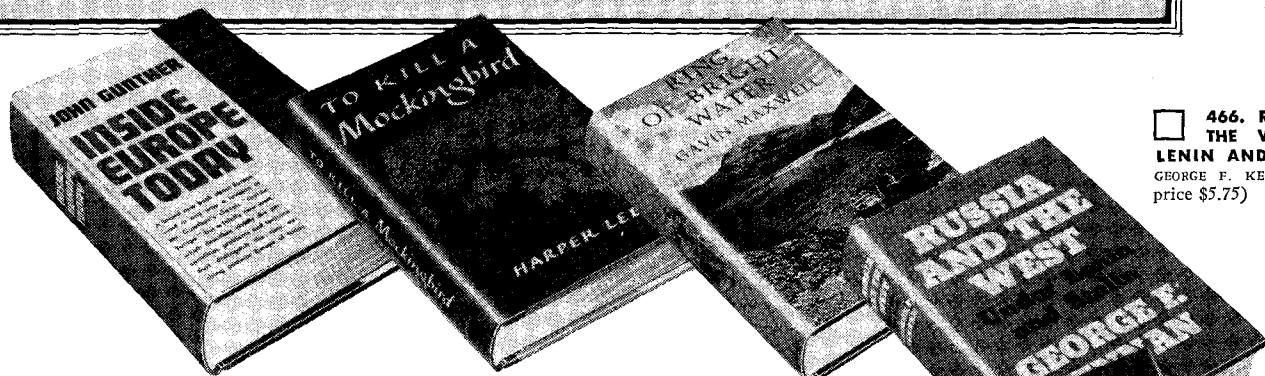
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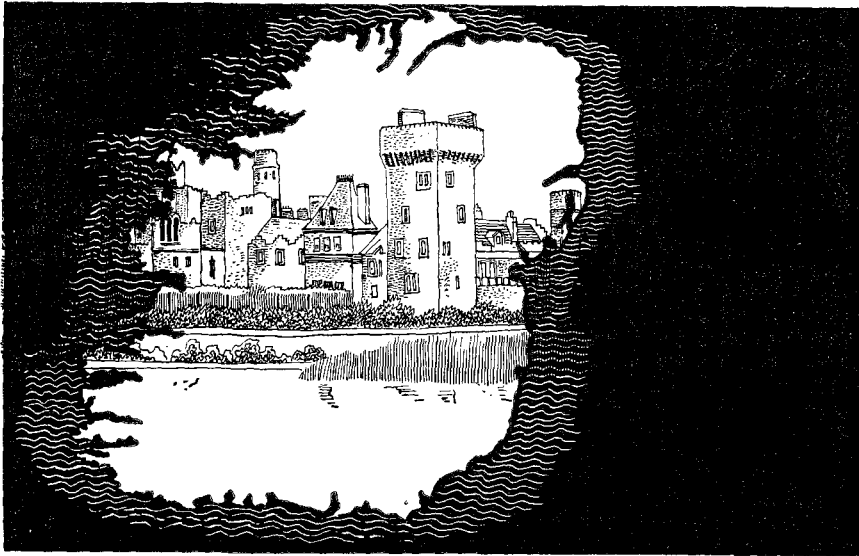
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IRELAND OUT OF SEASON

BY ELEANOR EARLY

Out-of-season Ireland has had such a bad press that nearly everyone believes the worst about it, especially about the winter. It is a bit chilly, and it rains rather often. But all winter the grass is green. In December there are carolers on the street corners, and in January, flower vendors sell tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, and violets. Robins strut in Saint Stephen's Green; and in Parknasilla, palm trees sway. Hardly anybody knows that there are palm trees in Ireland, that the temperature in the southwest seldom falls below 55, and that rhubarb grows all winter.

"Ireland out of season," my friends said, "is a ghastly place. The weather is terrible, and the hotels will be freezing. When the tourists leave and the French chefs go home, restaurants serve kippers and prateys. The trains are taken off —"

In the face of these dire warnings, I bought a hot-water bottle and a granny nightgown and boarded the Irish plane with some trepidation. It was an uneventful crossing, ensured perhaps by the Irish priest who read his breviary and the old man who told his beads from Idlewild to Dublin. We spent an hour at Shannon Airport and then flew to

Dublin, where I had reservations at the Shelbourne.

There are first-class hotels in most Irish cities and, scattered throughout the country, numbers of castle, resort, commercial, and sporting hotels. "Commercial" hotels are for traveling men; "sporting" hotels, for hunters who ride with foxhounds, people who shoot game birds, and fishermen. The sporting hotels are patronized mostly by English tourists and visitors from the Six Counties. At many of them, board and room cost as little as an Irish pound (\$2.80) a day.

In the course of my travels, I stayed at Ashford Castle — its oldest building is 650 years old — the grandest hotel in Ireland. Almost touching its ancient turrets is Lough Corrib, where, the Irish gillies say, "there's more salmon than there are angels in the Kingdom of Heaven." The Castle, in county Mayo, has its own farm, dairy, and slaughterhouse, fishery and salmon-smoking plant. For \$7.14 a day I had a charming room with bath, three wonderful meals, and a delicious high tea.

Another romantic castle hotel is Dromoland, at Newmarket-on-Fer-

gus, a magnificent 1700-acre estate, a few minutes' drive from Shannon Airport. There are stables, and hunting can be arranged with the Limerick Foxhounds, the Galway Blazers, and the Clare Harriers.

In January I spent a luxurious weekend at Aclare House in Drumconrath, county Meath, forty miles from Dublin. Royal Meath of the Kings is one of Ireland's richest and loveliest counties, where the ancient High Kings had their palaces. I had a beautiful room with a fireplace, wall-to-wall carpeting, and an enormous bath. For sportsmen, there is hunting, fishing, shooting, and golf; for lazy women, sightseeing in a particularly fascinating countryside. Bed and breakfast were \$5.60.

The Glenbeigh Hotel on Dingle Bay is a hospitable old house which, first as a tavern, then as an inn, has welcomed travelers from all over the world for more than 150 years. It is, I believe, one of the most delightful hotels in the world. Bed and breakfast cost \$3.50.

In summer, it is said to be light in Ireland until eleven at night. But in winter, day ends abruptly, and on a day when I was driving to Rosapenna, darkness fell with a bang. Having no wish to get lost in the Highlands, I decided to spend the night at a commercial hotel in Buncrana.

The Bradleys, who own the hotel, have seven beautiful children — enough to keep a woman busy. But Mrs. Bradley, a handsome and hospitable woman, found time to devote herself to my comfort. My bed was made up with fine linen, handwoven blankets, pillows and puff of down. In an upstairs sitting room, sweet with the smell of burning turf, I had tea (chicken and ham with hot biscuits). In the morning, a maid fanned the whispering flame of peat, and I had breakfast in front of the fire. My bill was \$4.28.

Ireland is the only country left in Europe where you can take a proper motoring holiday. Roads, even in remote areas, are excellent and never crowded, and are bordered in the west by miles of wonderful stone walls for which the dispossessed Irish mixed mortar with ox blood and laid stones for a penny a day. The roads are empty out of season, save for occasional cows, goats, and jaunting cars — and without a single advertisement for gasoline or soft drinks.

In Dublin I hired a Humber

Hawk from John Purcell, who has a fleet of smart cars and whose drivers are well-educated men with considerable knowledge of Irish history and matters of tourist interest. The cost of renting a car, which is reasonable at all times, is cut almost in half in the winter.

If one does not wish to hire a car, the next best way to see Ireland — and for considerably less money — is in a C. I. E. glass-roofed coach, in a nice armchair beside a big window. C. I. E. (the Gaelic of it, *Coras Iompair Eireann*) is "Ireland's Transport Company."

C. I. E. owns railroads and ships, transportation and sightseeing buses, and seven big hotels. C. I. E. also offers a number of tours at prices so reasonable as to seem scarcely possible; but then, everything is cheaper in Ireland.

I booked a tour by train, because motor coaches do not run in the winter, from Dublin to Killarney for the Christmas holidays, and returned to Dublin via Cork, and from Cork took a cab to Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney Stone. The cost of the entire trip (some 500 miles) — round-trip, first-class fare, meals with wine on the train, and three nights and four days at C. I. E.'s Great Southern Hotel in Killarney — came to about \$60.

I arrived at the Great Southern Hotel on Christmas Eve. Five generations, from all over the world, have taken their comfort in the old hotel. Victorians slept in its feather-stuffed four-posters, dined gluttonously from its heroic board. Now there is a modern wing, with pale pink baths and push-button gadgets. The board is still heroic. And for Christmas, the guests all got Irish linen handkerchiefs and bottles of Irish whisky.

Ireland is a small country, about the size of the state of Maine. If the traveler is in a hurry, C. I. E. can take him the length of it in six hours. But it would be a pity to miss the romantic places the C. I. E. personnel know, the dishes they set forth, the grand people they'd like you to meet. I should mention that the great bargains come in the summer. A de luxe tour of the south — six days, rooms with baths, wines with meals — costs \$101.50. Less expensive tours, priced at \$6 a day, cover the entire country. Out of season, one travels by diesel train. First- and second-class coaches, buf-

fet and dining cars — all are as comfortable as can be.

C. I. E. has a gallant little motor vessel, *Naomh Eanna*, to take travelers across Galway Bay to the cliff-bound Aran Islands. Nearly everybody who goes buys a nubby woolen sweater, knit after a pattern centuries old. Each island family has its own style by which to identify its fisherman sons if — lost at sea — their bodies should be recovered.

On the Aran Islands, where the people are desperately poor, meals are meager, but almost everywhere else they are very good indeed. Since Ireland is an agricultural country first (tourism comes second), there is plenty of home-grown food — quantities of vegetable and dairy products, good meats, and tender fowl. Corned beef and cabbage, which some Americans think is Ireland's national dish, is seldom served. I saw it on a menu only once. But there are trout and smoked salmon, lobsters, prawns from the Irish Sea, oysters with Guinness. In Dublin (site of the Guinness brewery) no one would eat oysters without a bottle of stout to bring out the flavor. At the National Stud, stallions receive two pints a day, and the grooms get one.

In Ireland you talk to everyone; everyone talks to you. The Irish are exceedingly hospitable, and it is not unusual to be invited into their homes, to sit by turf fires and make friends with strangers. One day at the hairdresser's, I met a woman from Killorglin who, never having set eyes on me before, asked me that evening for tea.

It was raining when I arrived, and there was a great wind howling. "'Tis the wailing of Bankeentha, the banshee," said my hostess, as she drew me in from the wet.

The peat was glowing; the table laid. We had a fine tea, and afterward, sitting before the fire, talked of those presences which waylay the Irish priest when he is hurrying at night to a deathbed.

"Mind you," someone said, "there's much superstition in this part of the country, and you can't be believing all that you hear — but *this* have I seen with me own eyes."

"But you don't believe in them, really?" I asked.

"We do not," they affirmed stoutly. "But sure they've pestered the life out of us, thim Little People!"



Mrs. Bhandari's

BY RENÉ MACCOLL

Not long ago, I found myself in Amritsar, the capital of East Punjab and site of the Golden Temple, the Sikh holy of holies. It has a close-packed population of about 400,000, is an important rail center, and was, in the days of the British raj, a big military base.

Nowadays few signs of the erstwhile British presence remain. Only an occasional street name still provides a Kiplingesque echo, but it was in one of these streets, Cantonment Road, that I came across a stronghold of the dimming past.

The chatty pilot of the Indian Airlines plane on which I had flown from New Delhi had directed me to it. The hotels of Amritsar, he had intimated, were scarcely up to snuff, and I would therefore be well advised to go instead to the establishment of Mrs. Bhandari.

This proved to be a red-brick house of most formidable proportions and impeccable maintenance. In the fierce heat — it was in the upper nineties throughout my stay, with humidity to match — the interior of the house remained in a permanent state of almost complete darkness. Blinds, shutters, and curtains were drawn in every room, while from the ceilings there hung lazily revolving electric fans.

When my eyes had adjusted themselves to the crepuscular conditions, I was able to make out fumed-oak paneling of Victorian style in the living rooms; ponderous furniture of great solidity; and on the enormous mahogany sideboard in the dining room, a floridly handsome set of solid silver, including splendid plates,

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trays, chafing dishes, teapots, sauceboats, and jugs. All these properties, and much else besides, had, it developed, been imported at considerable expense from Britain in the 1930s by the late Mr. Bhandari.

"No expense spared!" cried Mrs. Bhandari, as I peered respectfully about me. "All first-class materials and stuff. Those were the days. Utterly top-hole!"

Mrs. Bhandari is a Parsi lady, the possessor of one of the most dynamic personalities that I have ever encountered. Photographs of her as a young woman suggest that she was once remarkably handsome. Today her figure has assumed ample proportions, but the spirit remains unquenched. Her powers of conversation, especially her speed of delivery, volume, and persistence, are awe-inspiring. She has a voice that carries, and it was to be heard, now close at hand, now in the distance, all day long, exhorting, denouncing, and commanding the large staff which does her bidding.

"You think this is a big lot of servants?" she ejaculated. "Great Lord, no — we're down to a dozen or so now. In the thirties we had over a hundred, and they only got a few annas a day each. They worked hard, too — up early and to bed late. This lazy crew doesn't know the meaning of hard work."

The house stands in a large and superbly groomed garden. The green lawns would do credit to an Oxford college. The trees burgeon with outsize fruit. The rows of evergreen bushes are trim; the paths, immaculate. Exotic birds dart about, emitting teasing calls.

Once, during my stay, the garden was inundated, as the lurid meteorological conditions produced a storm of terrific intensity. Looking out between the drawn curtains, I was startled to perceive a line of women, seven or eight of them, squatting shoulder to shoulder, stolidly, heedlessly weeding the lawn in the lashing downpour. They had on only their ordinary, rather wispy cotton clothing.

"Really," I said to Mrs. Bhandari, who was passing, "ought those women to be allowed to stay out there while it's so wet?"

She shrugged gaily. "Well, they're so wet already that they can't get any wetter. They'll be all right — as right as rain, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Bhandari herself always wears

the dress of the region, a lightweight tunic, or *khamzul*, and baggy trousers. In these she bustles about her non-stop business, keeping a sharp eye on all activities. Her knowledge of English, although good up to a point, is a trifle off beam and anachronistic as regards slang and sentence formation, which is frequently the case when Indians essay the intricacies of English.

"I give him a hell," she once remarked to me with gusto, as she reminisced about an occasion when she had been haled into court over some alleged contravention of the regulations — a prosecution from which Mrs. Bhandari extricated herself in triumphant acquittal, after having predictably conducted her own defense. The luckless man who received "a hell" at her hands was the prosecuting attorney.

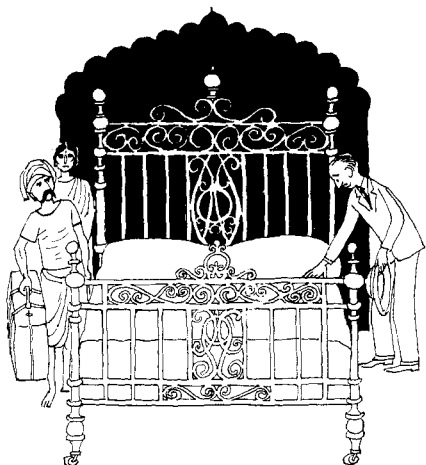
One afternoon she greeted me genially with, "Would you care for some spots of tea? Nothing like tea to eliminate the cobwebs from the nut, I always say."

It might be supposed that this out-of-the-way place, not far from the northwest frontier, might nowadays go short of guests. Not so. The sahibs still swarm to Mrs. Bhandari's, but instead of the former British polo players and military types, her resort is today almost invariably filled to bursting with American travelers, sometimes, at moments of extreme pressure, sleeping in tents in the garden. For, by a quirk of circumstance, Amritsar (which means, by the way, "Pool of Nectar") is, in this age of fast communications, a way stop for members of the many American missions from Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, 350 miles to the northwest, who are on their way out on leave, by air or road, to the Vale of Kashmir, or farther afield.

Mrs. Bhandari's has in fact become a recognized staging point for American officials plunging thankfully away from one of the conspicuously less attractive areas of the Cold War. One night I totted up the company as best I could, and it worked out as: one retired Canadian schoolteacher going round the world "for fun," as she said; the French consul general in Kabul, who had to sleep on a sofa in the drawing room; a middle-aged American official temporarily escaping from Kabul, together with his wife and four teen-aged children; three young

American ladies attached to different U.S. missions in Afghanistan, and going on leave; and a lady photographer from *Life* magazine who had come to Amritsar, as I had, to cover the start of the "fast unto death" of Master Tara Singh, the 76-year-old Sikh leader, who was thereby registering his protest against Nehru's Punjab policies.

When I say that I mentally listed my fellow guests as best I could, it is because at Mrs. Bhandari's it was rarely easy to be quite sure just how



many people there were about the place, and how they were to be identified. For one thing, there was this pervading darkness. For another, no doors downstairs were ever closed, and knots of people eddied about from room to room like wraiths. Another confusing factor was the servants. In spite of Mrs. Bhandari's protestations that changing times had left her with a bare dozen domestics, my impression was of a far greater establishment, of which the members were constantly on the drift hither and yon.

There was a perpetual coming and going. People would appear for a moment in a doorway, then vanish—sometimes never to be glimpsed again. It was like the second act of a carelessly written play, with dialogue only sketched in, and motivation hopelessly confused.

Young female member of educational mission in Kabul (*fretfully*): "Trouble with those Afghans is that they don't *want* to learn. They think they know it all already."

Mrs. B. (*appearing in one of several doorways*): "Mr. MacColl, you look shamefully warm. Why not give yourself a shower bath, and then relax in a jolly nice short-sleeved sporting shirt?"

Man from Kabul mission: "Well, sir, we drove down the Khyber Pass, and then through Peshawar and Rawalpindi. Roads pretty good."

Elderly lady guest: "Shall we go to the Golden Temple tonight, Edna?"

Edna: "Well, I'm told you have to take off your shoes and stockings first. The Sikhs are very strict."

Teen-ager: "Mom, can I go look at the parade tonight?"

Parent: "It's not a parade, dear. It's a religious procession."

Mrs. B. (*reappearing in another doorway*): "They say he's fasting to death, but don't you believe it. He's getting wizard helpings of chicken broth to keep him comfy whenever he feels like it."

A voice: "May we have a call at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, please?"

Mrs. B. (*graciously*): "Bob is your uncle, sir."

Dinner at Mrs. Bhandari's was the climax of the day. The lights would be switched on at last in the dining room, and the full effect of the paneling, the furniture, and the silver would stand revealed. The meals were enormous. There were never fewer than five courses, and, beginning with piping-hot soup, something like oxtail, they would consist—in the 90-degree temperatures—of such offerings as *rissoles*, shepherd's pie, sausages and bacon, fish cakes, curried meat, banana fritters, tinned peaches on rice, and bread-and-butter pudding. These dishes were accompanied by generous dishes of potatoes and cabbage and salad, while bottles of manufactured sauce and spice stood at hand, in the best British tradition. The American guests accepted these gargantuan repasts with stoicism.

There were no small tables. All sat down together around the massive dining-room table, doggedly tackling the generous provender, making polite inquiries as to where their fellows were headed, and sipping from glasses of orangeade or lemon squash, for the Punjab, like most of the rest of modern India, has stringent liquor laws, and no wine or beer may legally be served.

Mrs. Bhandari is a woman whom I esteem. There is about her a touch of magnificence, a hint of the attitude of Marie Antoinette.

When I left for the airport, she exuberantly saw me off. "Be good!" she cried. "And if you can't be good, then kindly be cautious."

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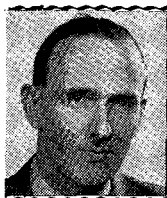
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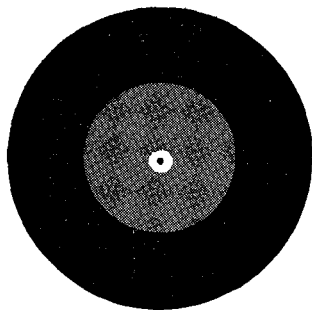
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Jazz Recordings

BY MILTON BASS

Backwater Blues

James P. Johnson, piano; Riverside 151
The "King" of stride piano is here featured in twelve solos transcribed from piano rolls made from 1920 to 1927. The Riverside engineers have done a marvelous job of cleaning the tracks for high fidelity, giving us new opportunity to hear a giant stride down the keys. Johnson, the composer of *Charleston*, taught the late Fats Waller and had a marked influence on Duke Ellington. His stride piano, an extension of the basic ragtime, has the wonderful drive and vitality that were jazz at its earliest, its truest, and perhaps its best. His death in 1955 left no successor to the throne.

Free Jazz: A collective improvisation

The Ornette Coleman Double Quartet (Quartet 1: Ornette Coleman, saxophone; Donald Cherry, pocket trumpet; Scott La Faro, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Quartet 2: Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Freddy Hubbard, trumpet; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums); Atlantic 1364 and S-1364 (stereo)

Since Ornette Coleman blew into national prominence as a student at the Lenox Jazz School in 1959, there has been great cause for controversy among the anointed. The sound that comes out of his white plastic saxophone is beyond words. It may even be beyond music. With the exception of a couple of short sections, this record consists of free improvisations by the two quartets, both playing at the same time. There were no preconceptions as to themes, chord patterns, or chorus lengths. The guide for each soloist was a brief ensemble part that introduced him and gave him an area of musical pitch. Coleman cannot be dismissed as a charlatan, for his

previous Atlantic recordings — *This Is Our Music* (1353), *Change of the Century* (1327), and *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (1317) — contained beauty and meaning, and melodic invention. But this latest release is the most annoying caterwaul of the year.

Gut-Bucket Trombones

Roy Palmer and Ike Rodgers, trombonists; Riverside 150

Palmer and Rodgers were trombonists of the twenties, and their playing reflects that rough, tough era. Palmer's driving horn is tremendously exciting in the tradition that is known as South Side Chicago style. Rodgers plays a primitive horn, but he plays it well, and his solo backgrounds for the two female traditional blues singers on his side of the record are what you might call thought-provoking. Another interesting feature on Palmer's side is the kazoo and washboard of the old-time skiffle session. The engineers have done a first-rate job in transcribing the tracks of the 78s, made in the twenties.

Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers
Riverside 365 and 9365 (stereo)

Sweet Emma, "The Bell Gal," and Her Dixieland Boys

Featuring Jim Robinson; Riverside 364 and 9364 (stereo)

Riverside has done a great service by sending a team to New Orleans to record for posterity the last of the authentic players in the true New Orleans jazz style. Several of these musicians are in their seventies, but their drive and vitality belie their years. It is a pleasure to hear the last of the Big Daddies and Hot Mammaws playing the kind of music that moans of days gone by.

Miles Davis: Steamin' With the Miles Davis Quintet

Prestige 7200

Probably the best of Miles Davis' groups was the quintet he dictated to from 1955 through 1957. It consisted of himself on trumpet, John Coltrane on tenor sax, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass, and Philly Joe Jones on drums. This is the fourth of the group's recordings to have been brought out by Prestige, and it seems to me the finest. Each player could roam without fear, knowing that Jones was there to lead him home, and to me, Coltrane is as exciting as Davis as he goes further and further in his own

creative daring. There is infinite variety in what the group does with the pieces by Monk and Gillespie, and with Richard Rodgers' *Surrey With the Fringe on Top*.

Otis Spann Is the Blues

Candid 9001 (stereo)

Lightnin' in New York

Candid 8010

There are plenty of people singing the blues, but they are mostly intense young men and women from New York City who have learned how to play the guitar and who shout blues as if they had a toothache. Pianist-vocalist Otis Spann and guitarist-vocalist Robert Lockwood, Jr., are two earthy, rhythmic, fiercely emotional men. They play and shout the blues with the right feeling, so that you cannot help but experience it too. Even more vehement is the record by Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, who is from Houston, Texas, where he makes his living singing the blues to his own guitar and piano accompaniment. He knows the blues because he has lived the blues, and when he shouts about trouble and women, you know that here is a man who knows what he's shouting about.

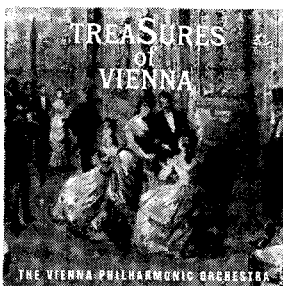
The Soul Clinic

Hank Crawford; Atlantic 1372 and S-1372 (stereo)

The great impact of singer Ray Charles owes much of its force to the superior ability of the jazz musicians backing him up. Foremost among them is alto saxophonist-pianist Hank Crawford, who recently started recording with other members of the band, but without Ray Charles. His first record, *More Soul* (Atlantic 1356), had great promise, and now this new album fulfills the promise and leads us to expect exciting things to come. Crawford is refreshing on the contemporary jazz scene, for his playing has warmth and personality, summed up in the present jargon as "soul." The soulfulness is complemented by the other members of the group: Dave "Fathead" Newman, tenor sax; Leroy "Hog" Cooper, baritone sax; Phillip Guilbeau, trumpet; John Hunt, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Edgar Willis, bass; and Bruno Carr, drums. Outstanding in the album is Crawford's emotion in the playing of his own *Lorelei's Lament*. This kind of jazz wears well, catching you on each rehearing with a loveliness that is as old and constant as melody itself.



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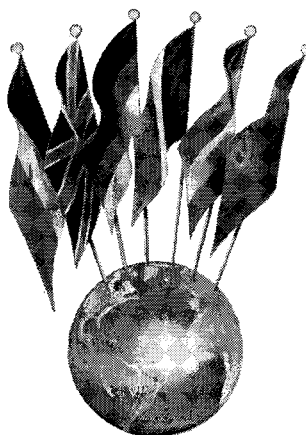
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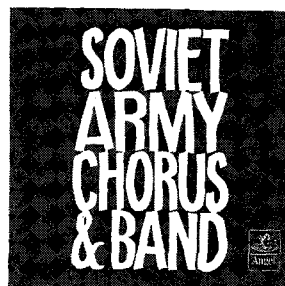
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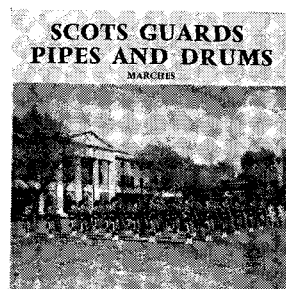
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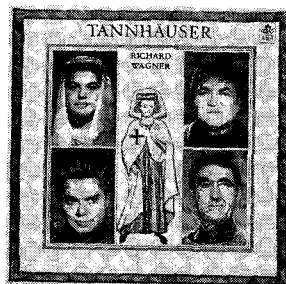
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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

OUR unselective infatuation with television is now at an end, and today in Boston we look to Station WGBH-TV, Channel 2, the educational channel, for the edification and cultivation so sadly lacking in the commercial networks. WGBH is the major producer of programs for National Educational Television, a noncommercial network now reaching fifty-six cities.

In the 1940s, when he was chairman of the FCC, James Fly tried to persuade Harvard University to initiate a new FM radio station. The college authorities were loath to assume such a responsibility singlehanded, and they turned for advice to the Lowell Institute, which for more than a century had been providing the old lyceum form of lecture series for Bostonians. Ralph Lowell, the executor of the institute endowment, was quick to see the possibilities, and in time the plan was enlarged so as to bring together eight colleges and universities and five of the city's leading institutions — the Museum of Science, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Symphony, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Lowell Institute — in a Cooperative Broadcasting Council. Drawing from such talented and diverse resources, it is no wonder that Station WGBH-TV became the leading educational station in the United States. More than half of the regular operating funds come from the viewing public, the rest from the participating institutions — never enough to give the operators quite as much as they want, yet enough to stimulate the audacity of the programing and to reach out through relays to viewers in the six New England states.

Here is the way that station WGBH has drawn from its galaxy. In Brandeis University it found the initial backing for Mrs. Roosevelt's monthly program, *Prospects of Mankind*, which provides thoughtful and provocative discussions for National Educational Television and also for com-

mercial channels in New York and Washington; from Harvard have come Crane Brinton's magnificent lectures on the *Anatomy of Revolution* (picked up by the Navy and put on films for the crews of atomic submarines) and the newscasts and background interviews by the curator of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism, Louis M. Lyons; Professor P. Albert Duhamel of Boston College contributes his interviews with current authors in *I've Been Reading*; from the Museum of Fine Arts have come astonishingly popular lectures on painting and sculpture by Brian O'Doherty; the frontiers of science are explained on *The M.I.T. Science Reporter*; Boston University provides Father O'Connor and his *Jazz Anthology*; the New England Conservatory helps produce full-length operas; and when the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in Cambridge, the concerts are telecast from Sanders Theatre. The President's press conference is always telecast, in full. The *Decisions* programs, sponsored by the World Affairs Council, involve thousands in home discussion groups. Lectures by eminent authorities such as C. P. Snow, Ambassador George F. Kennan, and Aldous Huxley are carried, sometimes live, sometimes after their delivery on campus. And finally, by contract with *The 21-Inch Classroom*, with approval of the Massachusetts Department of Education, WGBH-TV produces daily programs of instruction in French, science, music, and current history for a quarter of a million classroom pupils in more than 160 school systems.

When you begin on a shoestring, as this channel did, you don't mind how cramped the quarters are, so long as the work can be done. Station WGBH rented space in Cambridge in an old brick building on Massachusetts Avenue across from M.I.T. Here, in what had once been a skating rink, the studios, the backdrops, cameras, and a minute waiting room were available for the brain power that came and went; here its miracles were

performed; and here, before dawn on last October 14, a fire broke out with such devastating effect that, as the *Christian Science Monitor* reported, "It badly damaged a national asset."

A fire, like a centennial, creates a momentary glare in which people look at you with a fresh concern. This one was out of control before it was discovered, and the losses to WGBH were staggering. Among the things it will need for a new beginning — in addition to a new building — are eight television cameras (\$20,000 each), two video tape recorders (\$50,000 each), one television master control board (redesigned and custom built just before the fire), dozens of TV monitor screens, miles of expensive TV cable, two lighting boards, forty-seven microphones, scenery and props, scores of spots and scoops, which take years to accumulate. Of course, the equipment was insured, but the cost of replacement will far exceed the stated value, and something like a million and a half dollars will be needed to put this team back under its own roof with proper tools.

The way Boston rallied to this disaster is a story worth telling. A member of the staff who was early on the scene was able to rescue the tapes for instruction, and thanks to the superb cooperation of Boston's commercial stations, the classwork went forward without a break. The generosity of the Catholic Television Center, which made its facilities available to Channel 2, and the continuing help of the commercial stations made it possible for Channel 2 to resume a full schedule of adult evening programs after the loss of only a single day.

Meantime, volunteers all over New England passed the hat and sent in the money needed for the new beginning. Sons of the American Legion in Needham went through the neighborhood collecting donations to fill a barrel on the back of a fire engine. Donald Smith, age eleven, of Lynn, called to get permission to solicit from his neighbors. He had already gathered \$5.52. Four hundred and thirty pupils in the Brett Elementary School in Brockton chipped in together and sent a check for \$100. The envelopes for emergency appeals were addressed by dozens of people of all ages, including one woman who had quietly donated several thousand dollars to the rebuilding fund. All the commercial channels in town showed films of the fire and kept reminding us of the loss; there were special benefits at Jordan Hall, sponsored by the New England Conservatory of Music, and another benefit at the Astor Theatre, sponsored by Mayor Collins of Boston and the newspaper publishers and radio-TV executives. The rebuilding fund at this writing has reached a total of \$350,000, but the giving will continue through Christmas. The spirit of competition disappears when a guy you respect is knocked flat; many of us

never appreciated how much we had to lose until Station WGBH was burned out.

YEAR'S END

Early in his affectionate and admiring biography, CARL SANDBURG (World, \$5.00), HARRY GOLDEN stakes the claim: "Both chronologically and spiritually, he is the first poet of America's twentieth century." A challenge as sweeping as that invites comparison. What about Robert Frost? When one has sprinkled enough salt on Mr. Golden's superlative, what he really means is this: Sandburg, the son of an immigrant, came to full voice when the melting pot, the greatest experiment in assimilation in Western history, was at full boil. As a hobo and organizer for the Social Democrats, Carl was in complete sympathy with the working man; as a poet he "knew the trials of the city and the despair of the farms"; as a native of Illinois he became a worshiper of Lincoln; and as a singer and song writer he sought for and treasured our oldest folk music — in short, Sandburg is the voice of the many bloodstreams which, as they have blended in this century, have provided us with our fresh strength and leadership.

Mr. Golden's method as a biographer is to work in a pattern of short vignettes. He begins with Carl's boyhood in Galesburg in the 1890s and tells of how, as a shoeshine boy in a barbershop, he got the essential feel of the way men talk; of how he drove horses on a milk route, and later for the Galesburg Fire Department — and read Karl Marx while the other firemen played checkers; of how at eighteen he hoboed his way to the Kansas wheat fields, was arrested for riding in a coal car, and spent ten days in the Allegheny County Jail. Wherever he went, he listened to the lingo, and the compulsion to write was strong in him before he attended Lombard College. Sandburg says that the three great influences in his life were his teacher, Philip Green Wright, and the two Steichens — Paula, his wife, and Edward, his brother-in-law. It is part of the biographer's gift to show us how these people — and others — helped to bring out "the iron-jawed Swede."

In his informal, friendly prose, Harry Golden tells us what the guitar means to Sandburg; we mark his generosity to writers, old and new; his lifelong habit of saving money for his three daughters; his "genius for walking"; his love for the farm and for the herd of seventy-two pedigreed goats which Paula manages so efficiently. You judge a man by his likes, and Sandburg's likes are Ralph Waldo Emerson ("I want Emerson in every room"), Governor Altgeld, John Steinbeck, Ralph McGill, Jessamyn West ("she's in the Thoreau tradition"), Adlai Stevenson, Archibald Mac-

Leish, to name a few; and by his dislikes, which in Sandburg's case include anti-Semitism, anti-segregationists, and critics who disparage what he reveres. It is good to see Sandburg in that illuminating letter by his daughter, Helga; to hear his voice described by Ben Hecht and his prodigious walking by Bob Sherwood; and when Carl says of Edward Steichen that "he embodies the American Dream," one would like to add, yes, and that goes for both.

I have only recently caught up with MAY SARTON'S *THE SMALL ROOM* (Norton, \$3.95), an intense, perceptive story probing the relationships between faculty and students, faculty and president, president and trustee in a small New England college for women. The crisis which has blown up over the plagiarism involving the most brilliant girl on campus is disclosed to the reader, as it was to the community, by Lucy Winter, an instructor in her first year of teaching who is remarkably shrewd and unintimidated. This is a power struggle between women for values which Miss Sarton defines in words so much more eloquent than mere academese. Lucy, who comes to the little community after a broken love affair in the belief that she can bind her wounds in a safe little world, finds herself caught in the bitter rivalry between the generations and in problems involving conscience and a new and unsuspected love. The concise economy of Miss Sarton's style is a delight to read.

During 1961, the preponderant interest of the reader was in nonfiction, and in view of our unceasing concern for Germany and Russia, it is fortunate that we should have been offered two such informative and well-written volumes as *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William L. Shirer (the first ten-dollar book in American annals to sell more than a million copies in one year) and Ambassador George F. Kennan's *Russia and the West*. As the deviations deepen among the Communist states, there is an increasing curiosity about Red China. Edgar Snow, whose *Red Star Over China* was a trail blazer, was readmitted to Red China in 1960. He writes with a perspective few other Americans possess, and his new book, now being finished in Switzerland, is eagerly awaited. There will be at least two new biographies of Mao Tse-tung; there will be a reissue of Mr. Snow's invaluable *Red Star Over China*; and there is now available in a Praeger Paperback an excellent and concise volume, *Red China: An Asian View*, by Sripati Chandra-Sekhar. One of India's most distinguished social scientists, Mr. Chandra-Sekhar has analyzed in his clear, graphic English the operation of the communes, what is true and what is pretentious in Red China's industrialization, the extraordinary new role of women, and the seriousness of the population problem.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In this issue WILLIAM BARRETT, formerly an editor of PARTISAN REVIEW and now Professor of Philosophy at New York University, takes over as our literary critic, a position admirably filled by Charles Rolo for more than a decade.

In his *MAJESTY AND MISCHIEF: A MIXED TRIBUTE TO F.D.R.* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95), WILLIAM S. WHITE has attempted a form in which he could very easily have fallen flat on his face. The book is an evaluation of Roosevelt as a man and of his contributions as a politician, but instead of the usual straightforward historical essay, Mr. White gives us a lyrical evocation of the mood of the times, a threnody on the death of a great President.

He begins with the day of Roosevelt's death, April 12, 1945, and the impact of this news upon those who were to inherit F.D.R.'s political legacy — Rayburn, Truman, Eisenhower, Johnson, and two obscure young naval officers, Kennedy and Nixon — and he follows through the rest of the book the funeral procession from Warm Springs, where the President died, to Washington, to the final burial services at Hyde Park. The book might be described as an account of three days of national mourning interrupted by long passages of political meditation, or, conversely, as a meditation on the political significance of Roosevelt with continual flashbacks to those same three days of death and burial. This kind of dramatized historical form could have become very sticky and mawkish or degenerated into sensationalism. Happily, however, Mr. White has escaped such pitfalls and turned the difficulties of his form into a positive triumph. *Majesty and Mischief* is not only a very moving re-creation of one chapter of our national history, but also is perhaps the shrewdest and most balanced judgment we have yet had of the political legacy of Roosevelt.

Mr. White calls his a "mixed tribute" because he includes the negative as well as the positive in Roosevelt's achievements. Mixed and judicious it is, but a most glowing tribute for all that; and only the mixture in eulogy of negative and positive could do justice to this most complex President.

Roosevelt produced a body of social legislation that has now become an unquestioned part of our institutional life. As a great war leader, he played a role, second only to Winston Churchill's, in the victory over fascism. These are the great positive accomplishments. On the other side of the ledger, he left in complete disunity a party that he had held together by the baling wire of his own political genius. Truman's subsequent troubles with Congress on domestic issues, in Mr. White's judgment, were due in no small measure to the disunited party he inherited. Even graver was the damage in international affairs; concentrating on the immediate goal of winning the war, F.D.R. did not foresee and plan for the coming conflicts with Russia and world Communism that have plagued us in the last decade and a half. He might have attended to these matters had not death struck him down suddenly when the end of the war was just in sight. But facts are facts, and the historian has to describe the damage of a political legacy for what it was, however much fate and chance may excuse it.

For failing to foresee the coming struggle with the Soviets, Roosevelt was to be labeled "soft on Communism" during the disunited years of the McCarthy period, in the late 1940s and early 1950s. Roosevelt was not soft on Communism; Mr. White's explanation of his failure here is that F.D.R. was not really an "internationalist," but a politician whose horizon was almost exclusively domestic. As a scion of an old family, he retained the colonial's antiquated distrust of the British and of the Tory Churchill, so that he was not disposed to take seriously the latter's suspicions of the Russians. Roosevelt was not an aristocrat, as is commonly thought, but upper-middle-class gentry; and, compared with Churchill, he lacked the instinctive historical and international vision of the real aristocrat, which is, as Mr. White shrewdly puts it, "a deeply worldly quality, a profound sophistication, an informed cynicism, in the face of which Roosevelt was hardly more than a still young and eager, if incomparably powerful, man from Groton and Harvard and the Upper Hudson."

The comparison with Truman is equally unsettling to the usual stereotypes. Truman, who had risen from

the back alleys of local politics, had the better historical and international vision, and was actually hampered, during his first months in office, by the foreign policies laid down by Roosevelt. In domestic politics, on the other hand, and particularly in handling the intricacies of party machinery, the gentleman from Hyde Park was incomparably more gifted than the local politician from Missouri.

The Roosevelt paradox is further compounded by the fact that, though F.D.R. presided over a period of revolutionary transition in American life, he himself was deeply conservative in temperament. He may have used liberal formulas as political weapons, but he had no use for the liberal ideologies; he simply tolerated them. He was, if his deepest political convictions may be put in one word, a pragmatist, a man who wanted to get things done. The Depression had fallen upon the country, and he was willing to use all means and slogans to conserve this land. In the early days of the New Deal, businessmen attacked him as a country squire who "never knew what it meant to meet a payroll," but he was to become one of the most extraordinary masters of production presiding over the greatest movement of men, weapons, and materials that the world had ever seen. Furthermore, one of the most significant results of the Roosevelt regime, Mr. White points out, was the bringing about of a peculiar merger of business and politics that was absolutely new in our national life.

Mr. White deals with matters so complex and near at hand that he is bound to provoke controversy. But whatever storms it may unleash, *Majesty and Mischief* is likely to ride them out safely, for Mr. White has built his book upon the sound timbers of seasoned political judgment.

ARMS OR MAN

If Mr. White offers convincing testimony for the contentions that individuals make history and that politics is not understandable apart from the intricacies of personality, two recent books — *THE BALANCE OF TERROR* by PIERRE GALLOIS (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) and *MAY MAN PREVAIL?* by ERICH FROMM (Doubleday, \$4.50) — bring out the opposite side of the contemporary

picture: that technology, particularly in the form of the nuclear race, tends to dwarf the fragile fact of human personality.

Each of these books is useful and stimulating in its own way, but I found them all the more stimulating when read together because they take diametrically opposed positions on the subject of nuclear arms. Evidently, it is not only East and West that are at odds; even in the West itself, men of good will cannot reach agreement about what is to be done with the atom.

Mr. Gallois is a distinguished French soldier whose book, marshaling a great number of facts about atomic power and politics, has the usual Gallic merits of crispness and clarity. Much of his material relates to the debate that raged in his own country when France chose to join the nuclear club. He is for nuclear power, if any position on this vexing matter may be put so baldly. Since nuclear power has already arrived on the scene, we have no choice vis-à-vis the Soviet Union except to engage in an arms race. This race, however, may have one good effect. As the weapons accumulate on both sides, they may make war itself impossible, for even a tiny war may trigger the big one, and both sides would have too much to lose. To scrap atomic weapons altogether would be to revert to the age of TNT and make the world safe for all future wars. As Raymond Aron, the distinguished French political writer who introduces the book, puts it: Was the age of TNT so wonderful that we should want to regress to it?

This clever rhetorical question seems to silence all debate until we reflect that it leaves unanswered another question not quite so rhetorical: Might not the future be more savage than the total number of savageries since the battle of Crécy, when the age of gunpowder began?

Mr. Fromm is the well-known psychoanalyst whose recent journalistic productivity seems to have established him as the John Gunther of psychiatry. (He has not yet written an *Inside the Psyche*, but that may come.) His present book has some of Mr. Gunther's virtues; it covers a wide area, digests much information, and is altogether very readable. But Mr. Gunther remains just a journalist, while Mr. Fromm's connection with psychoanalysis seems to require from him more

solemn political pronouncements. He begins by applying some psychoanalytic notions to cure our political troubles. Let us be mindful, Mr. Fromm warns us, of the beam in our own eye, for there is pathological thinking — paranoid distortions, projections, doublethink — on both sides of the Iron Curtain. This is very true and worth emphasizing. Still, when one has done one's reasonable best to cast out all projections and paranoid thinking, the hard facts of politics seem to loom on the horizon just about as they were. When Freud's disciple, Dr. Ernest Jones, was asked by reporters whether psychoanalysis could cure everything, he retorted: "Can it cure politics?"

Mr. Fromm pleads fervently for the banning of nuclear weapons. Most of us, I think, share his longing, but he is not particularly concrete or helpful about the political means of securing disarmament. Russia, he tells us, is not bent on world domination, because Russia, far from being socialistic, is a managerial bureaucracy, and the managers enjoy too many social advantages to risk them in war. I wish I could extract as much hope from this as Mr. Fromm does. Russia is a managerial bureaucracy, no doubt, but the managers are also Marxists in the grip of an idea that insists that history must go their way. I am no expert in Mr. Fromm's categories, but it does look to me as if he has projected the outlook of American corporation executives onto Soviet commissars.

"SUPERFLUOUS MAN"

A reminder that the world of the Marxist is a very different one from our own comes from inside Russia itself in the form of a remarkable literary essay, **ON SOCIALIST REALISM**, by **ABRAM TERTZ** (Pantheon, \$2.95). Tertz is the pseudonym of a Russian writer living in the Soviet Union. His book was written during the thaw that followed the death of Stalin, but it could not be published in Russia and was smuggled out to France. A short novel by Tertz, *The Trial Begins*, followed the same secret journey into the West, was published here about a year ago, and was widely praised — perhaps somewhat overpraised, as it is our tendency to do with any glimmerings from behind the Iron Curtain. The present essay seems to me more sig-

nificant than the novel. Strictly as a literary essay, it is an outstanding study of one aspect of the tradition of Russian literature; it is also quite remarkable when one considers the historical conditions under which it was produced and the light it sheds on those conditions.

Socialist realism, the official literary doctrine under Stalin, was defined in 1934 as "the basic method of Soviet literature and literary criticism. It demands of the artist the truthful, historically concrete representation of reality in its revolutionary development." This ukase resulted in the appalling monotony and boredom of Soviet letters, in which "good guys" and "bad guys" were as sharply separated as in any American Western, and the good guys — the Party men on the side of "reality in its revolutionary development" — always triumphed. Compelled to be "positive," writers outdid each other in glorifying the Stalinist regime and the personality of Stalin himself. Technically, this literature was without invention and could produce only the most plodding stereotypes of nineteenth-century realism.

Tertz writes as a man bitterly disillusioned with the course of things since the Revolution: "So that prisons should vanish forever, we built new prisons. So that all frontiers should fall, we surrounded ourselves with a Chinese Wall. So that work should become a rest and a pleasure, we introduced forced labor. So that not one drop of blood be shed any more, we killed and killed and killed."

But it would be a mistake to think that this disillusionment means that the author is ready to defect to the West. Though he cannot be published in his own country, Tertz clearly remains within the intellectual circle of Communism and is possessed by the faith that only Marxism provides a rational vision of mankind's future. He himself, to be sure, is an idealist and humanitarian, but the same total and utopian faith working in the men who wield power is not likely to engender the reasonable complacency of corporation managers in the West.

From a literary point of view, the most significant parts of this essay are the sections that trace the role of romantic irony and the figure of the "superfluous man" — or, as we might say, the outsider — in Russian

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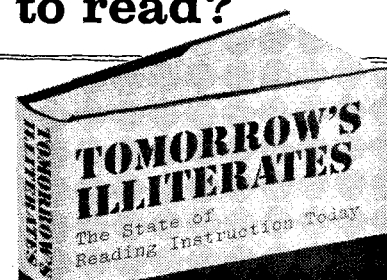
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literature before the Revolution. The figure of the outsider became for some of the older writers an image of Russia itself, which seemed to stand then, as now, outside the rest of humanity. With the Revolution, however, this superfluous man — the individual — disappeared from Russian writing, and Soviet writers vaulted over the heads of their fathers back to the age of Catherine the Great, when their grandfathers produced stiff and turgid odes to Holy Russia and its Czarina.

Tertz concludes with a call to Soviet writers to abandon the flat methods of realism and turn to fantasy, irony, and the grotesque, which were once the methods of the great Russian writers. For the Western reader, long used to the superseding of strict realism, all the way from Kafka to Faulkner, this call will not sound like the note of a new avant-garde; but in Russia it may well mark the ground swell of new and dissident movements in art and literature. The existence of a literary underground, however, hardly portends an immediate crack in the political structure.

TWO NEWCOMERS

The vein of fantastic and grotesque comedy is worked by **JOSEPH HELLER** in a first novel, **CATCH-22** (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95). Mr. Heller's book deals with a bomber squadron based on a Mediterranean island during World War II. Everybody in the squadron is quite crazy, but cannot be retired from combat because the Colonel, craziest of all, keeps raising the number of compulsory missions. "Catch-22" is the rule that prevents the soldier from being discharged: no matter how crazy his behavior, if he asks to be retired from combat, his fear for his own safety indicates that he is of rational mind. Even the wildly inventive mind of the protagonist, an improbable Assyrian named Yossarian, cannot get around this catch. When he presents himself stark naked in the ranks as he is about to receive a medal from the commanding general, the general simply goes ahead and awards the medal.

The book is mostly very funny and exciting to read, and I suppose one ought to accept such rare offerings without cavil; but Mr. Heller's talents for comedy are so considerable

that one gets irritated when he keeps pressing. His standard gag is the kind of baffling ricochet of misunderstanding with which Chico Marx in the old comedies used to drive Groucho frantic; but without Chico's wonderful timing, these gags are not always funny set down on paper. And when Mr. Heller does produce some good comedy, he has a tendency to carry it so far that it becomes mechanical. There is a difference, after all, between milking a joke (the great gift of the old comedians) and stretching it out till you kill it. Mr. Heller has enough verve not to have to try so hard to be funny.

Another newcomer to the field of fiction is **JOHN A. WILLIAMS**, author of **NIGHT SONG** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50). Mr. Williams is a young Northern urban Negro whose characters speak the jive talk of the big city, and his material generally has the desolate emptiness of warehouses and tenements seen at dead of night in east Greenwich Village, where much of the novel's action takes place.

Night Song deals with the life and death of a Negro jazz musician, Richie Stokes, who seems to be modeled after the late Charlie Parker (in the novel, Stokes is called "Eagle"; Parker was "the Bird"). But the human elements of the novel are two young people — Keel, a Negro, and his white girl, Della, who are in love with each other but caught in the paralyzing stalemate of the impossibility of their relationship. What comes across in the relationship of this pair is neither warmth nor love but an agonizing void.

Because the Negro writer can hardly escape being possessed by one theme, the problem of his own place in American life, he is always in danger of becoming abstract. This abstractness resembles, though it is far more humanly authentic, that of the proletarian novels in the thirties. Mr. Williams, for example, has the inevitable scene of the policeman, with no cause but his own insecurity, beating Stokes over the head with his club. It is not that such things do not happen; the trouble is that they have happened so often that they have become a cliché that must overpower a talented young writer like Mr. Williams, limit the possibilities of his imagination, and not permit him a place in the artistic sun, which his talent demands.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS & CO. (Abelard-Schuman, \$3.95) is the first novel of the young poet **DARYL HINE**, and it reads like a poet's first novel, for it bubbles with ingenuity and literary jokes and is more interesting for its author's skill with words than for any originality of theme. Since Mr. Hine himself makes no attempt to disguise what may be called the source of his inspiration, there is no reason to be cagey about the matter. His hero is obviously modeled on Robert Graves, and the novel is a cheerfully irreverent parody of Mr. Graves's circumstances, history, principles, and most of all, his admirers and imitators. Mr. Hine's target is less the poet than the excesses of his followers, and some of the episodes concocted about this ridiculous crew are successfully satirical. But, on the whole, the best things in *The Prince of Darkness & Co.* are the author's witty asides on the Mediterranean climate, the habits of expatriates, the war between parents and children, and other topics that are irrelevant.

In her unhappy old age, Thomas Hardy's first wife wrote a pleasantly scatterbrained reminiscence of her girlhood, parts of which Hardy used in his own autobiography. The unpublished portion of this manuscript is now available as a very small book, **SOME RECOLLECTIONS** (Oxford University Press, \$3.75) by **EMMA HARDY**, edited by Evelyn Hardy and Robert Gittings. Emma's memoirs alone would be merely a minor period piece, but the editors have included a dozen or so poems that Hardy wrote after her death, in which he clearly borrowed scenes, ideas, and even phrases from her pages. The book's illustrations reveal that Emma, a chronic taker of art lessons, and Hardy, a trained architect, both drew abominably.

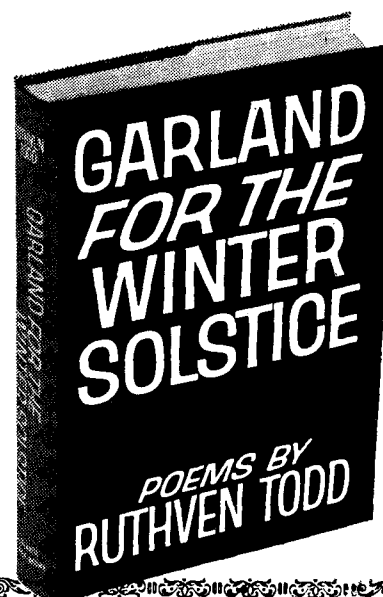
Firsthand accounts of the effects of drugs, either through addiction or experiment, comprise an anthology, **THE DRUG EXPERIENCE** (Orion, \$5.95), edited by **DAVID EBIN**. The contributors range from Baudelaire, whose discussion of the effects of hashish is the clearest and most hard-headed piece in the book, to Mezz

Mezzerow, who describes the interaction of music and marijuana in a rattle of jive talk.

EXPRESSO BONGO (Yoseloff, \$6.95) includes most of the better-known stories of **WOLF MANKOWITZ**, wry, tart, ironic tales of the antique trade, life in old Russia, and the fringes of English show business.

DORIS LANGLEY MOORE, with access to a mass of papers not so much suppressed as forgotten by Byron's descendants, has achieved in **THE LATE LORD BYRON** (Lippincott, \$8.50) a fascinating and completely convincing reconstruction of the uproar of intrigue that followed the poet's death. Everyone who had known him, and this meant a singularly eccentric group of people, instantly tried to make use of the event for personal advancement or protection. As Miss Moore carefully unravels the tangle of false claims, mutual deceptions, blackmail, and bribery created by these people, one begins to feel that Byron was lucky to escape from their society even by death. It is hard to imagine any place worse than a world inhabited simultaneously by Lady Byron and Caroline Lamb. The book is written with great charm and a candid bias in favor of Byron.

The annual Christmas flood of art books has washed up three rather unusual items. In **THE ART OF ASSEMBLAGE** (Museum of Modern Art, \$6.50), **WILLIAM C. SEITZ** discusses, very solemnly indeed, the dubiously solemn motives of those artists who glue old theater stubs and bits of wallpaper into their canvases, or mount broken bidets on pedestals for gallery exhibition. **GISLEBERTUS, SCULPTOR OF AUTUN** (Orion, \$13.50) provides a detailed tour of this Romanesque cathedral, demonstrates that its sculptural decoration was designed, and to a great extent executed, by one extraordinarily able artist, and carefully studies his style, technique, and development. The photographs are excellent; and the text, by **PROFESSOR GEORGE ZARNECKI** and **ABBÉ DENIS GRIVOT**, is scholarly without being oppressive. **GASTON DIEHL'S THE MODERNS** (Crown, \$12.50) contains a remarkable number of color plates, but the author's laudable desire to mention every good painter since 1880 and to relate his work to that of every one of his colleagues necessarily results in a text that swoops and roars like a roller coaster.



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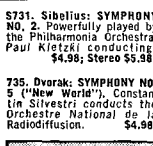
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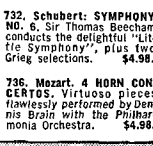
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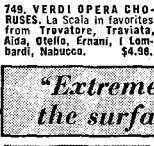
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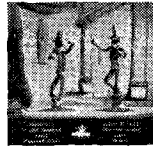
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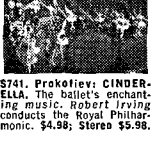
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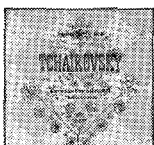
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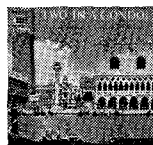
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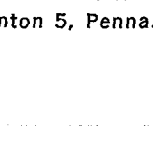
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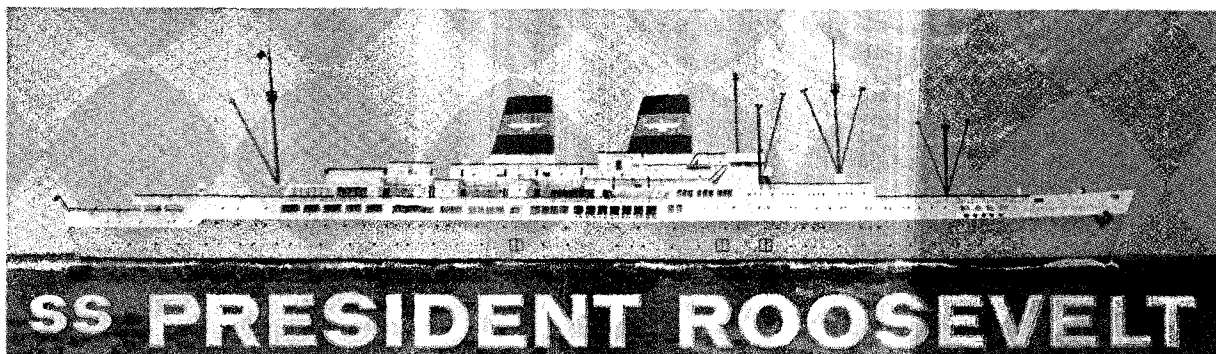
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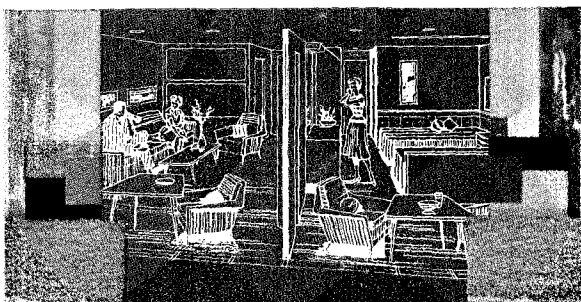
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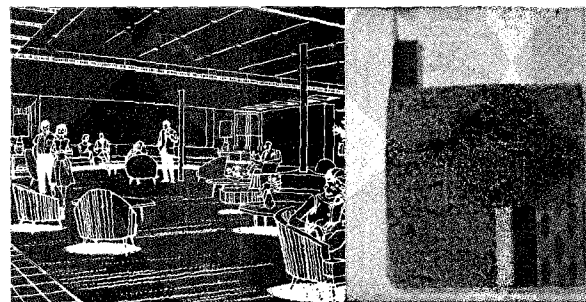
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